

ALIENS™ OMNIBUS

VOLUME 2

Many humans have died horribly at the claws of the Alien. The surface of Earth has been devastated to cleanse the nightmare beasts from our world. But the commercial value of this scourge has never been in doubt, especially when the special properties of the Alien Queen's royal jelly are discovered. Will Mankind once again risk its very survival as a species in order to sleep with the Alien?

Dark Horse Comics' critically acclaimed *Aliens* series set the bar for how the universe of a popular film could be expanded through graphic fiction. *Aliens Omnibus* Volume 2 collects more of these exciting tales in a value-priced omnibus, featuring over four hundred story pages in full color. Includes the complete story arcs of *Genocide*, *Harvest*, and the never-before-collected, epic-length *Colonial Marines*.



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ALIENS
OMNIBUS

2

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ALIENS™ OMNIBUS

VOLUME 2



ALIENS™

OMNIBUS



ALIENS™

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 2



DARK HORSE BOOKS®

CONTENTS

GENOCIDE.....5

HARVEST105

COLONIAL MARINES213

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This volume collects material previously published as the Dark Horse graphic novels *Aliens: Genocide*; *Aliens: Harvest*; and issues one through ten of the Dark Horse comic-book series *Aliens: Colonial Marines*.

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GENOCIDE



Suydam © 91

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colors
ARTHUR SUYDAM

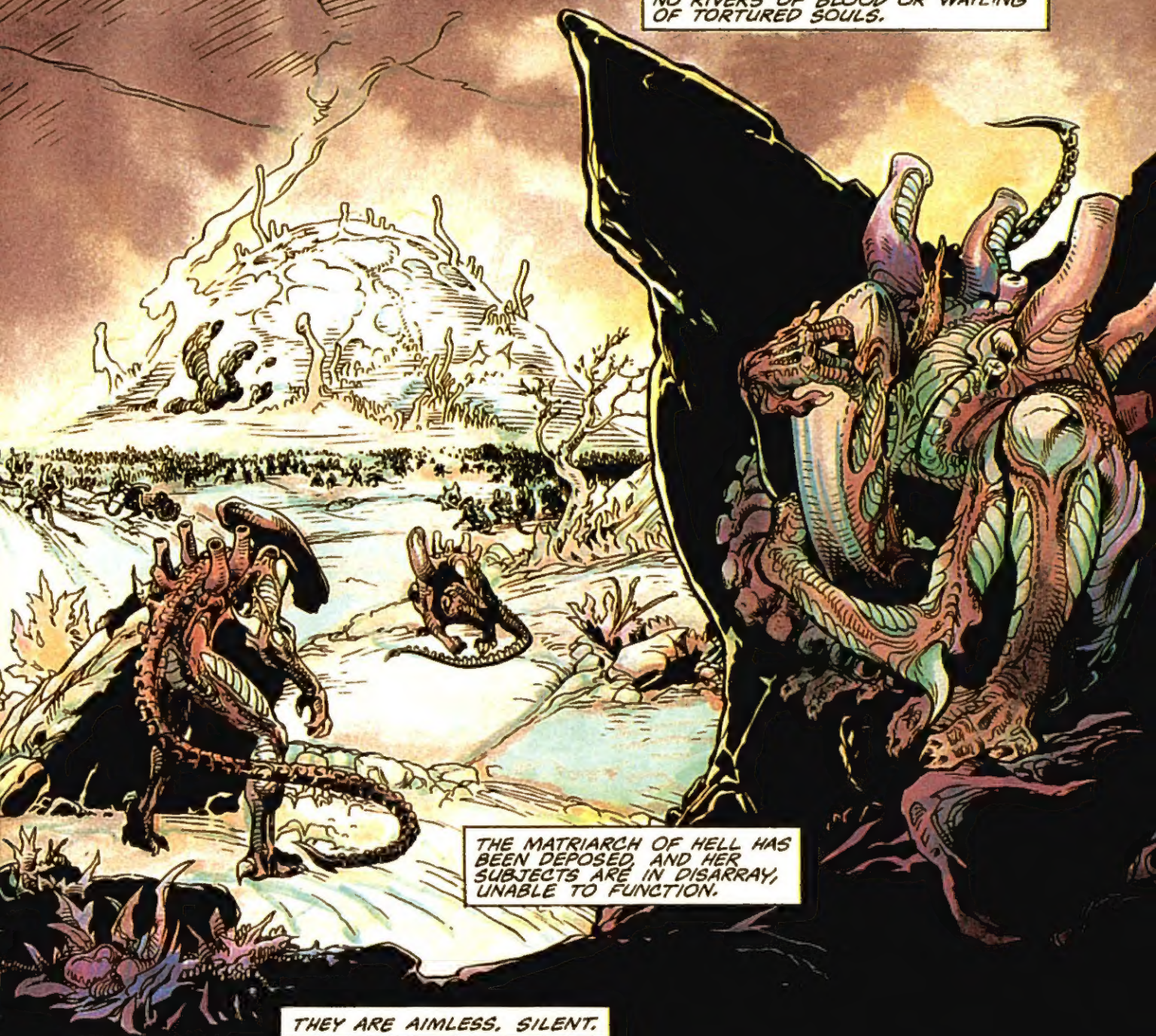
lettering
JIM MASSARA

title illustration
ARTHUR SUYDAM



IT IS THE BIRTHPLACE
OF DEMONS.

YET HERE, THERE ARE NO RAGING
FIRES, NO STENCH OF BRIMSTONE,
NO RIVERS OF BLOOD OR WAILING
OF TORTURED SOULS.

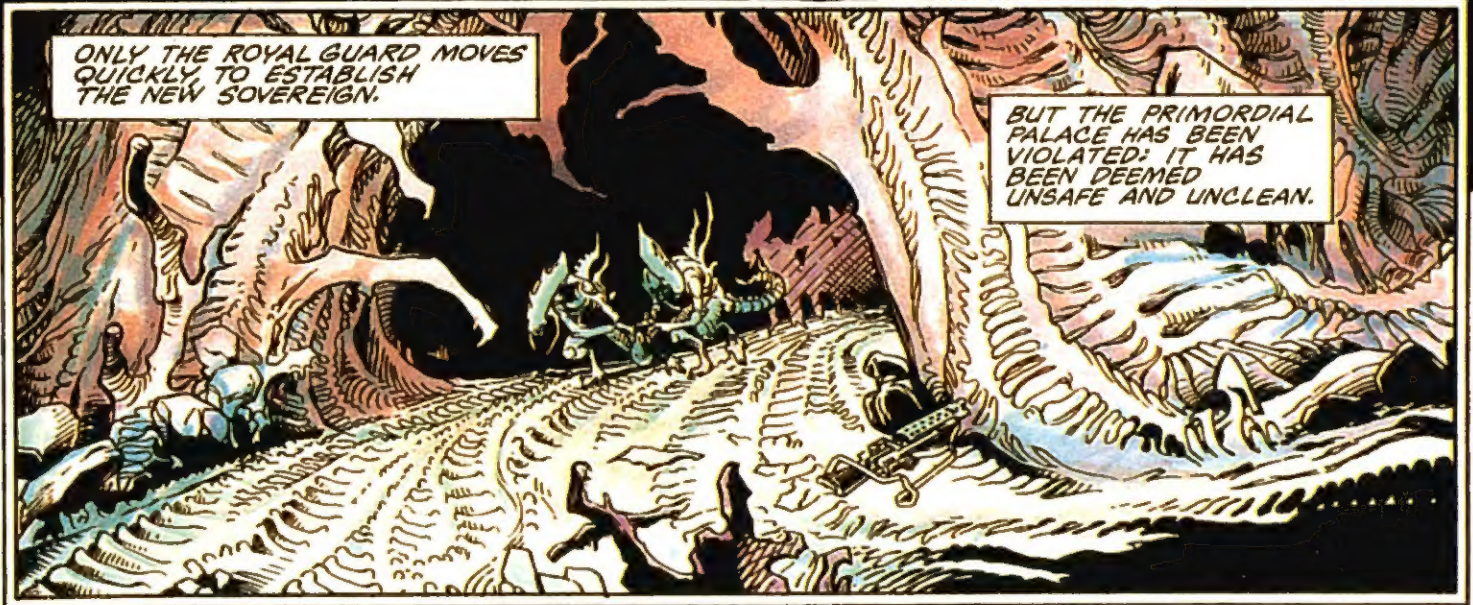


THE MATRIARCH OF HELL HAS
BEEN DEPOSED, AND HER
SUBJECTS ARE IN DISARRAY,
UNABLE TO FUNCTION.

THEY ARE AIMLESS. SILENT.

ONLY THE ROYAL GUARD MOVES
QUICKLY TO ESTABLISH
THE NEW SOVEREIGN.

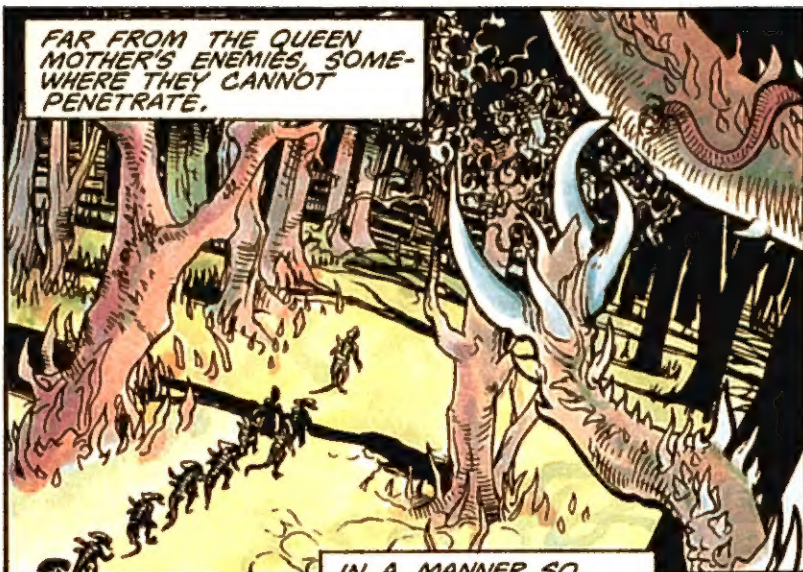
BUT THE PRIMORDIAL
PALACE HAS BEEN
VIOLATED: IT HAS
BEEN DEEMED
UNSAFE AND UNCLEAN.



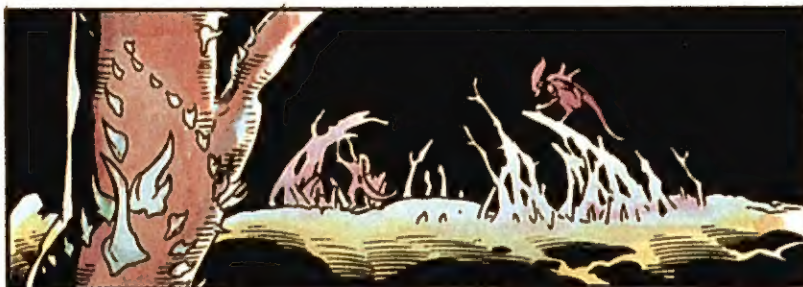
THE CRADLE OF THE SPECIES
MUST BE RELOCATED.



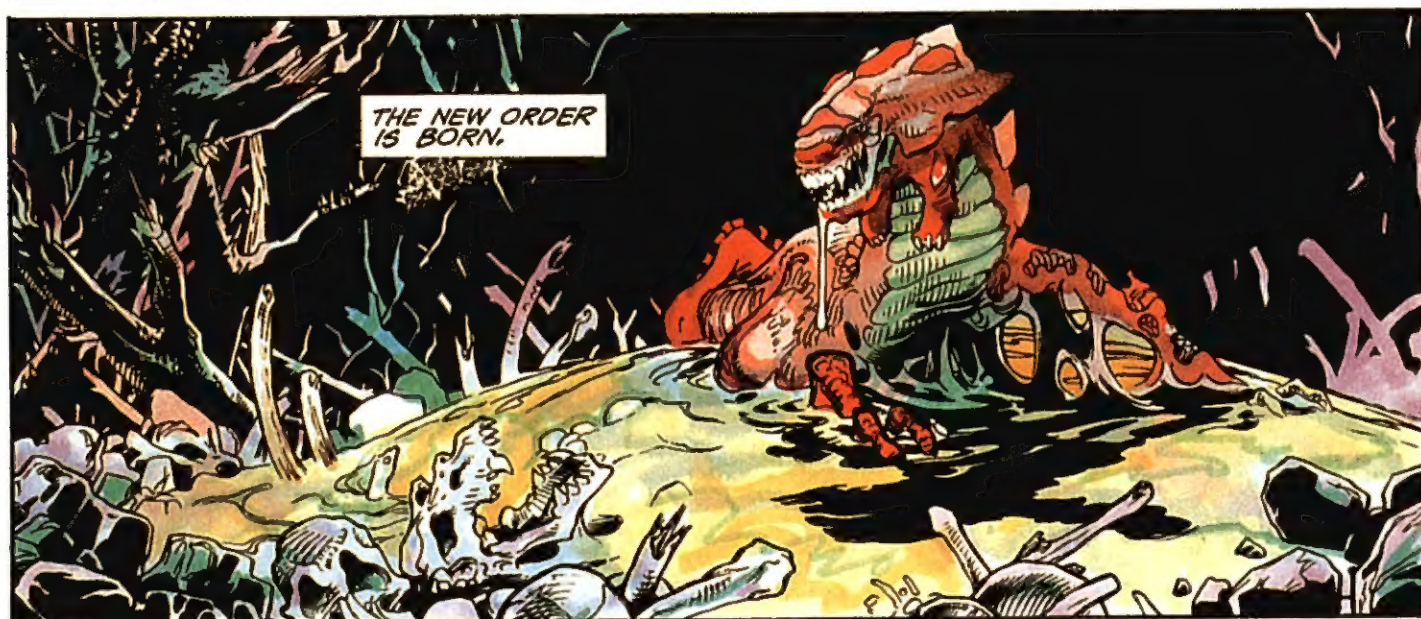
FAR FROM THE QUEEN
MOTHER'S ENEMIES, SOME-
WHERE THEY CANNOT
PENETRATE.

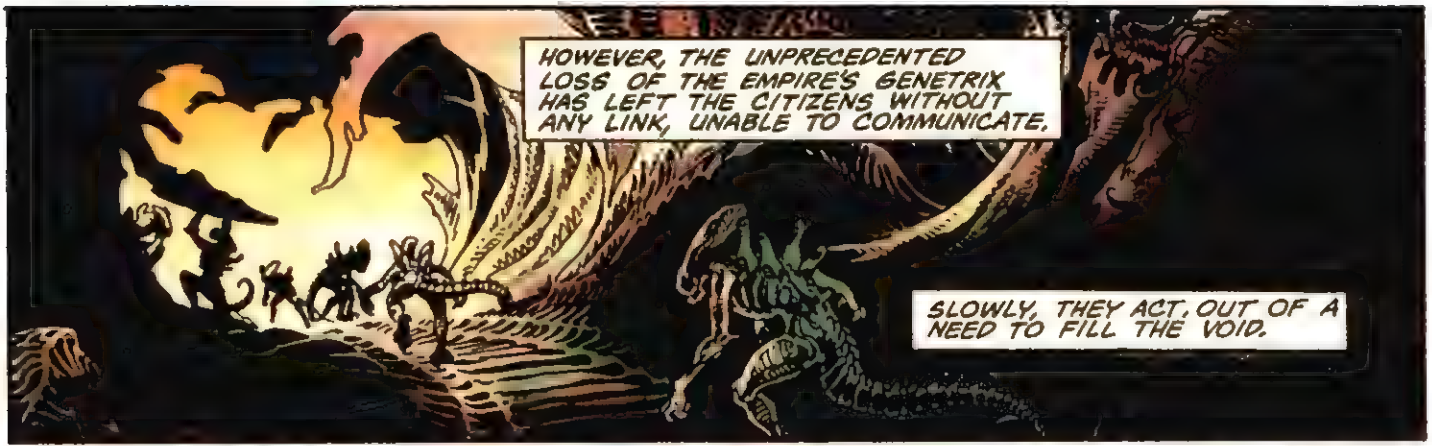


IN A MANNER SO
DIFFERENT FROM THE
TRADITIONAL WAYS--



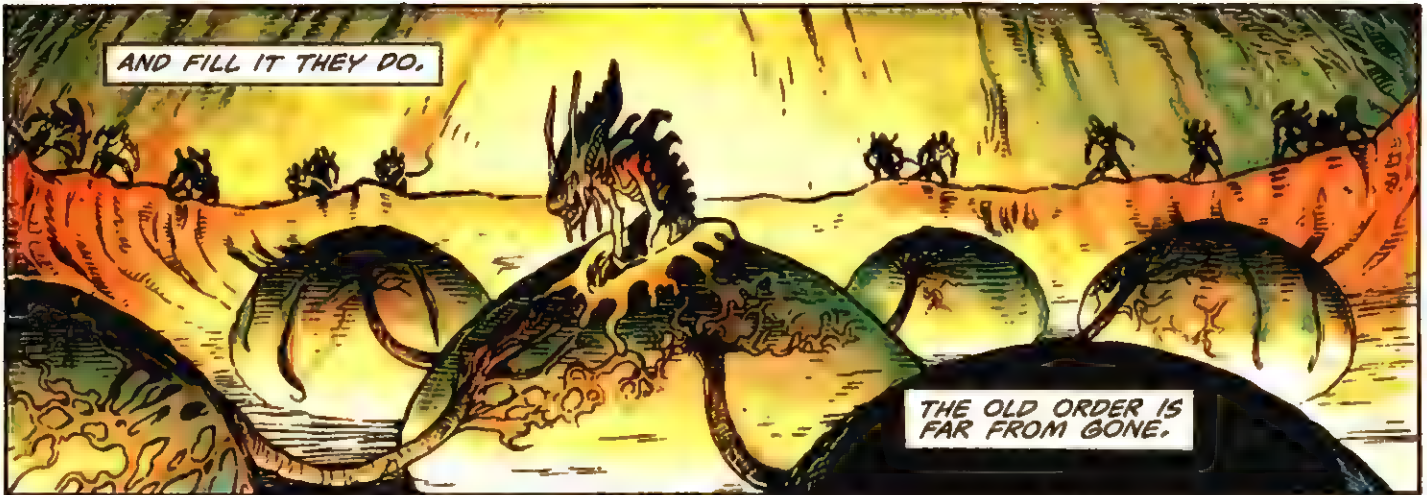
THE NEW ORDER
IS BORN.





HOWEVER, THE UNPRECEDENTED
LOSS OF THE EMPIRE'S GENETRIX
HAS LEFT THE CITIZENS WITHOUT
ANY LINK, UNABLE TO COMMUNICATE.

SLOWLY, THEY ACT, OUT OF A
NEED TO FILL THE VOID.



AND FILL IT THEY DO.

THE OLD ORDER IS
FAR FROM GONE.



THE MISTRESS OF ONE
KINGDOM CALLS OUT TO
HER NATION.



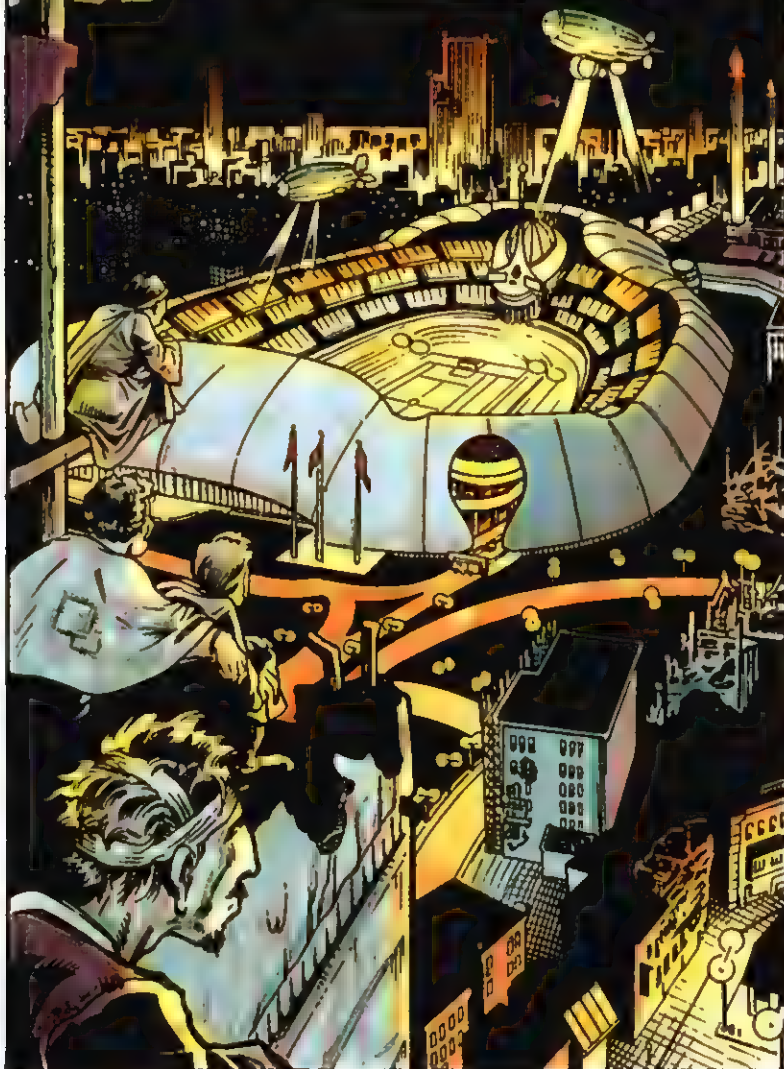
THE MISTRESS OF ANOTHER
SENDS OUT HER OWN COMMAND.

THE RESULT IS
A CRY FOR...

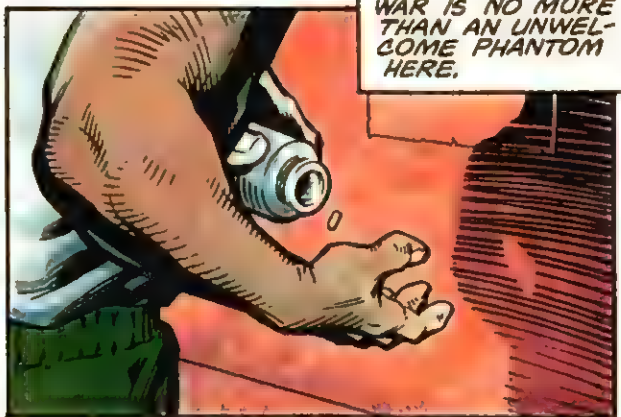
“- GENOCIDE -”

ON EARTH, AN INTERNATIONAL EFFORT IS MADE TO OBLITERATE THE MEMORY OF THE ALIEN PLAGUE THAT ONCE THREATENED MAN'S EXISTENCE.

IN BAGHDAD, THE GOODWILL GAMES ARE A MAJOR SYMBOL OF THAT EFFORT.



WAR IS NO MORE THAN AN UNWELCOME PHANTOM HERE.



THE ONLY CONFLICT NOW IS FRIENDLY, GOOD-NATURED COMPETITION AMONG THE NATIONS.



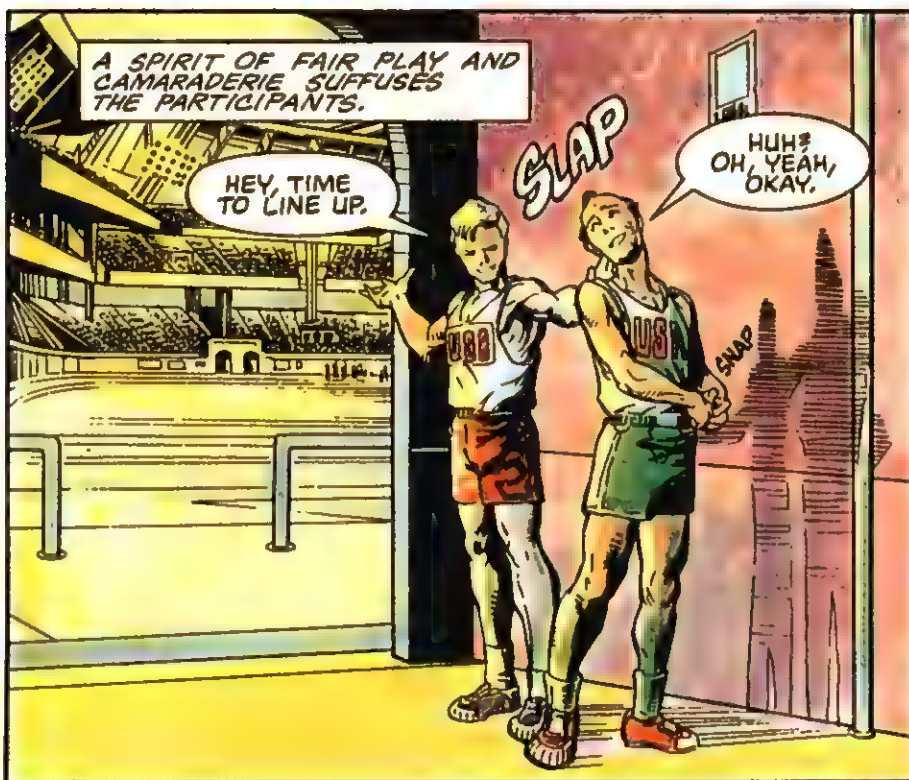
A SPIRIT OF FAIR PLAY AND CAMARADERIE SUFFUSES THE PARTICIPANTS.

HEY, TIME TO LINE UP.

SLAP

HUH? OH, YEAH, OKAY.

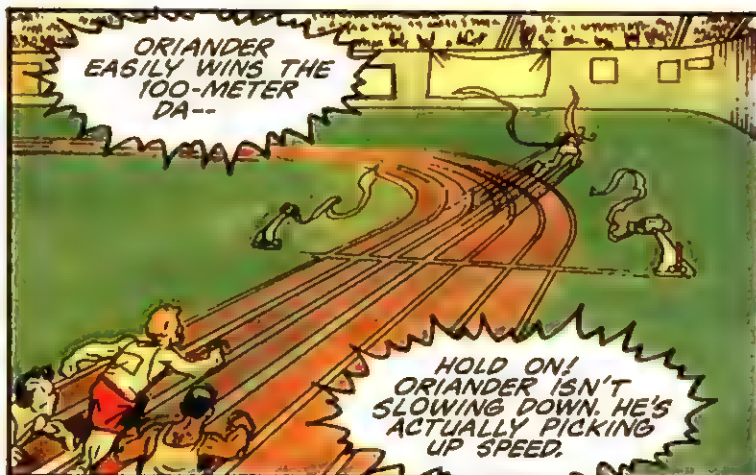
SNAP





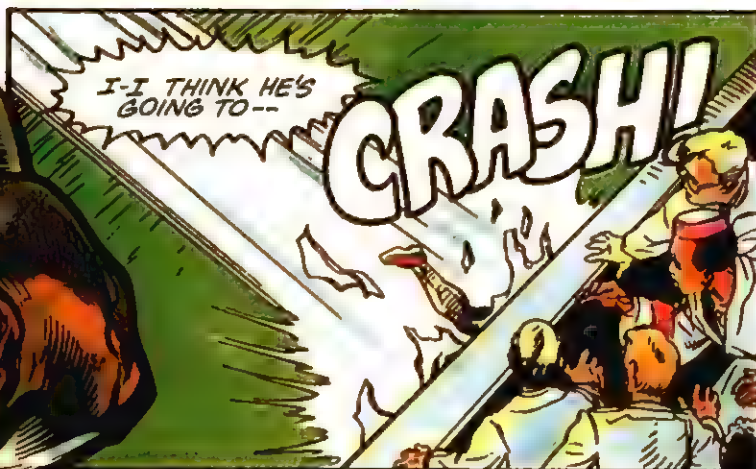
UNBELIEVABLE!!!

ORIANDER
IS LITERALLY
BURNING UP
THE TRACK!



ORIANDER
EASILY WINS THE
100-METER
DA--

HOLD ON!
ORIANDER ISN'T
SLOWING DOWN. HE'S
ACTUALLY PICKING
UP SPEED.



I-I THINK HE'S
GOING TO---

CRASH!



SAY, DOC,
IS HE...
Y'KNOW?

WHAT
DO YOU
THINK!?



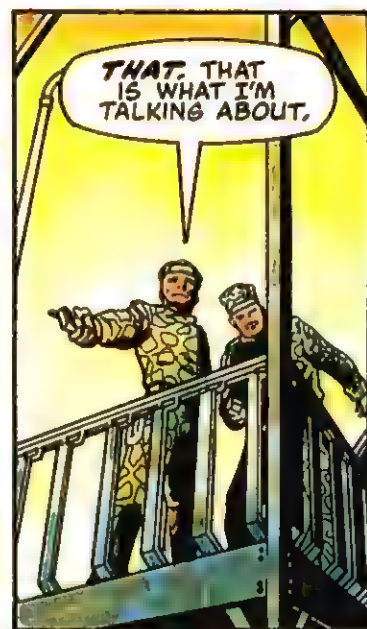
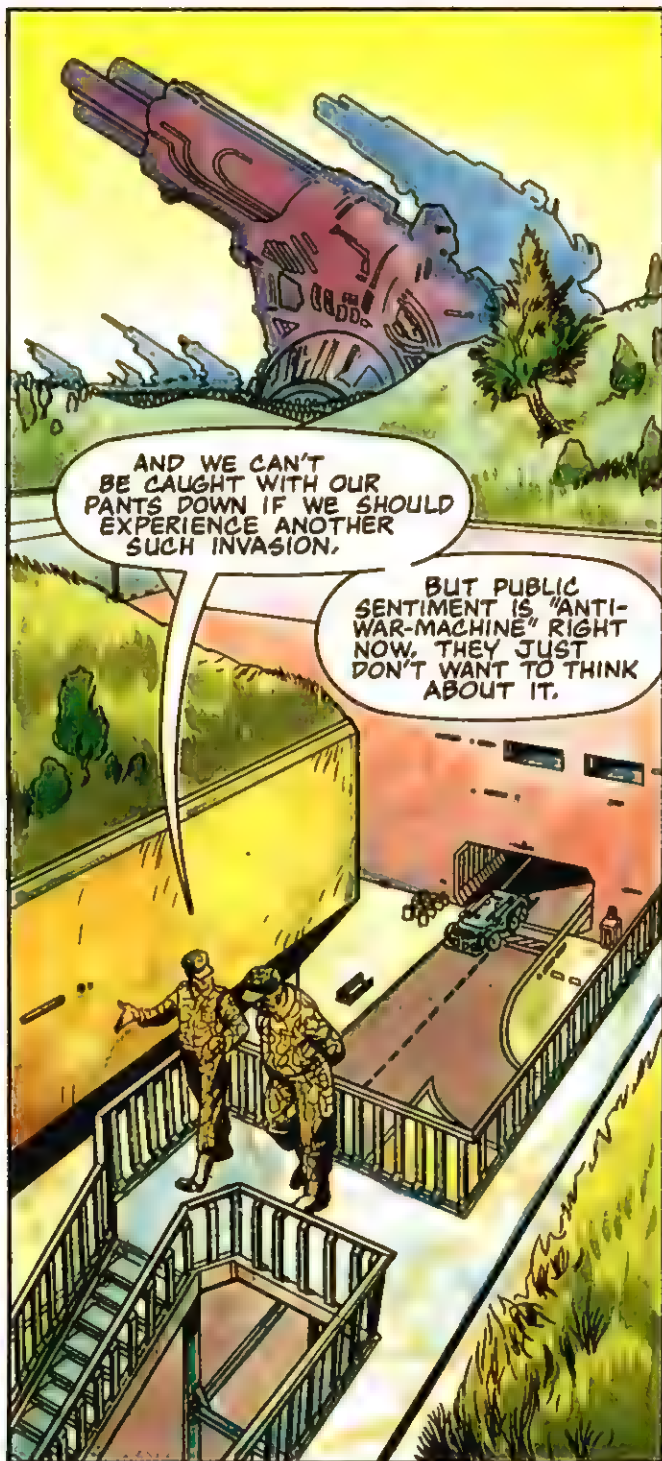
A YOUNG
LIFE, SNUFFED
OUT--

FOR
SOME STUPID
RACE,

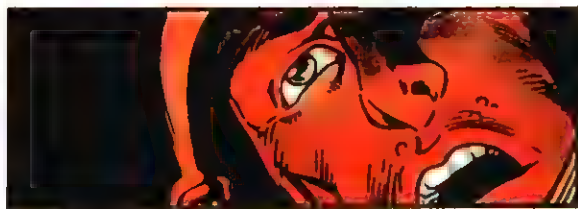
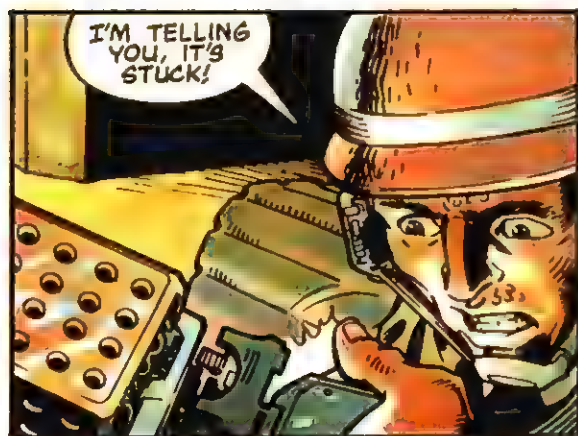
OH, BUT, DOC--
THAT WAS A NEW
WORLD
RECORD.

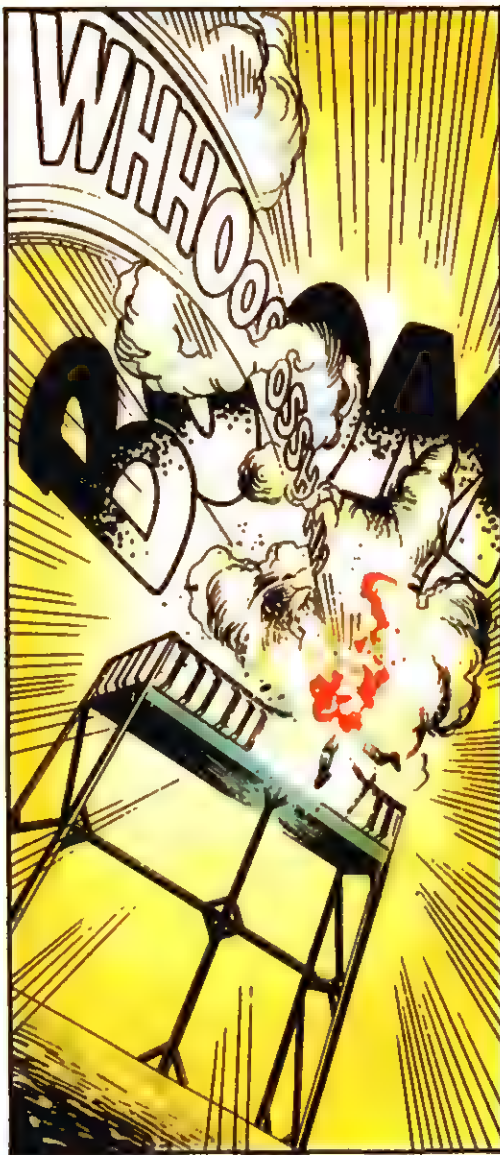
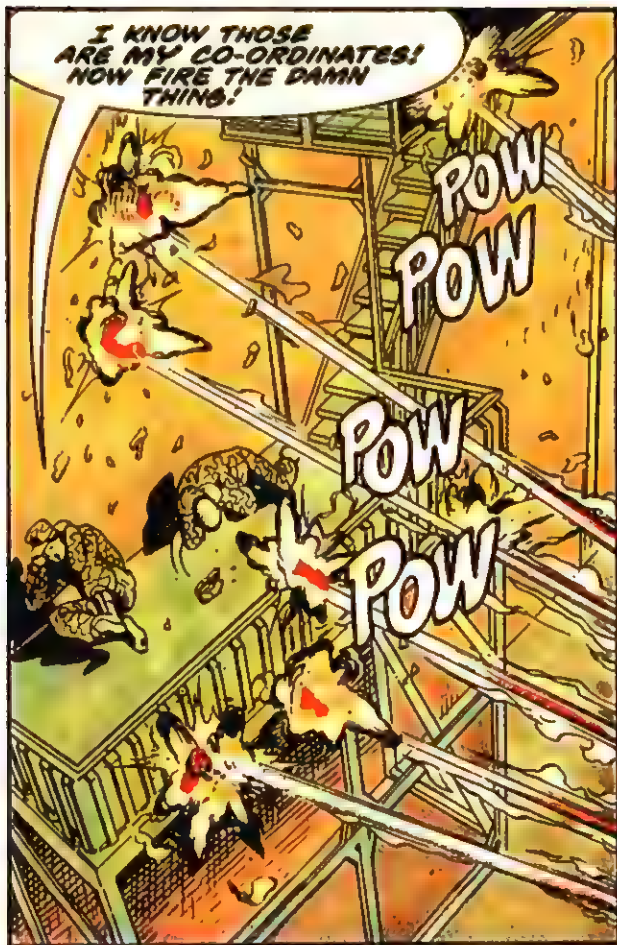


I'LL BE SURE TO
TELL THAT TO HIS
MOTHER.









MANHATTAN, LAND OF THE
FREE ENTERPRISE AND
HOME OF A BRAVE NEW
BREED OF BUSINESSMAN.

IN AN EFFORT TO
ENCOURAGE THE RE-
BUILDING OF AMERICA,
GOVERNMENT INCEN-
TIVES HAVE CREATED
OPTIMAL CONDITIONS
FOR CREATIVE
MARKET VENTURES.

THERE IS A LOT OF
MONEY TO BE MADE
FROM THE MISFORTUNES
OF A NATION IN RUIN--

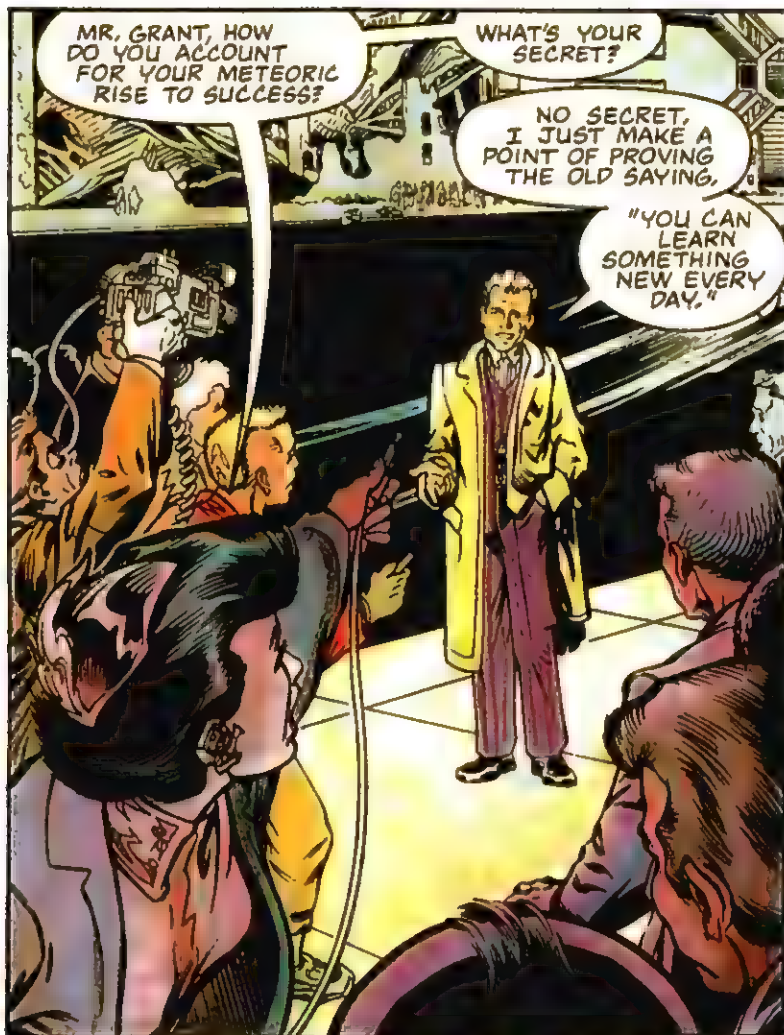
--IF ONE HAS THE
STOMACH FOR IT.

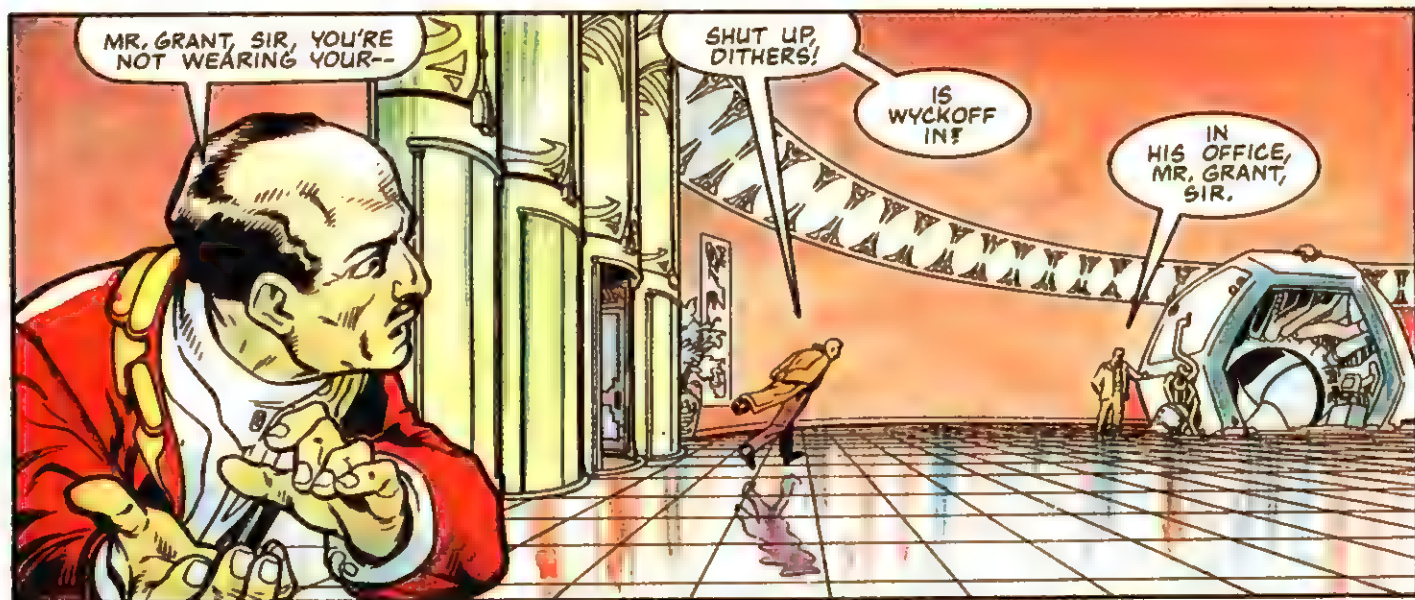
DAMMIT,
HENRY, DON'T PUT
THE CAMERA ON
ME, PUT IT ON
HIM.

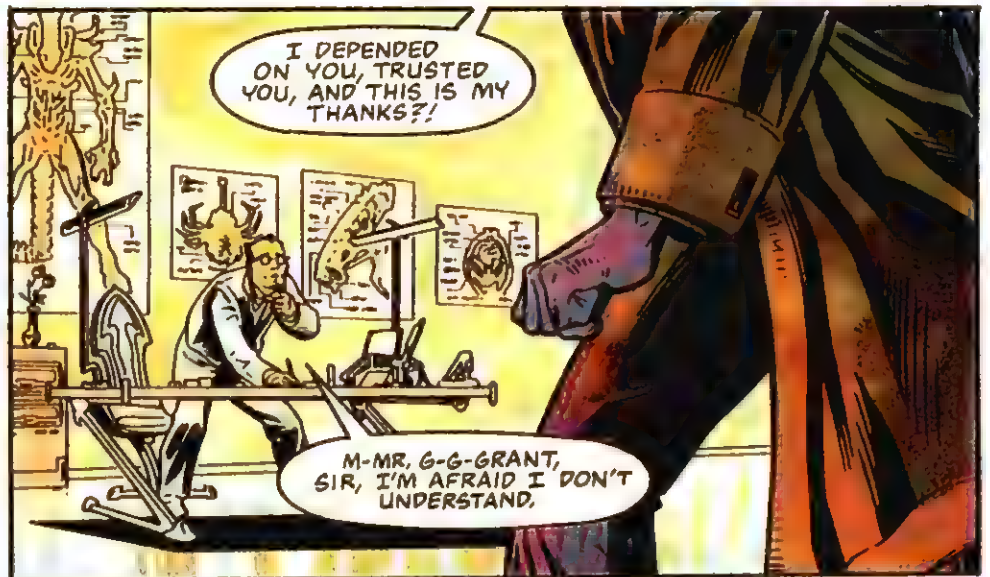
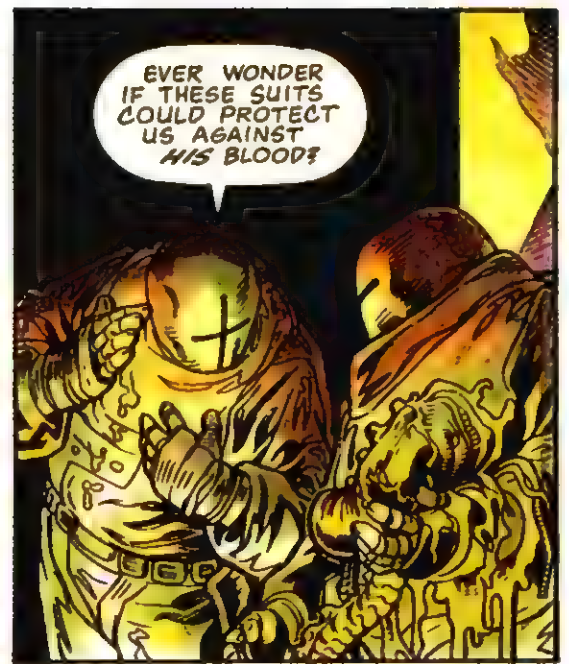
HUH?
ON WHO?

HERE, DOLL,
GO BUY YOUR-
SELF SOMETHING
NICE.

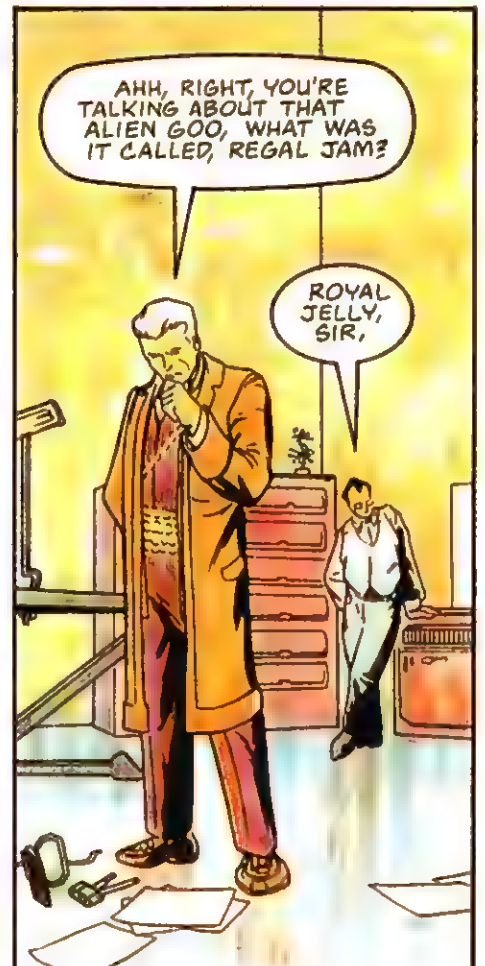
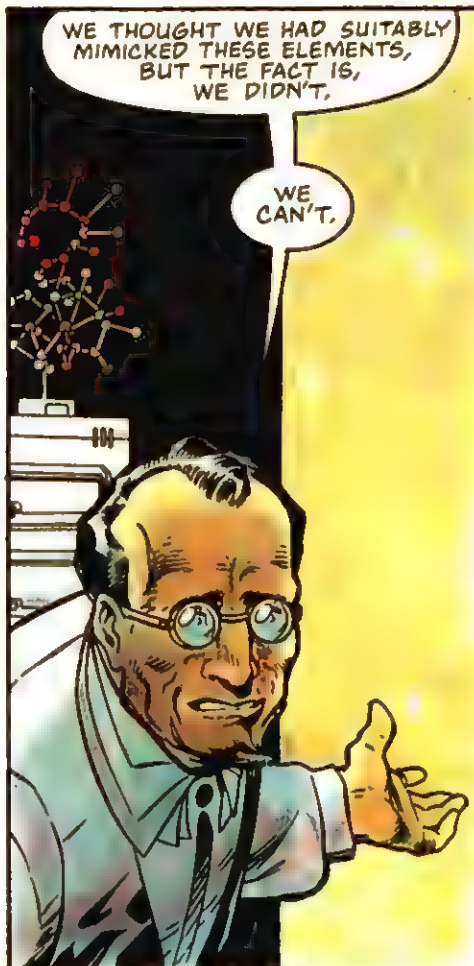
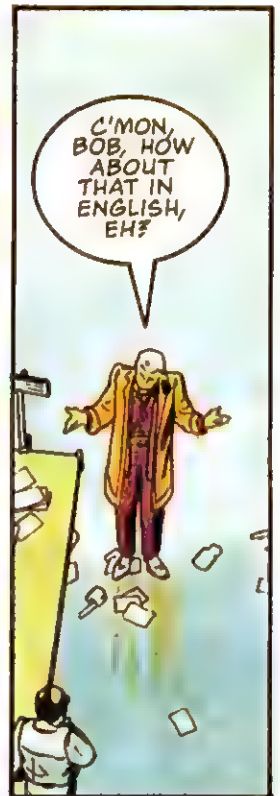
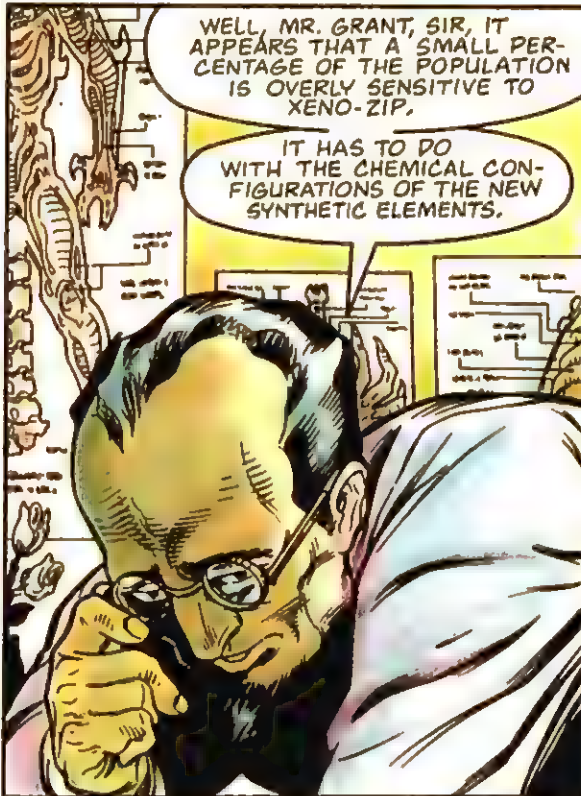
"DANIEL
GRANT,
STUPID!"













THE ROYAL JELLY WAS TRANSPORTED TO EARTH WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER WHE--

YOU'RE SAYING THAT THESE PEOPLE, THIS SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE, ARE REACTING TO THE **FAKE** ELEMENTS IN XENO-ZIP?



WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT, THOUGH I'D--

BUT IF WE HAD THE **REAL** THING, THIS ROYAL JELLY, THEN WE'D HAVE A PERFECT PRODUCT, CORRECT?



ER, UH, YES, WE THINK SO.

BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE KNOWN SOURCE OF THE JELLY, SIR.

WELL THEN, WE'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO GO THERE AND GET IT, AREN'T WE?



GENTLEMEN, WE'VE ALL GOT WORK TO DO, SO HOP TO IT.

OF COURSE, MR. GRANT.

YESSIR.

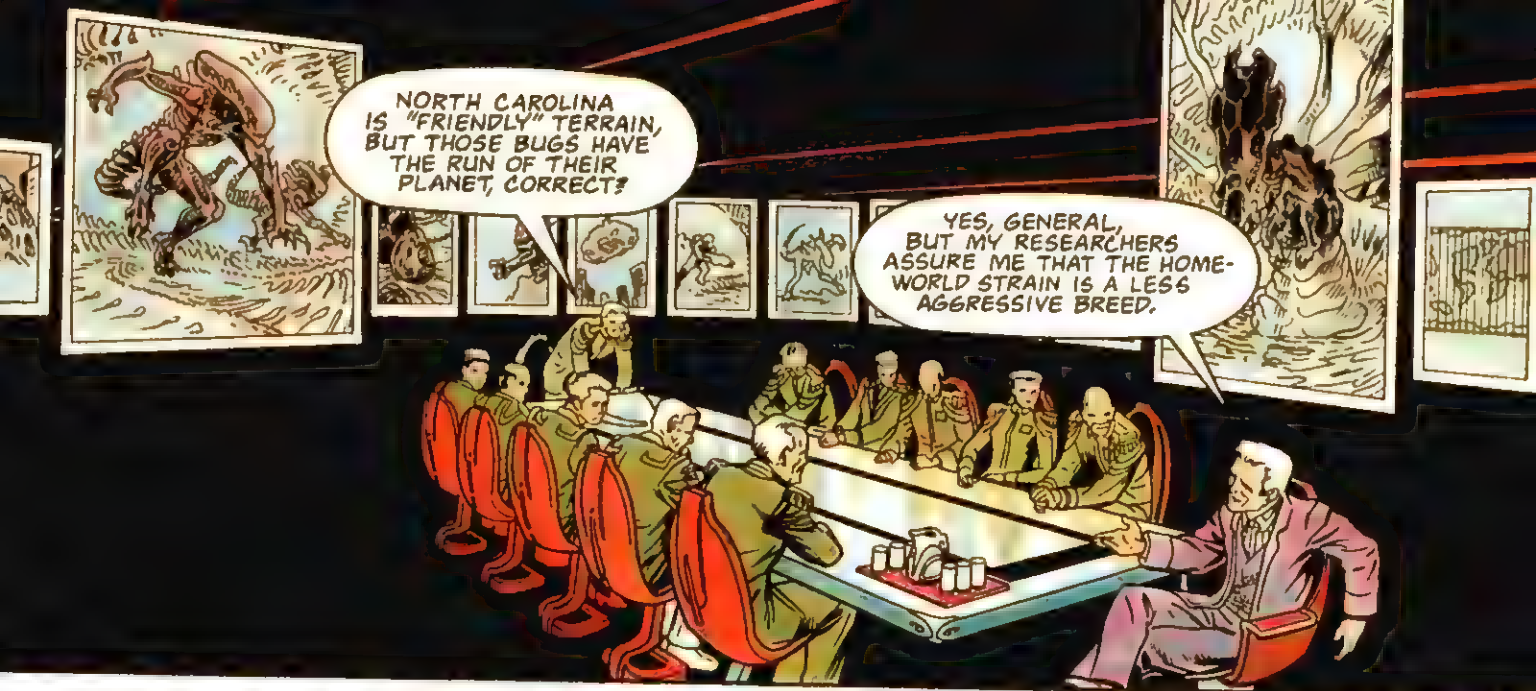
RIGHT AWAY, SIR.

ABSOLUTELY, SIR.



ANYTHING YOU SAY, MR. GRANT -- **SIR.**





NORTH CAROLINA IS "FRIENDLY" TERRAIN, BUT THOSE BUGS HAVE THE RUN OF THEIR PLANET, CORRECT?

YES, GENERAL, BUT MY RESEARCHERS ASSURE ME THAT THE HOME-WORLD STRAIN IS A LESS AGGRESSIVE BREED.

IN THEIR OWN NATURAL ENVIRONMENT, WHERE THEY EVOLVED, THERE IS A DELICATELY BALANCED ECOSYSTEM.

THEY HAVE PREDATORS THERE TO KEEP THEM IN CHECK.

REMOVING THEM FROM THAT WORLD, ELIMINATING THE PREDATORS, HAS TURNED THEM INTO WHAT THEY ARE TODAY.

THAT ALL SOUNDS VERY GOOD, BUT LET'S NOT FORGET THE QUEEN MOTHER CAME FROM THE HOMEWORLD.

I'VE ONLY HEARD THE STORIES, BUT THEY'RE ENOUGH TO MAKE ME RATHER WARY OF THIS SORT OF MISSION.



WELL, JUST LIKE ANY OTHER FEMALE, I'M SURE SHE CAN BE A PERFECT BITCH--

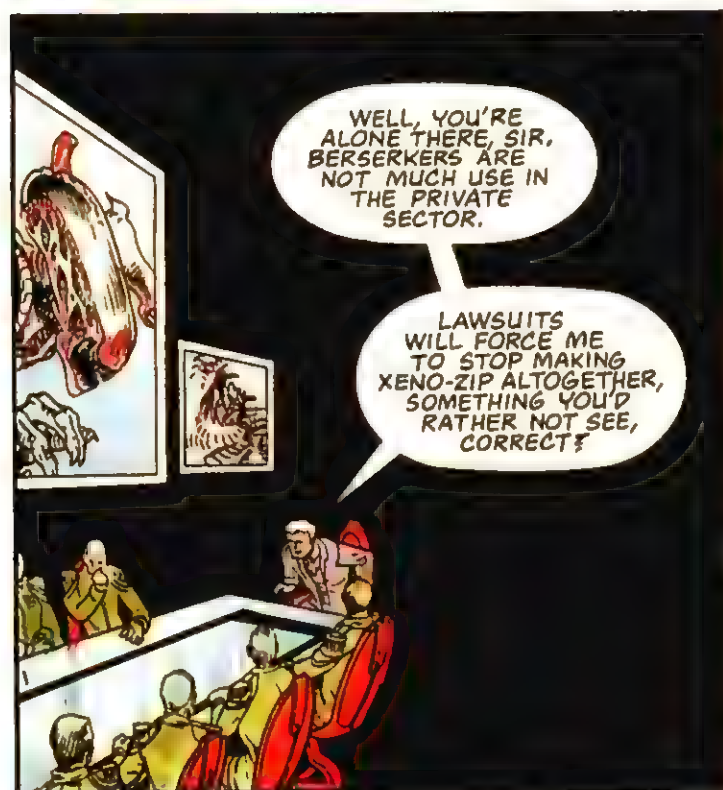


-- BUT THE BEAUTY OF IT IS, WE CAN JUST SHOOT HER.



NOW LET'S CUT OUT THE CRAP, AND GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.

GRANT, WHY THE HELL SHOULD WE HELP YOU? FACT IS, WE KINDA LIKE THIS XENO-ZIP STUFF THE WAY IT IS.



WELL, YOU'RE ALONE THERE, SIR. BERSERKERS ARE NOT MUCH USE IN THE PRIVATE SECTOR.

LAWSUITS WILL FORCE ME TO STOP MAKING XENO-ZIP ALTOGETHER, SOMETHING YOU'D RATHER NOT SEE, CORRECT?



BUT I MIGHT BE PERSUADED TO FEND OFF ALL LAWSUITS AND CONTINUE PRODUCTION.

PERHAPS AN AGREEMENT COULD BE DRAWN UP, ASSURING THE ARMED FORCES OF AN UNINTERRUPTED SUPPLY OF THE "FLAWED" XENO-ZIP.

UNLESS, OF COURSE,
OFFICER SHRINKING VIOLET
DISAPPROVES.

WELL,
BURTON--
WHAT DO YOU
THINK?

NILES, I'M
ONLY PRESIDING
HERE. THIS IS
YOUR SHOW.

I'M WILLING
TO GIVE YOU THE
OKAY ON A STAFFED
DEEP-SPACE
TACTICAL
VESSEL.

WELL, GRANT, IT
LOOKS LIKE WE CAN WORK
SOMETHING OUT.

GLAD TO HEAR IT, GENERAL,
GLAD TO HEAR
IT.

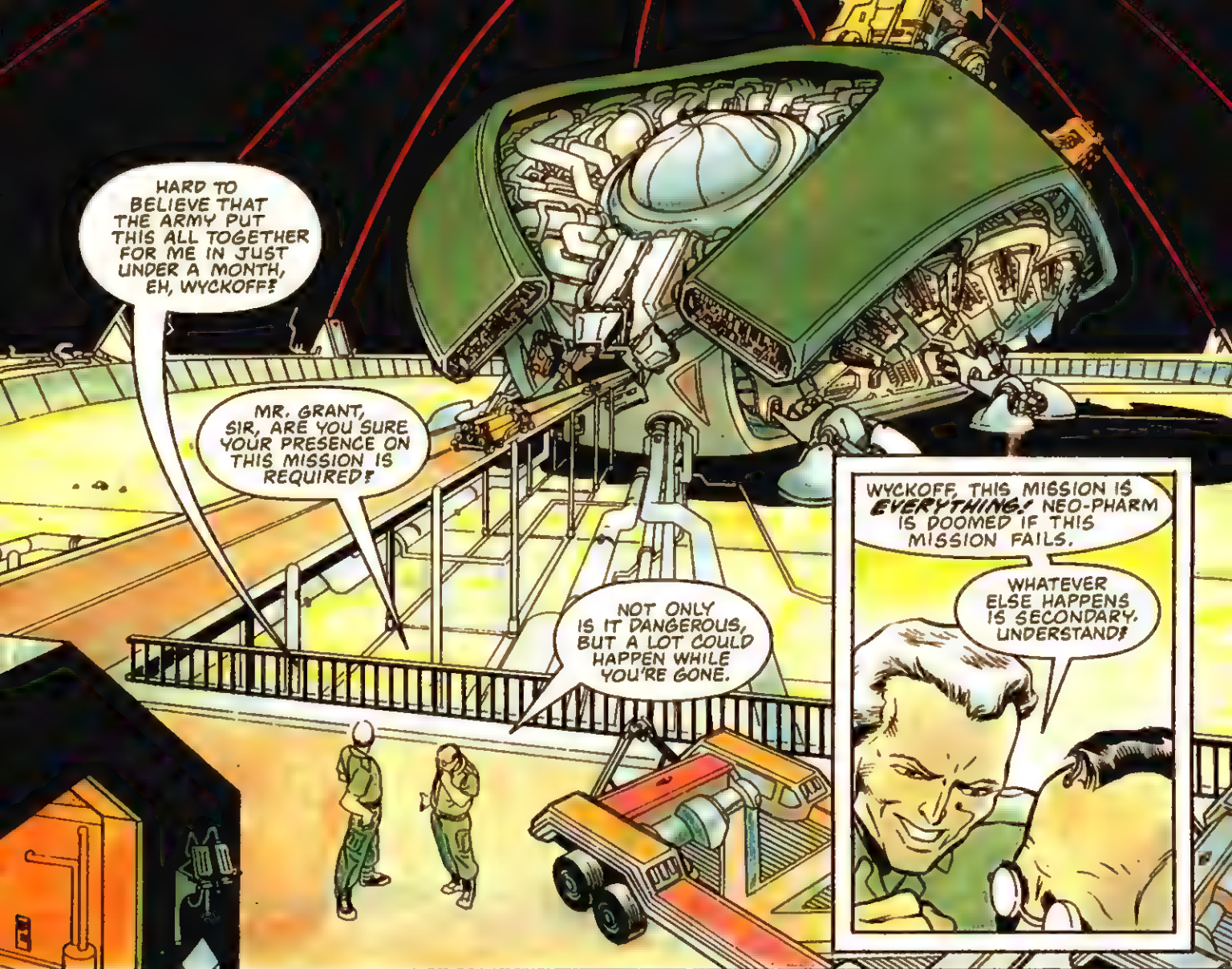
LEAVE THE
EGGHEAD WORK TO
ME AND MY STAFF.
YOU JUST PROVIDE
THE GUNS, THE
GRUNTS AND THE
GONDOLA.

YOU WILL, OF
COURSE, GIVE ME
THE BEST MEN FOR
THE JOB.

YOUR
COMMANDING
OFFICER WILL
BE MAJOR ALEX LEE,
A KEY PLAYER IN
THE ALIEN MOP-UP
AND THE YOUNGEST
HOLDER OF THE
CONGRESSIONAL
MEDAL OF
HONOR.

WELL, WELL, SOUNDS
LIKE I'LL BE IN GOOD
HANDS.

CAN'T WAIT
TO MEET
THE MAN.



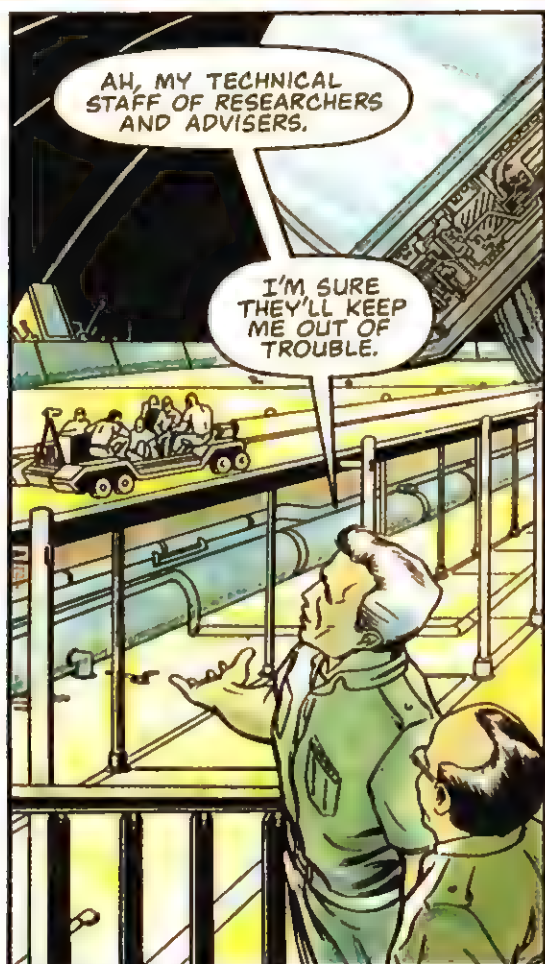
HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THE ARMY PUT THIS ALL TOGETHER FOR ME IN JUST UNDER A MONTH, EH, WYCKOFF?

MR. GRANT, SIR, ARE YOU SURE YOUR PRESENCE ON THIS MISSION IS REQUIRED?

NOT ONLY IS IT DANGEROUS, BUT A LOT COULD HAPPEN WHILE YOU'RE GONE.

WYCKOFF, THIS MISSION IS **EVERYTHING!** NEO-PHARM IS DOOMED IF THIS MISSION FAILS.

WHATEVER ELSE HAPPENS IS SECONDARY. UNDERSTAND?



AH, MY TECHNICAL STAFF OF RESEARCHERS AND ADVISERS.

I'M SURE THEY'LL KEEP ME OUT OF TROUBLE.



"ONLY, WHO THE HELL IS THAT GUY?"

"THAT'S BEGALLI, SIR. HE JUMPED SHIP FROM MEDTECH A FEW MONTHS BACK, BUT HIS ALIEN KNOWLEDGE IS UNSURPASSED. I'M SURE HE'LL BE OF GREAT ASSISTANCE."



I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR--
GOOD LORD, WYCKOFF,
WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT!

NOW THAT'S A MAN!



DANIEL?

MR. GRANT,
SIR?

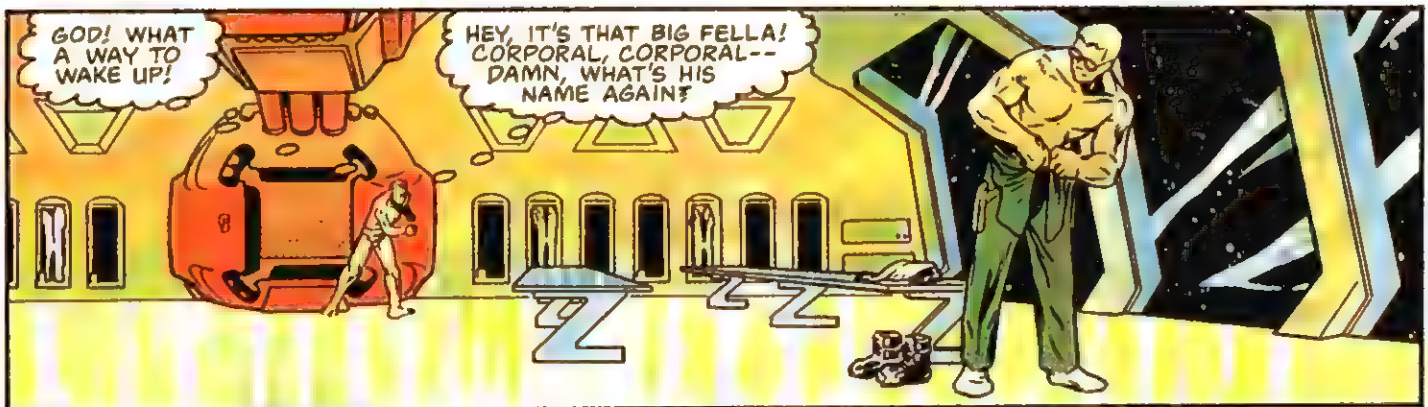
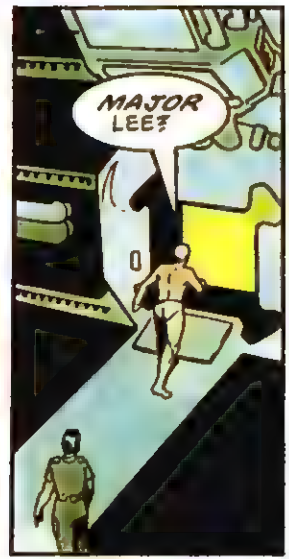
IT'S TIME
TO WAKE UP,
MR. GRANT.

WE'VE GOT A
LOT TO DO.

SO
HOP TO
IT,







C'MON, YOU DON'T HAVE TO PULL THAT CRAP WITH ME. TELL THE TRUTH, YOU'VE HATED HER FOR MONTHS, RIGHT?

I HAVEN'T BEEN WITH THE CORPS THAT LONG, BUT THE MAJOR HAS ALREADY EARNED MY RESPECT.



SHE'S TOTALLY IN COMMAND BUT SHE STILL TREATS EVERYONE AS AN EQUAL.

THERE AREN'T MANY PEOPLE YOU CAN SAY THAT ABOUT.

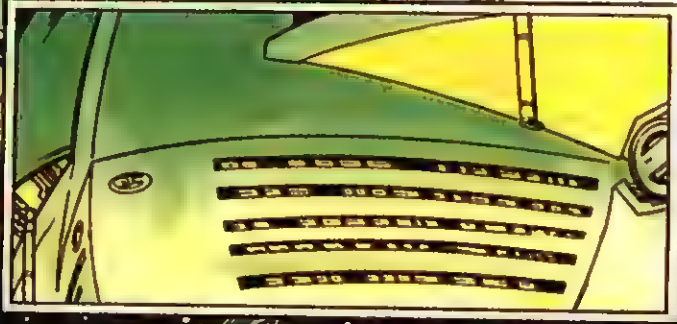
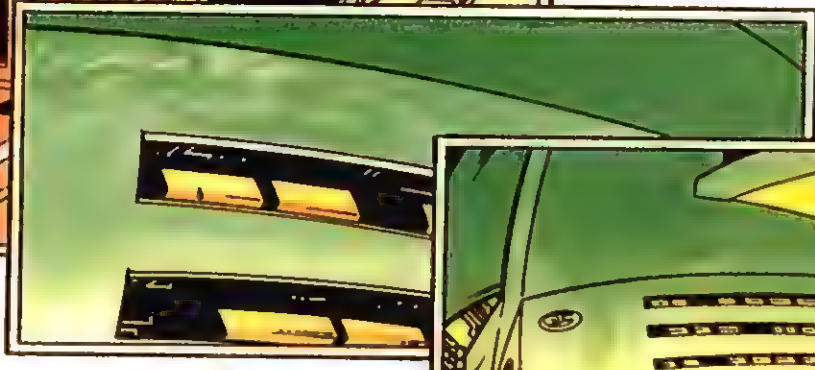
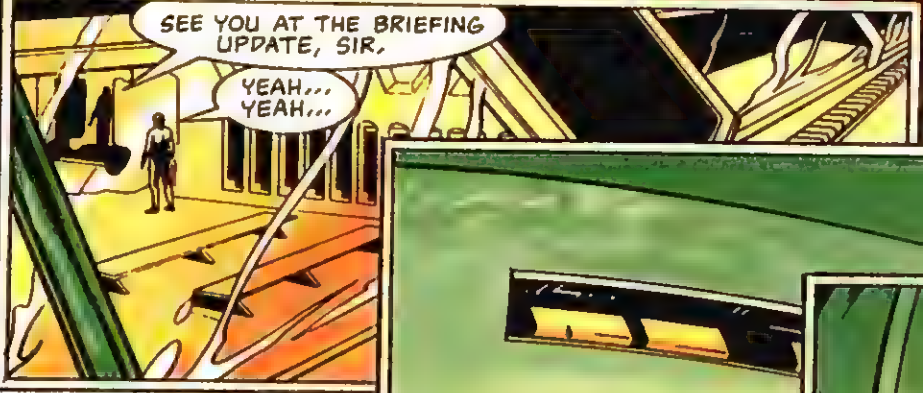


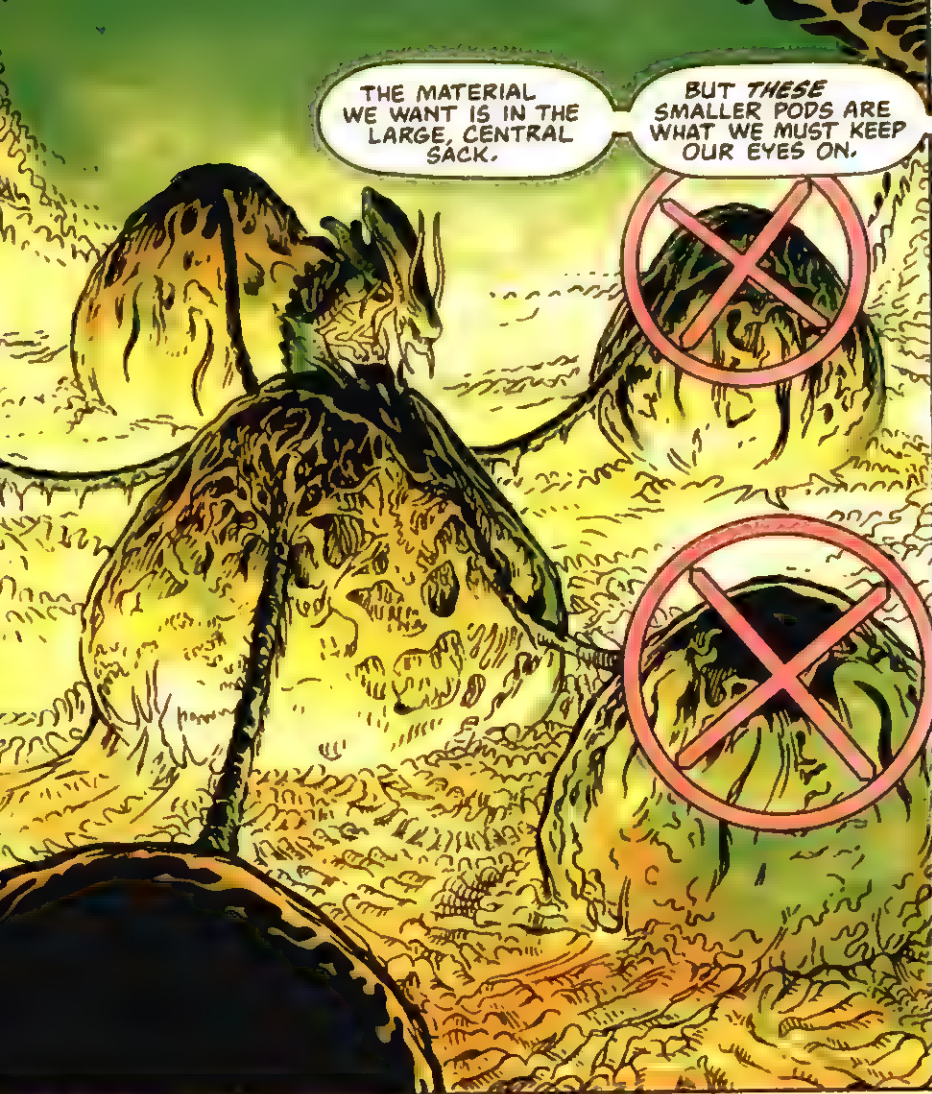
KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



SEE YOU AT THE BRIEFING UPDATE, SIR.

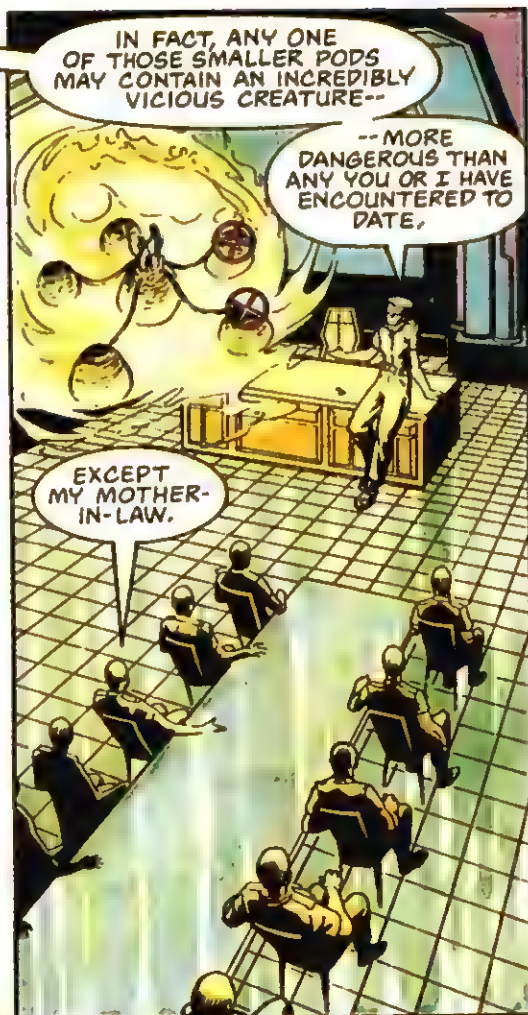
YEAH...
YEAH...





THE MATERIAL
WE WANT IS IN THE
LARGE, CENTRAL
SACK.

BUT THESE
SMALLER PODS ARE
WHAT WE MUST KEEP
OUR EYES ON.



IN FACT, ANY ONE
OF THOSE SMALLER PODS
MAY CONTAIN AN INCREDIBLY
VICIOUS CREATURE--

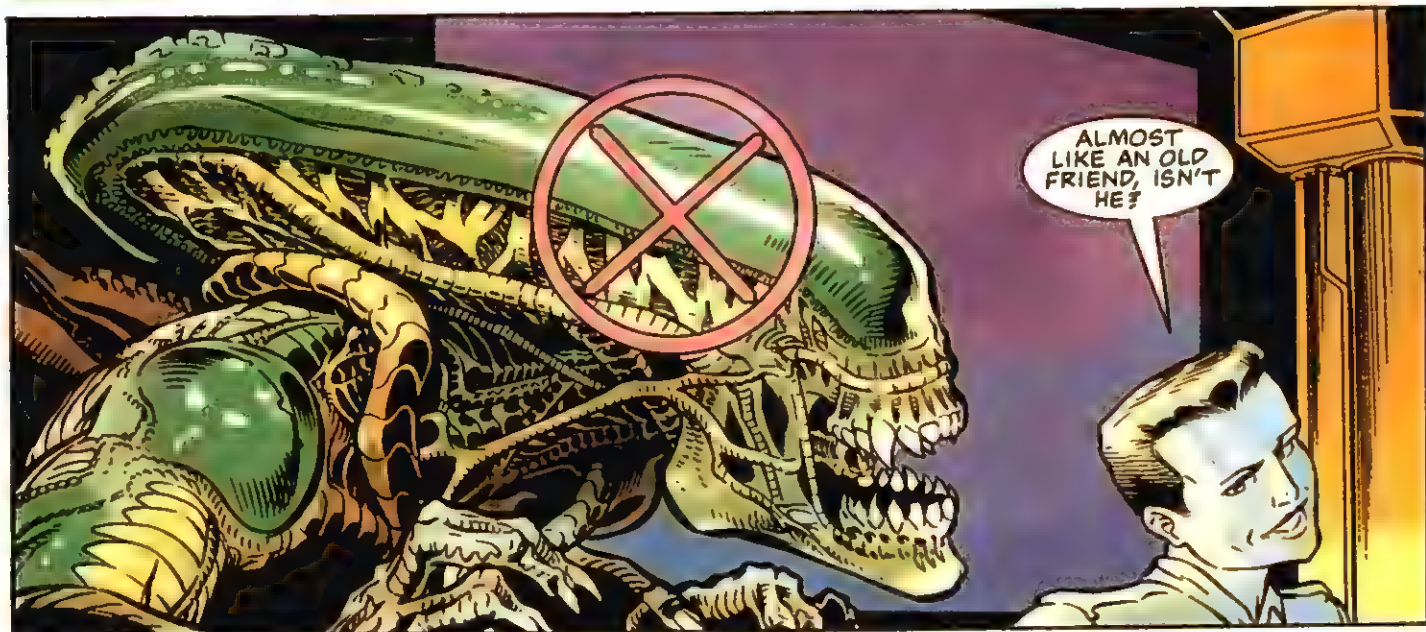
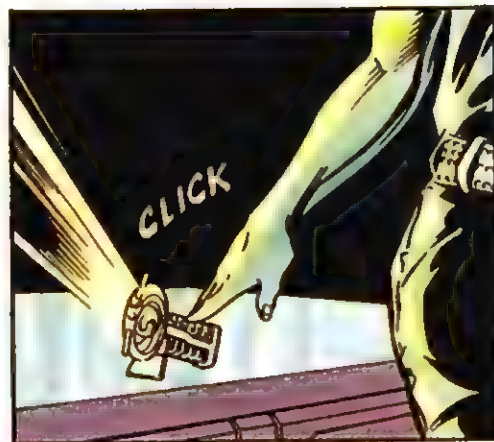
-- MORE
DANGEROUS THAN
ANY YOU OR I HAVE
ENCOUNTERED TO
DATE.

EXCEPT
MY MOTHER-
IN-LAW.

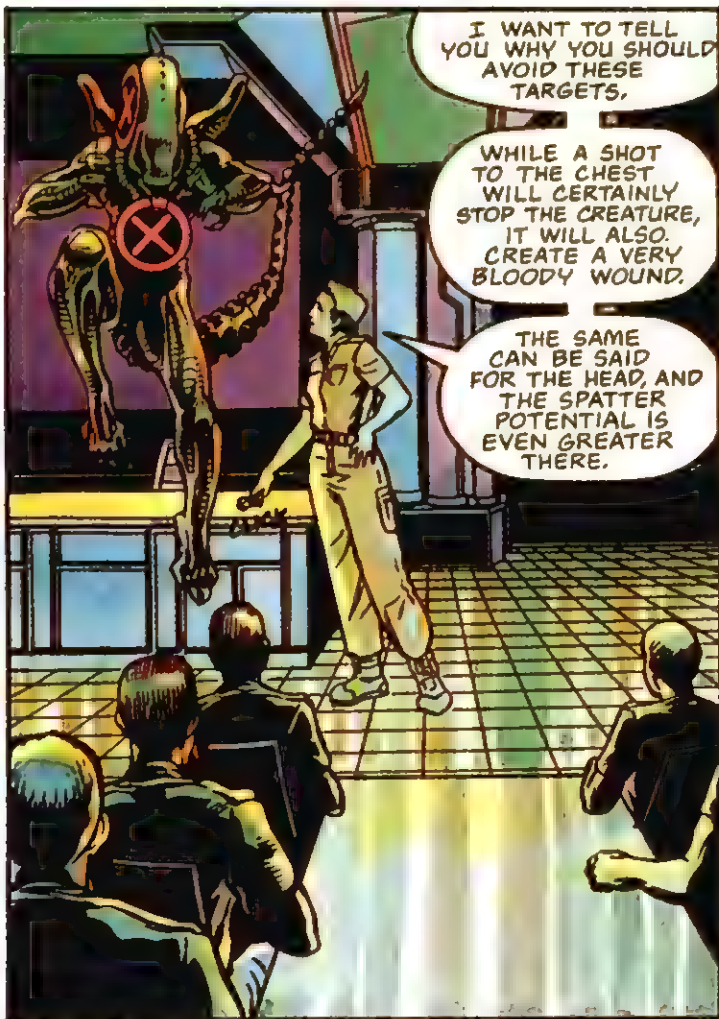


ANYWAY, THIS IS
ALL SECOND-HAND INFO,
AND I CAN'T GUARANTEE
ITS ACCURACY.

SO, LET'S
MOVE ON TO
SOMETHING I KNOW
A LITTLE MORE
ABOUT.



ALMOST
LIKE AN OLD
FRIEND, ISN'T
HE?



I WANT TO TELL YOU WHY YOU SHOULD AVOID THESE TARGETS.

WHILE A SHOT TO THE CHEST WILL CERTAINLY STOP THE CREATURE, IT WILL ALSO CREATE A VERY BLOODY WOUND.

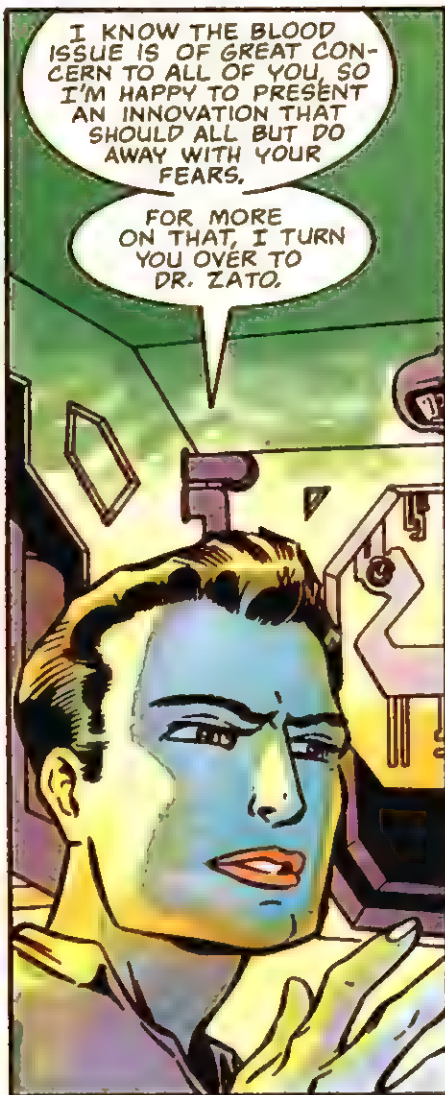
THE SAME CAN BE SAID FOR THE HEAD, AND THE SPATTER POTENTIAL IS EVEN GREATER THERE.



AS MANY OF YOU HAVE ALREADY DISCOVERED, A SHOT TO THE KNEE WILL NOT ONLY HAMPER THE ALIEN'S MOBILITY--



BUT SUCH A WOUND ALSO MINIMIZES BLEEDING AND SPATTER POTENTIAL.



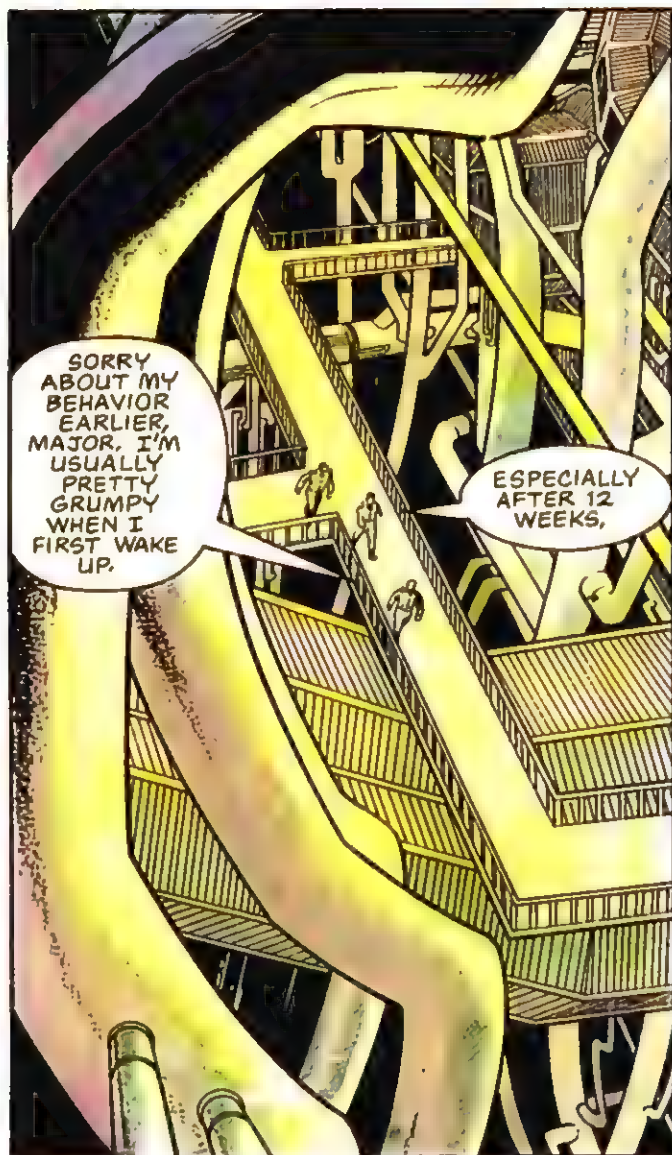
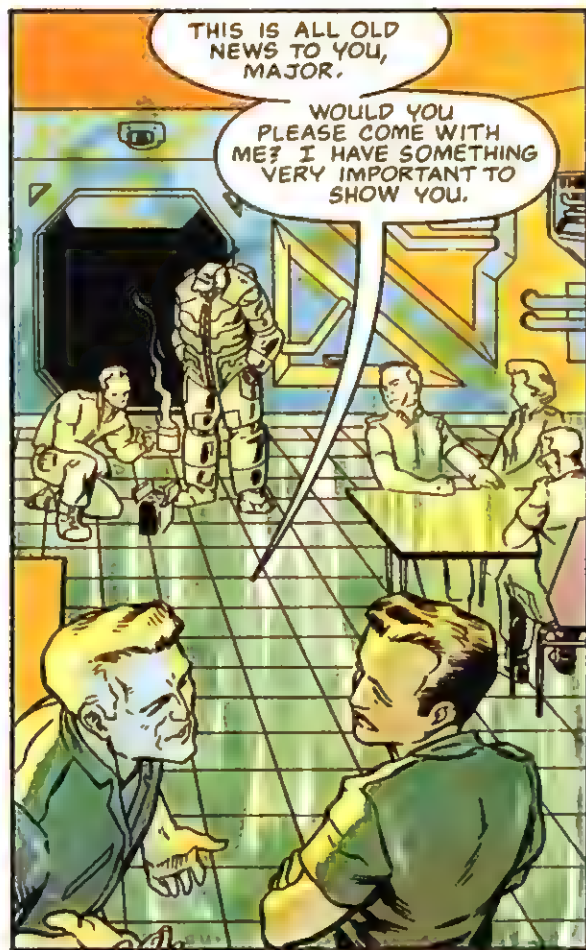
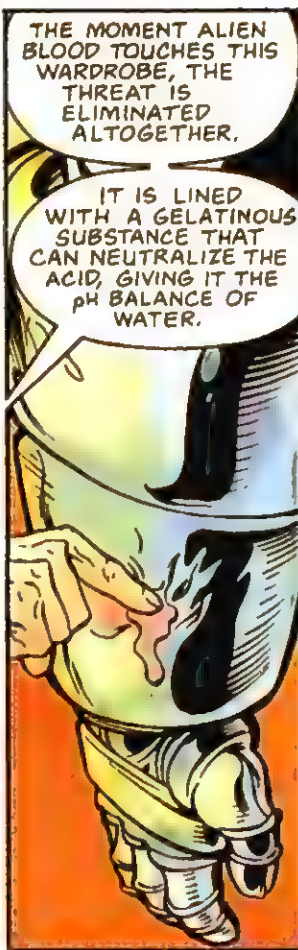
I KNOW THE BLOOD ISSUE IS OF GREAT CONCERN TO ALL OF YOU, SO I'M HAPPY TO PRESENT AN INNOVATION THAT SHOULD ALL BUT DO AWAY WITH YOUR FEARS.

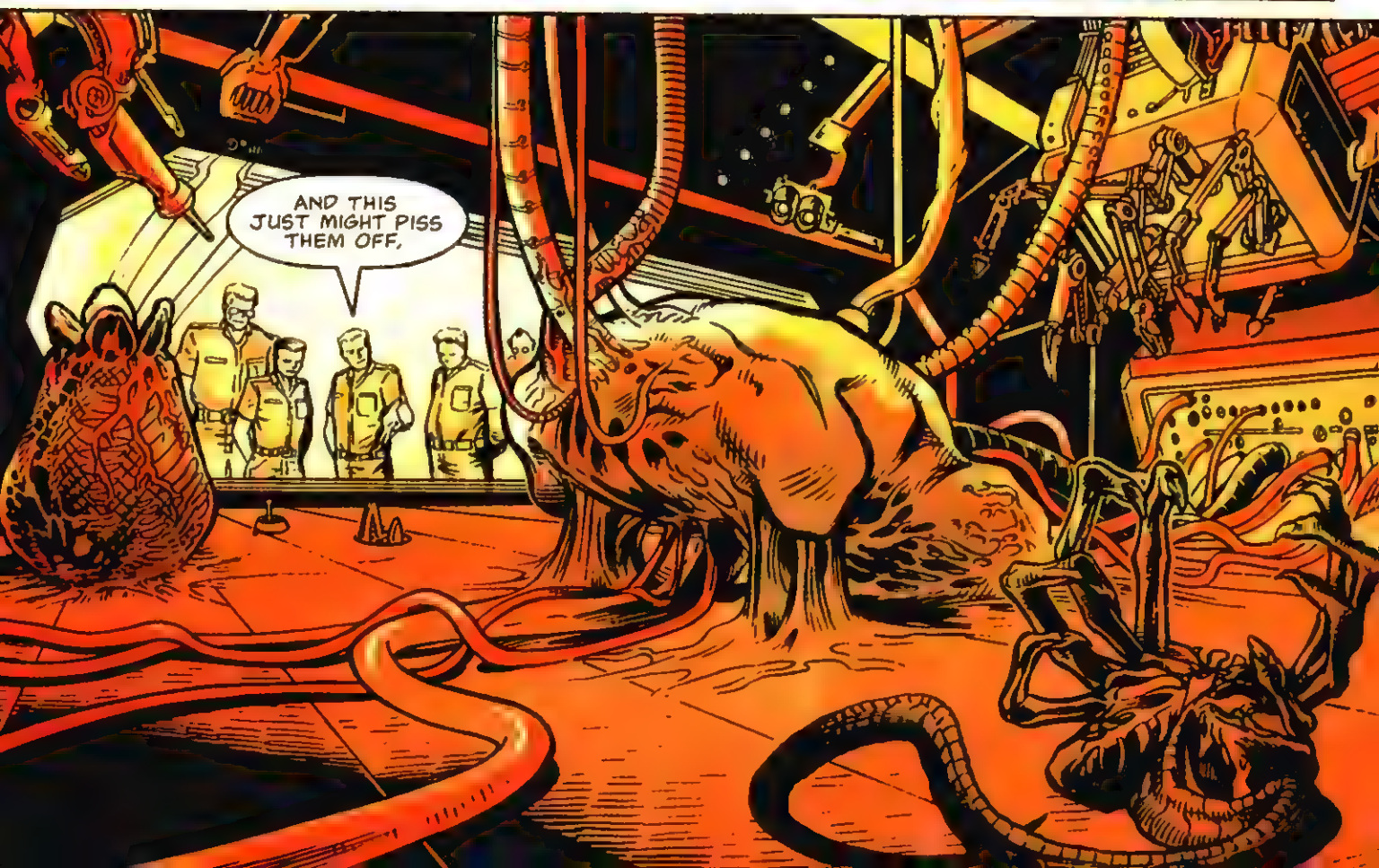
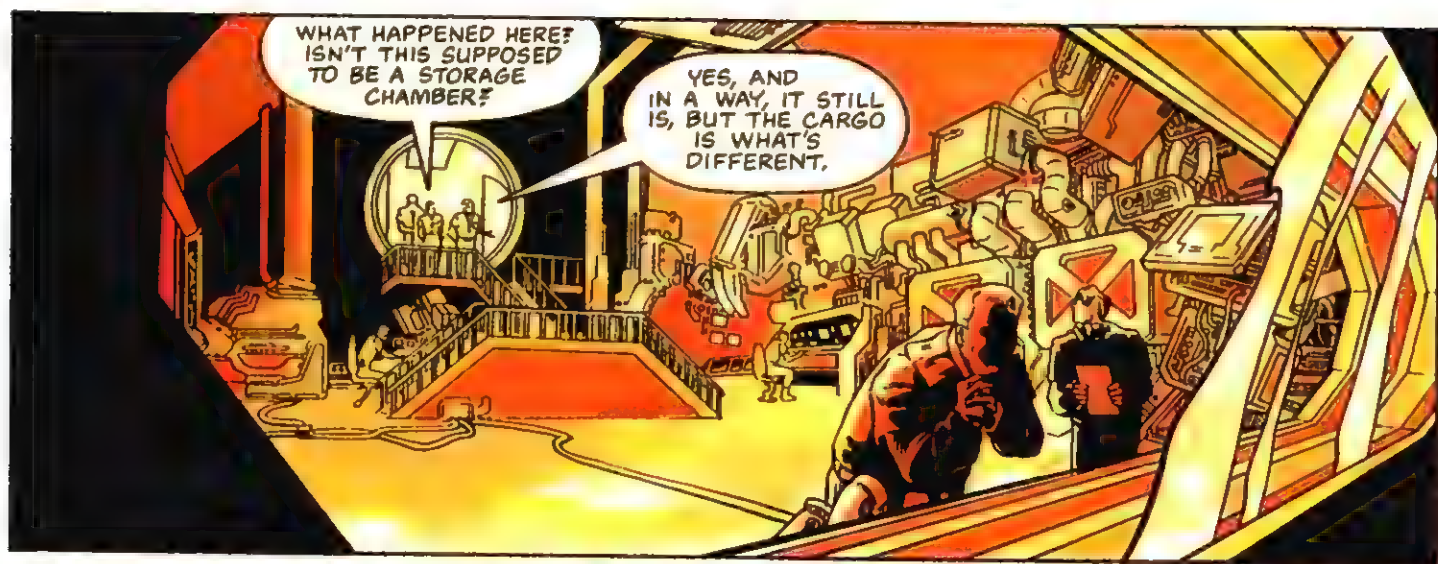
FOR MORE ON THAT, I TURN YOU OVER TO DR. ZATO.

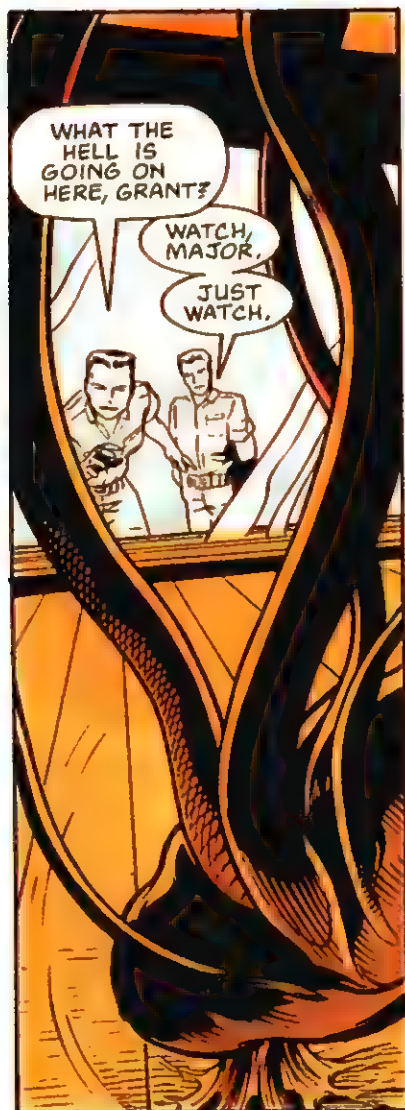
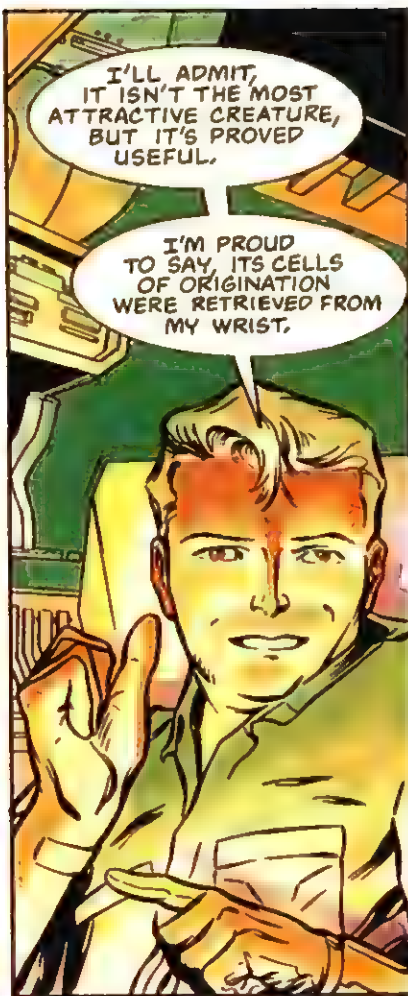
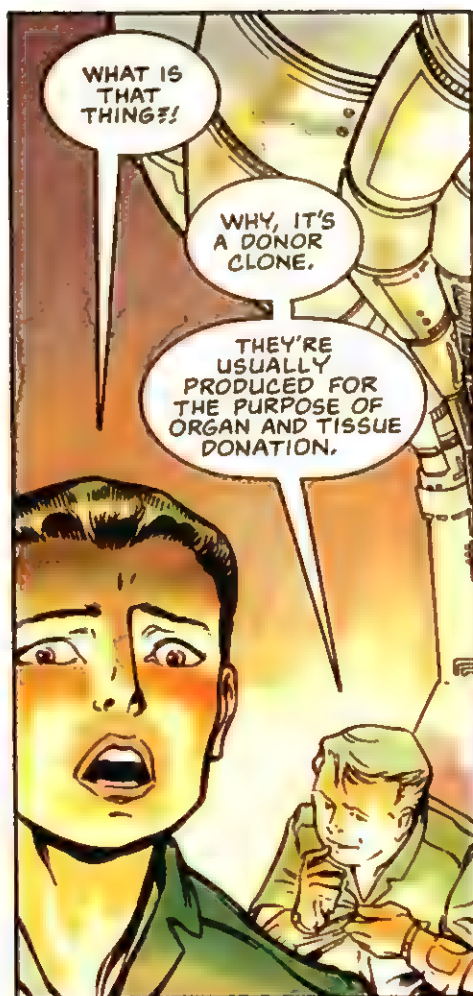


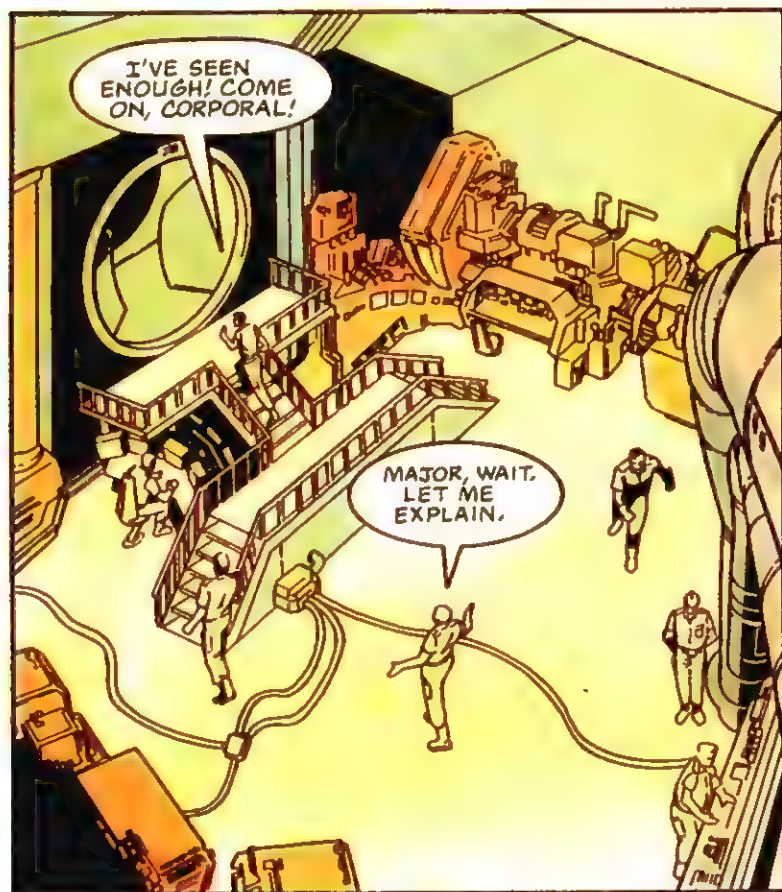
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU YOUR NEXT BEST FRIEND.

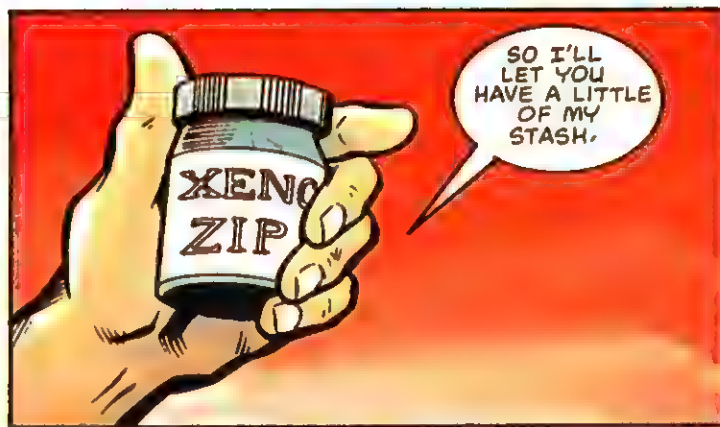
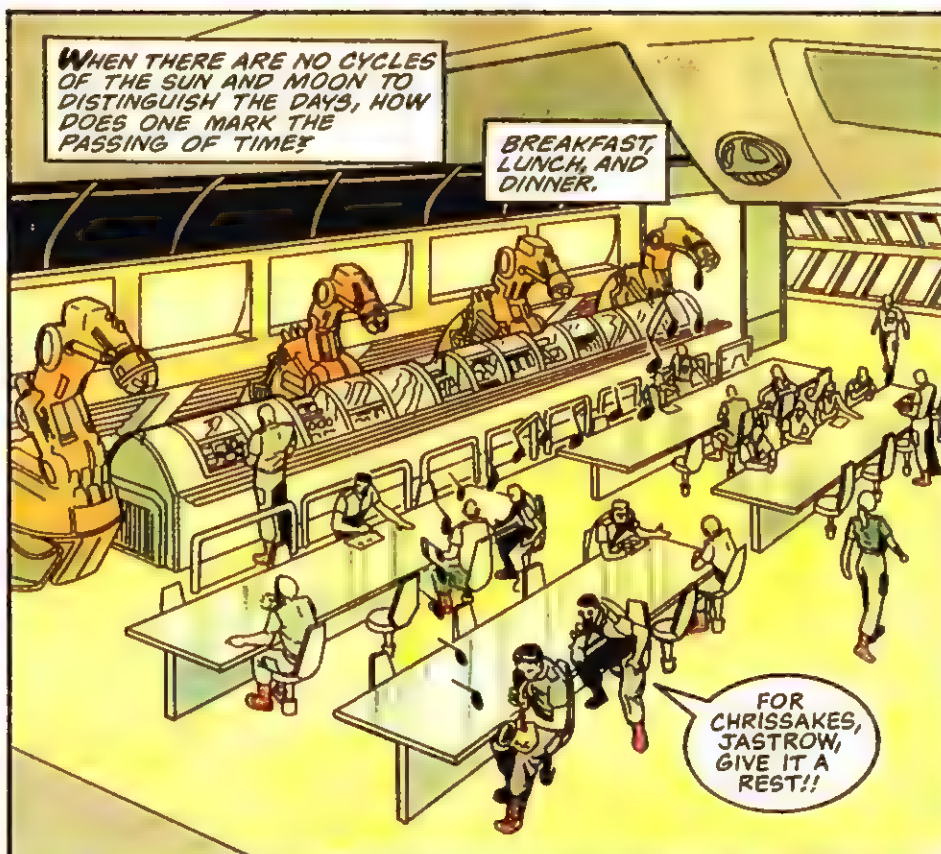
THE Z-110 ACID NEUTRALIZING COMBAT WARDROBE.

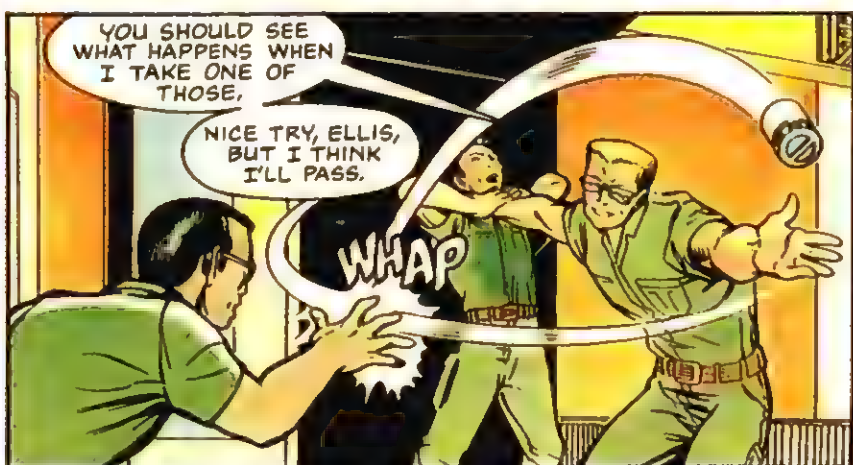
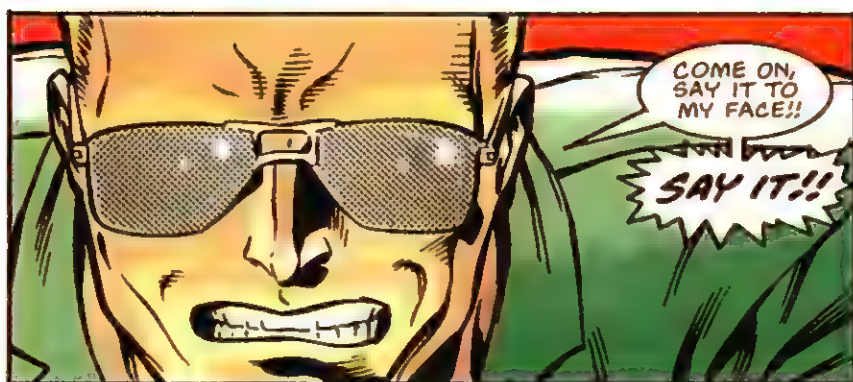


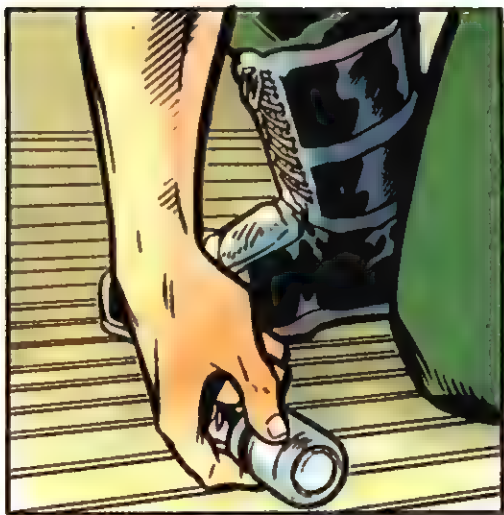
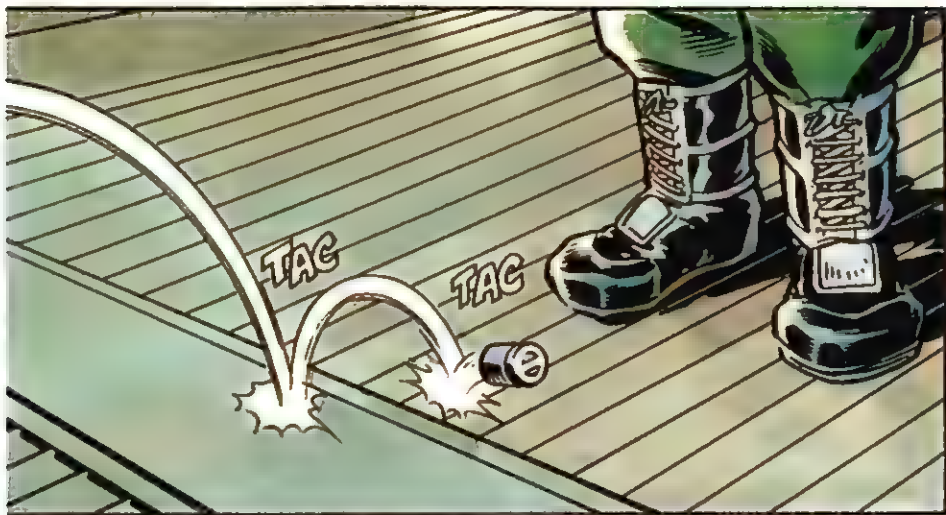












YOU KNOW, CORPORAL, I ADMIRE A MAN WHO DOESN'T TAKE ANY CRAP, I HONESTLY DO.

BUT THE TRUTH IS, I NEED EVERY LAST ONE OF THESE TROOPS FOR THIS OPERATION.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO KISS AND MAKE UP, BUT PLEASE DON'T MASH HIS SKULL, OKAY?

THANKS.



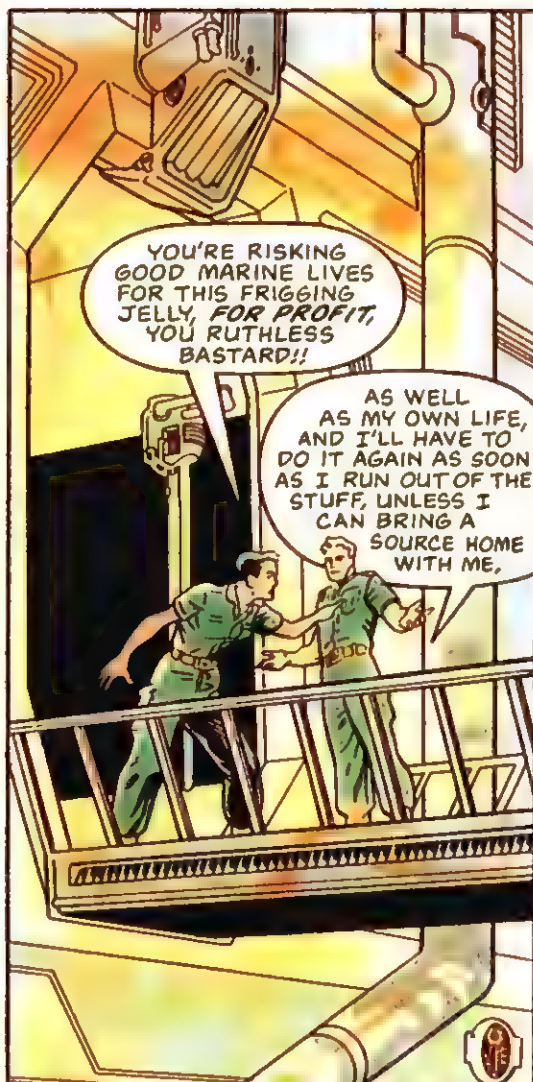
WELL, SINCE COLONEL ROCKEFELLER SEEMS TO HAVE THINGS WELL IN HAND, LET'S ALL GET BACK TO OUR CHOW.



MAJOR?

THINK WE COULD TALK A MINUTE?

PLEASE?





"ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH,"

"NO, I MEAN IT, I'M SEEING YOU IN A NEW LIGHT."

CLICK

"ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH,"

"NO, I MEAN IT, I'M SEEING YOU IN A NEW LIGHT."

CLICK

CLICK

"IS YOUR MOVE, DAN?"

"I'VE HOW WORK PEAC"

CLICK

"IS YOUR MOVE, DAN?"

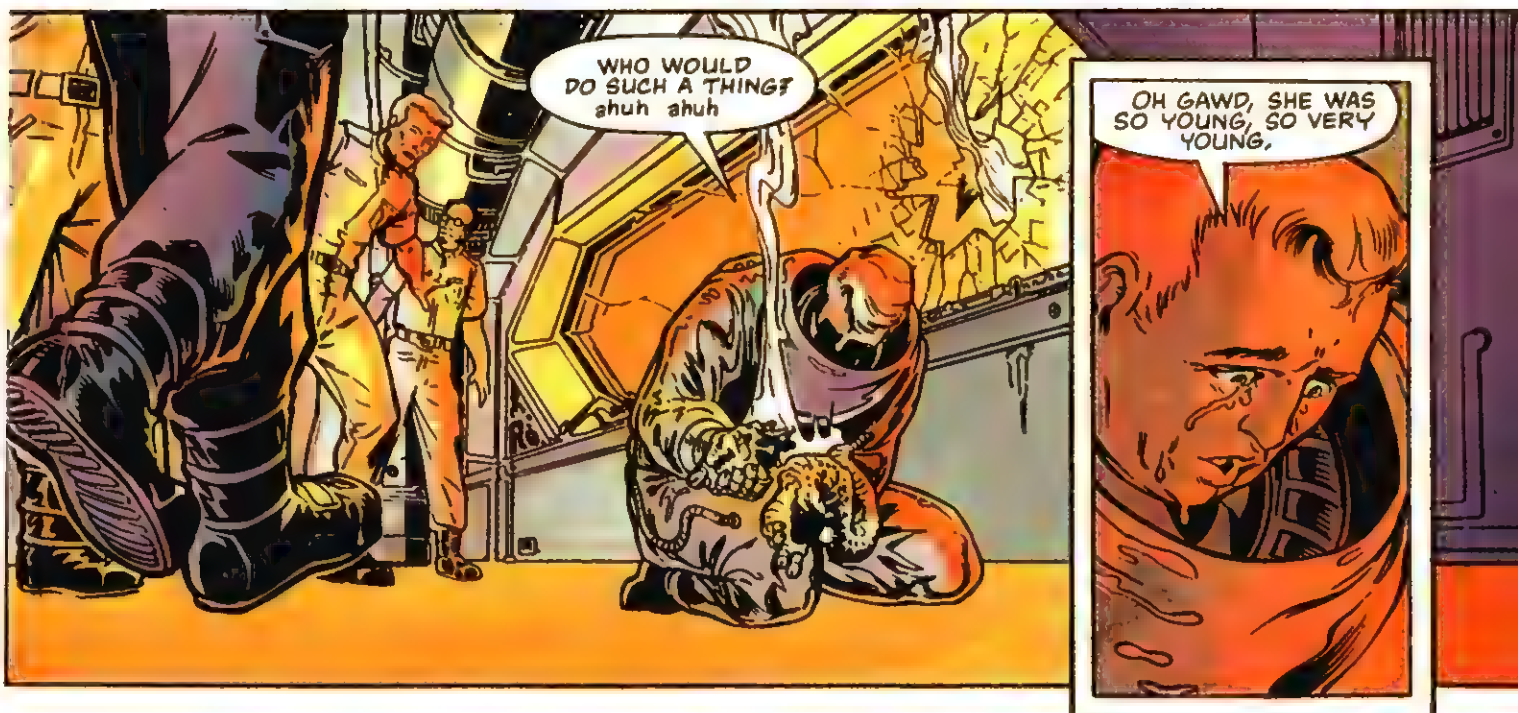
"I'VE HOW WORK PEAC"

CLICK

"IS YOUR MOVE, DAN?"

"I'VE HOW WORK PEAC"

[illegible]







THE U.S.S. RAZZIA HAS LOCKED INTO
ORBIT AROUND ITS DESTINATION.

10 HOURS FROM NOW, A
LANDING PARTY WILL
DESCEND TO THE
PLANET'S SURFACE.

THE MEMBERS OF
THE CREW DO THEIR
BEST TO GET
SOME REST.

MOST OF THEM.



MIND IF I JOIN YOU?

I WISH YOU WOULD.



I CAN'T BELIEVE I OVERLOOKED THIS POSSIBILITY. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT IF THIS MISSION FAILS, I'M HISTORY.

IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S BETTER THIS WAY.

SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU WOULD HAVE GOTTEN MORE THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR WITH DR. FRIEL AT THE HELM.



YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, BUT THAT ISN'T THE POINT.

THIS SABOTAGE WILL CONTINUE, AND A LOT MORE THAN MONEY COULD BE LOST NEXT TIME.



IT'S HARD FOR ME TO BE SCARED OF A CORPORATE SPY WHEN I'VE BEEN FIGHTING MONSTERS FOR YEARS.



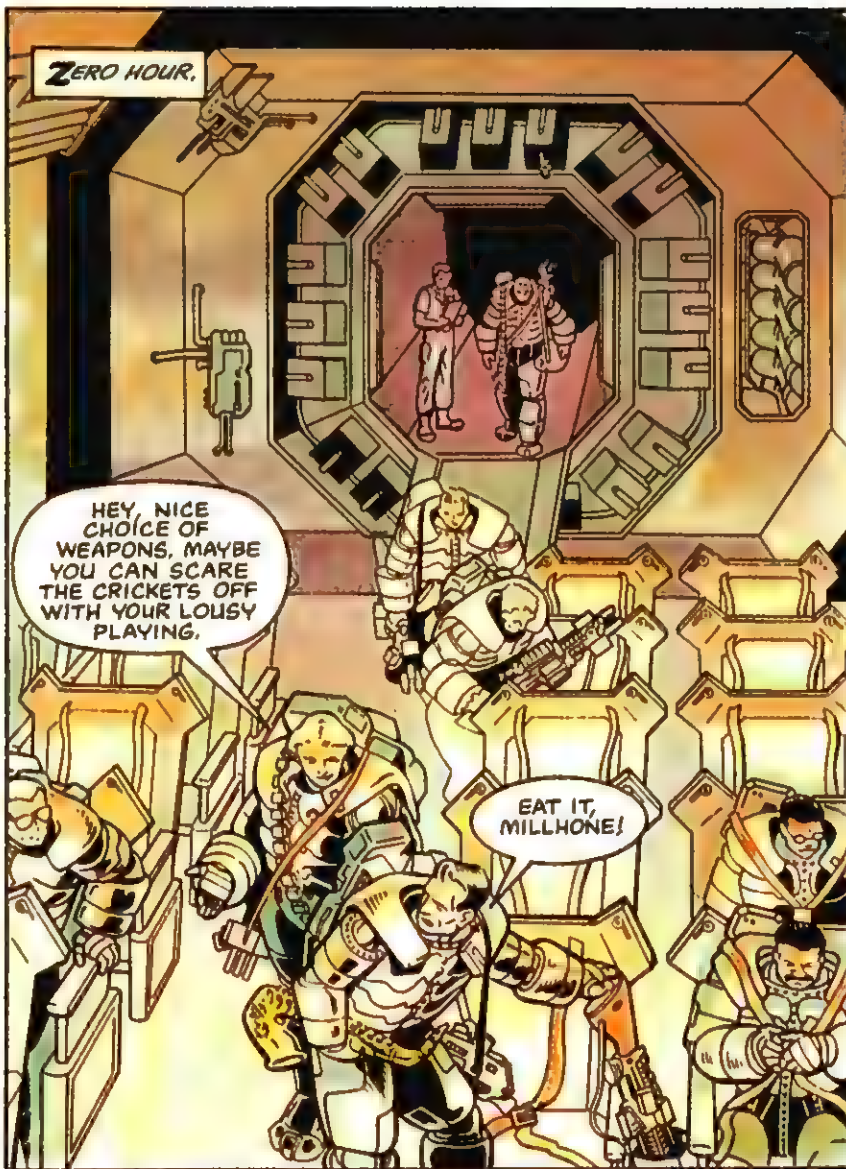
AND HOW OFTEN DID YOU RUN INTO INFILTRATIONS?

DON'T YOU SEE, YOU AND YOUR SOLDIERS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN UNITED AGAINST AN OBVIOUS THREAT.



TAKE IT FROM SOMEONE WHO KNOWS--

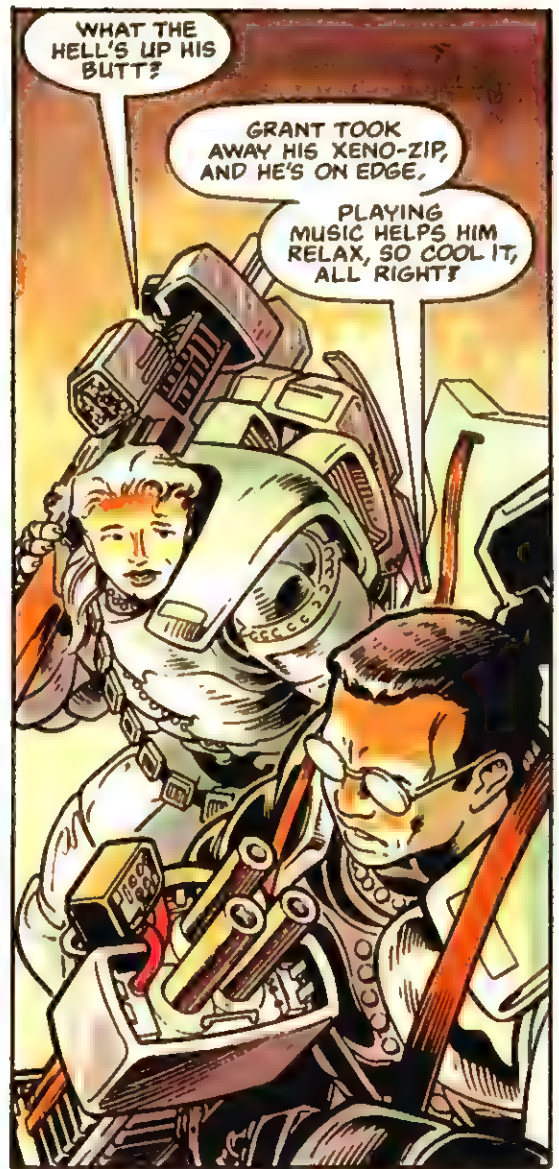
--NOTHING IS DEADLIER THAN THE ENEMY WITHIN.



ZERO HOUR.

HEY, NICE CHOICE OF WEAPONS, MAYBE YOU CAN SCARE THE CRICKETS OFF WITH YOUR LOUSY PLAYING.

EAT IT, MILLHON!



WHAT THE HELL'S UP HIS BUTT?

GRANT TOOK AWAY HIS XENO-ZIP, AND HE'S ON EDGE.

PLAYING MUSIC HELPS HIM RELAX, SO COOL IT, ALL RIGHTS?



WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

YOUR NAME ISN'T ON THE LIST.



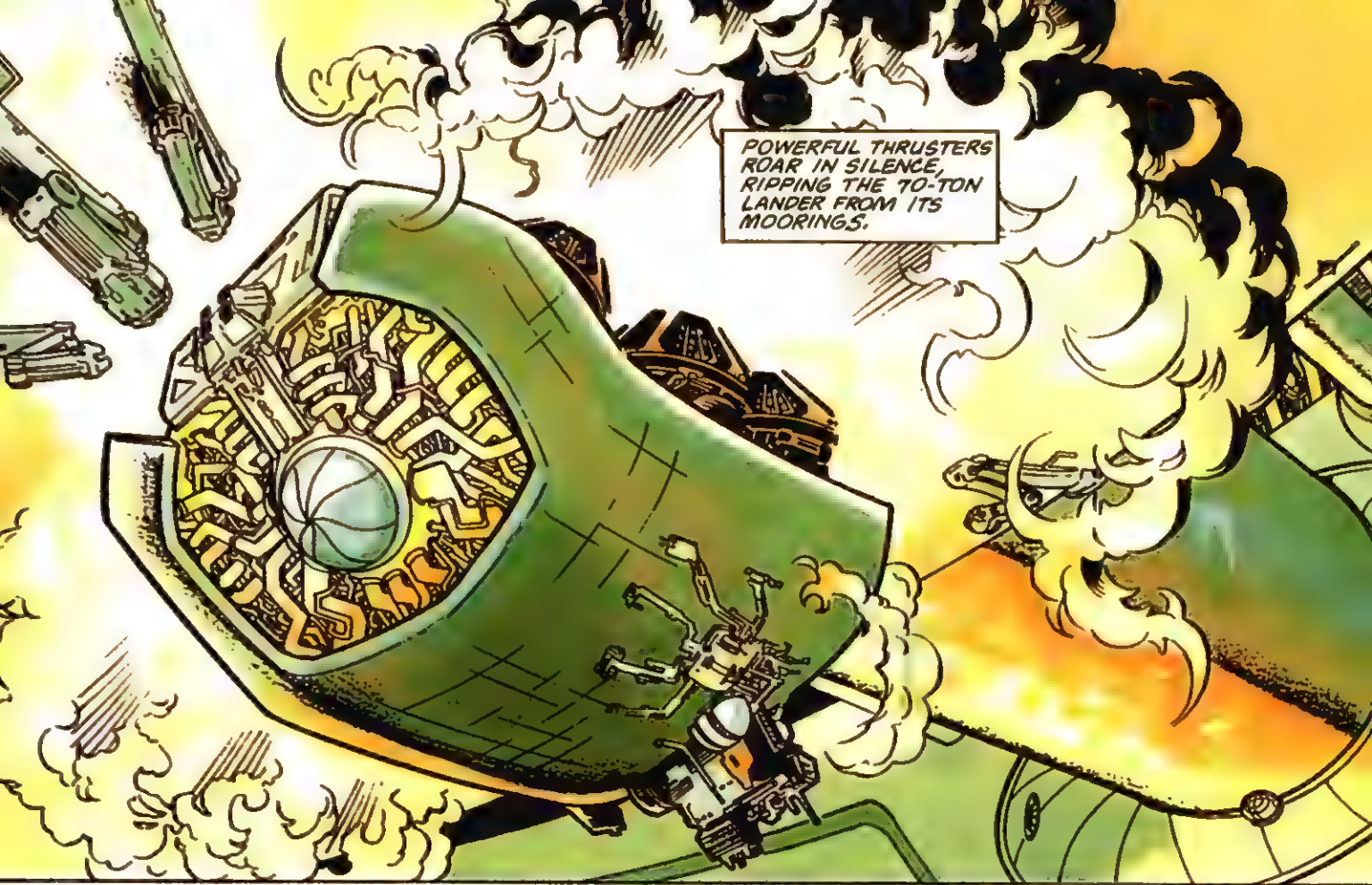
WELL, DR. FRIEL WAS SUPPOSED TO MAKE THE LANDING--

BUT HE'S IN NO CONDITION TO WORK RIGHT NOW.

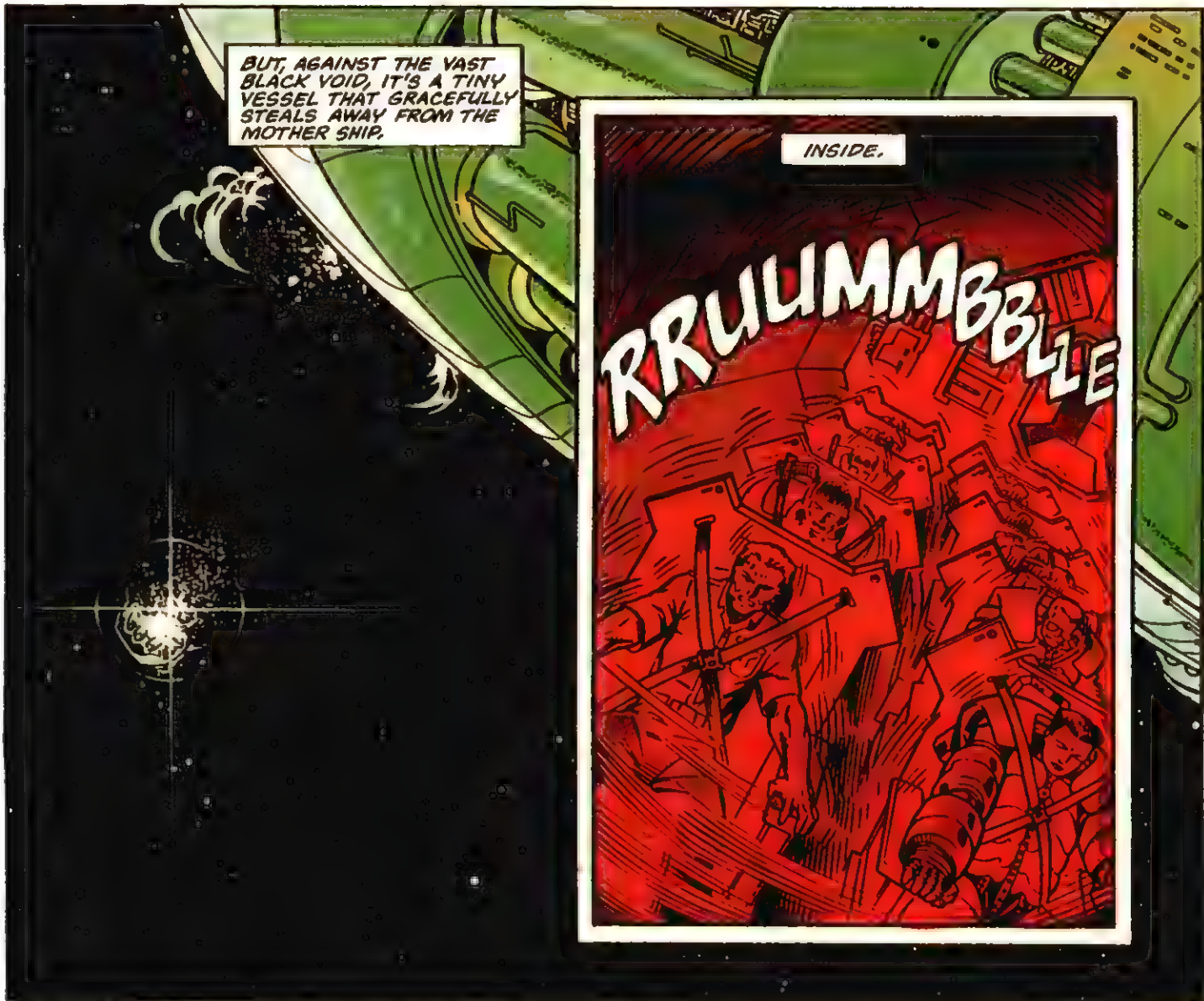


DON'T WORRY, MR. GRANT, I KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO.

OKAY, PEOPLE, LET'S GET STRAPPED IN. WE'RE ABOUT TO DISENGAGE.



POWERFUL THRUSTERS
ROAR IN SILENCE,
RIPPING THE 70-TON
LANDER FROM ITS
MOORINGS.

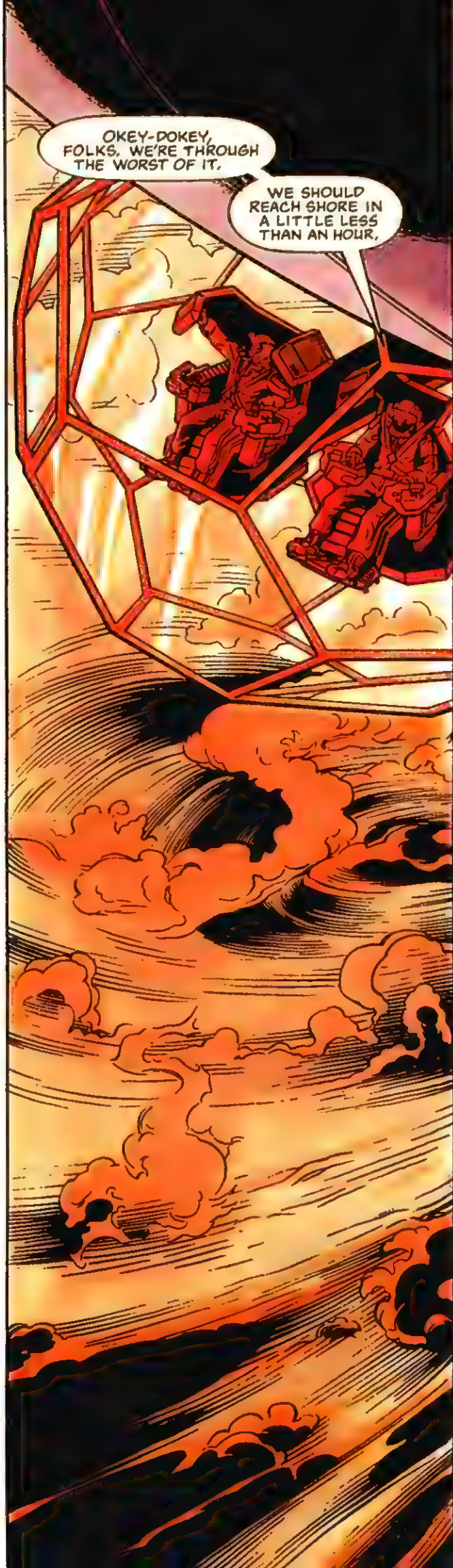


BUT, AGAINST THE VAST
BLACK VOID, IT'S A TINY
VESSEL THAT GRACEFULLY
STEALS AWAY FROM THE
MOTHER SHIP.



INSIDE.

RRUUMMBB

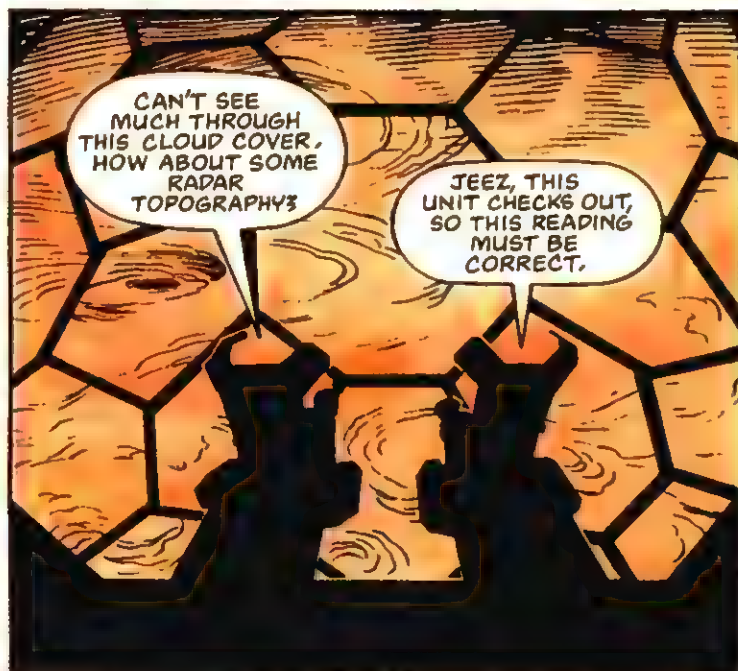


OKEY-DOKEY,
FOLKS, WE'RE THROUGH
THE WORST OF IT.

WE SHOULD
REACH SHORE IN
A LITTLE LESS
THAN AN HOUR.



SO SIT BACK,
AND ENJOY
THE FLIGHT.



CAN'T SEE
MUCH THROUGH
THIS CLOUD COVER,
HOW ABOUT SOME
RADAR
TOPOGRAPHY?

JEEZ, THIS
UNIT CHECKS OUT,
SO THIS READING
MUST BE
CORRECT.

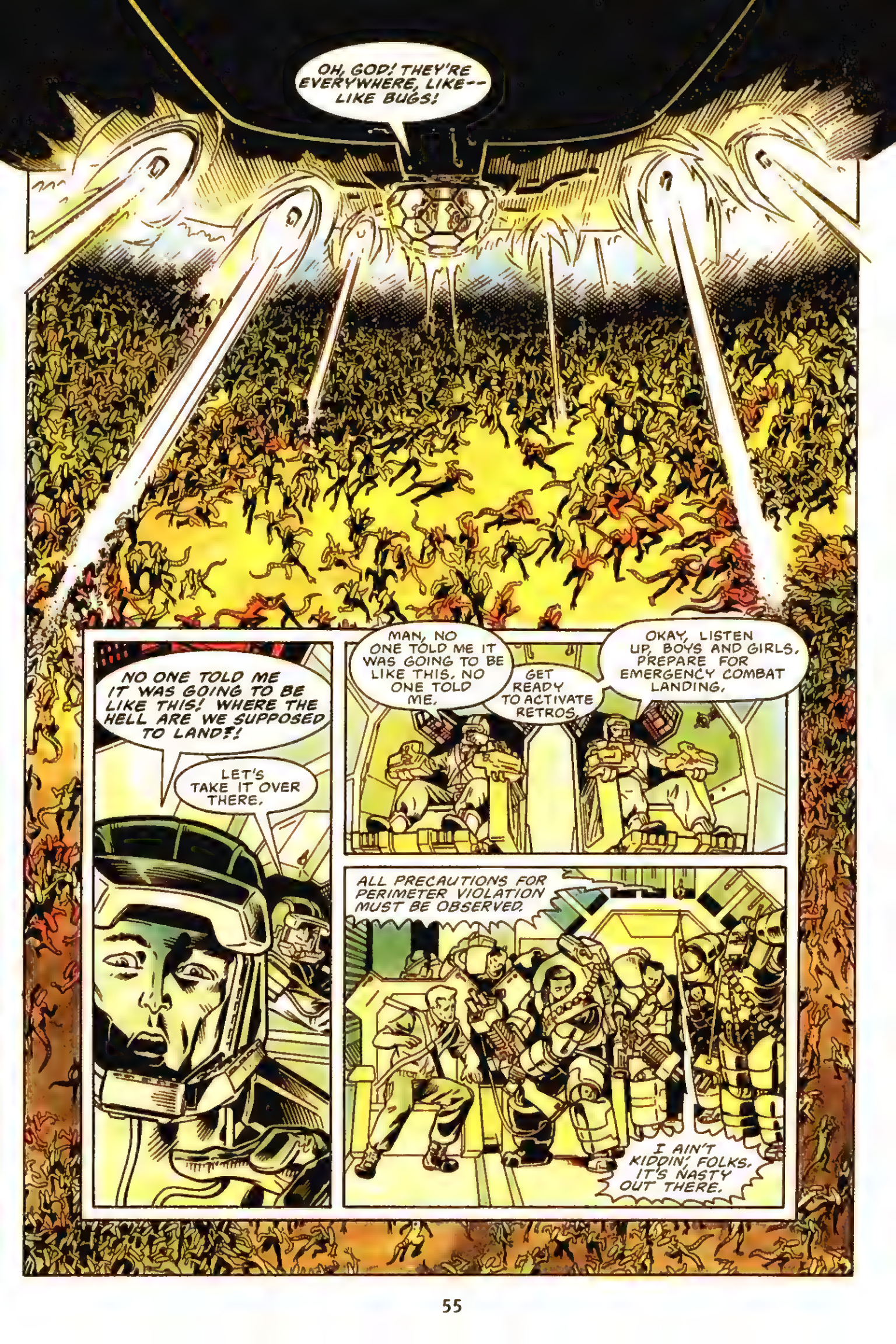


YEAH?
SO THEN
WHAT'S IT
SAY?

WELL,
JUDGING FROM
THE SURFACE
ACTIVITY--

"...THERE'S A WAR
GOING ON DOWN
THERE."





OH, GOD! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, LIKE-- LIKE BUGS!

NO ONE TOLD ME IT WAS GOING TO BE LIKE THIS! WHERE THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO LAND?!

LET'S TAKE IT OVER THERE.

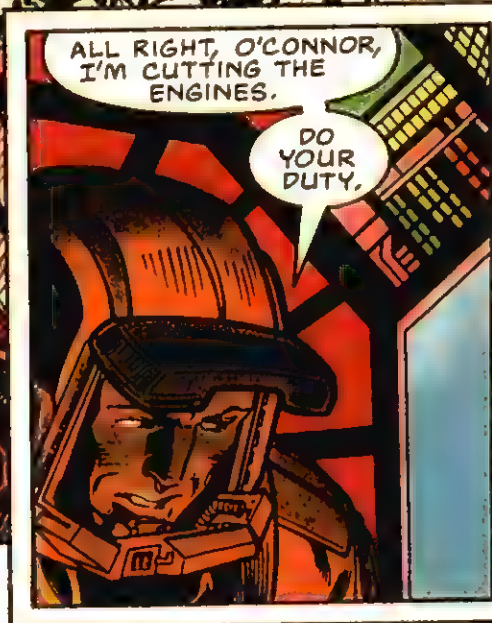
MAN, NO ONE TOLD ME IT WAS GOING TO BE LIKE THIS, NO ONE TOLD ME.

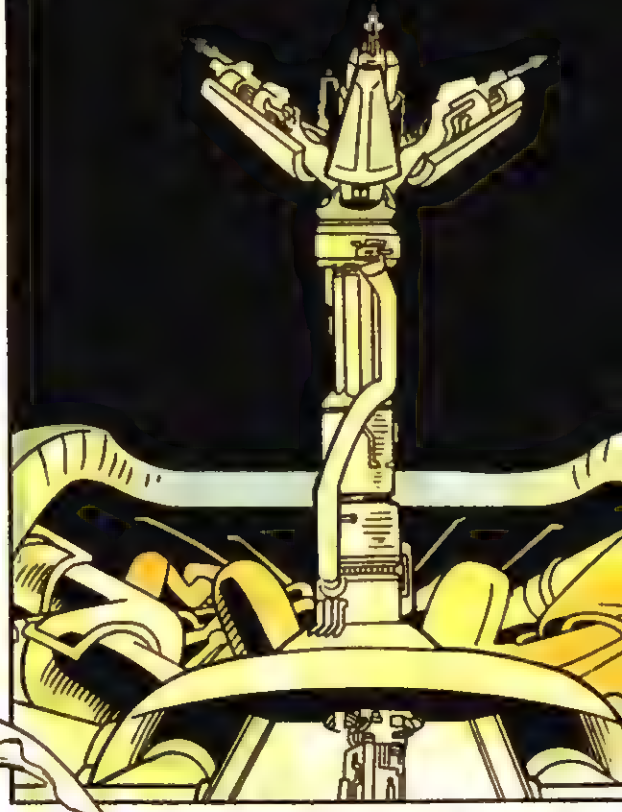
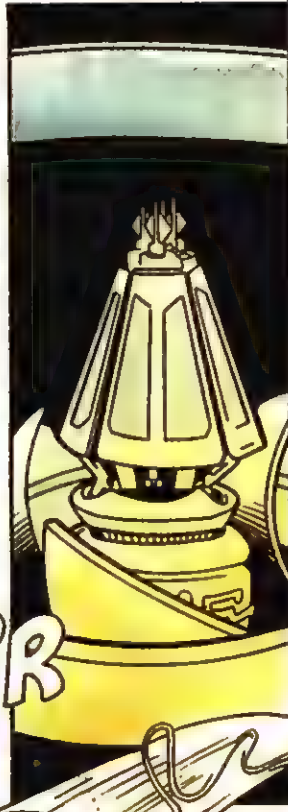
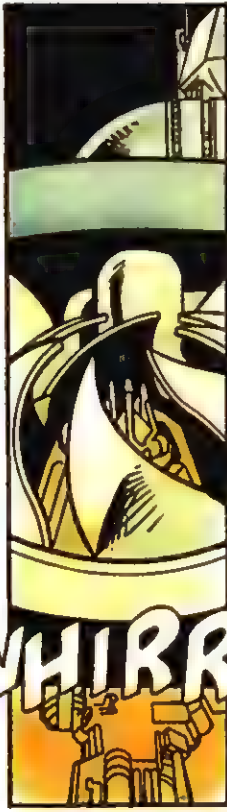
GET READY TO ACTIVATE RETROS.

OKAY, LISTEN UP, BOYS AND GIRLS. PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY COMBAT LANDING.

ALL PRECAUTIONS FOR PERIMETER VIOLATION MUST BE OBSERVED.

I AIN'T KIDDIN', FOLKS. IT'S NASTY OUT THERE.

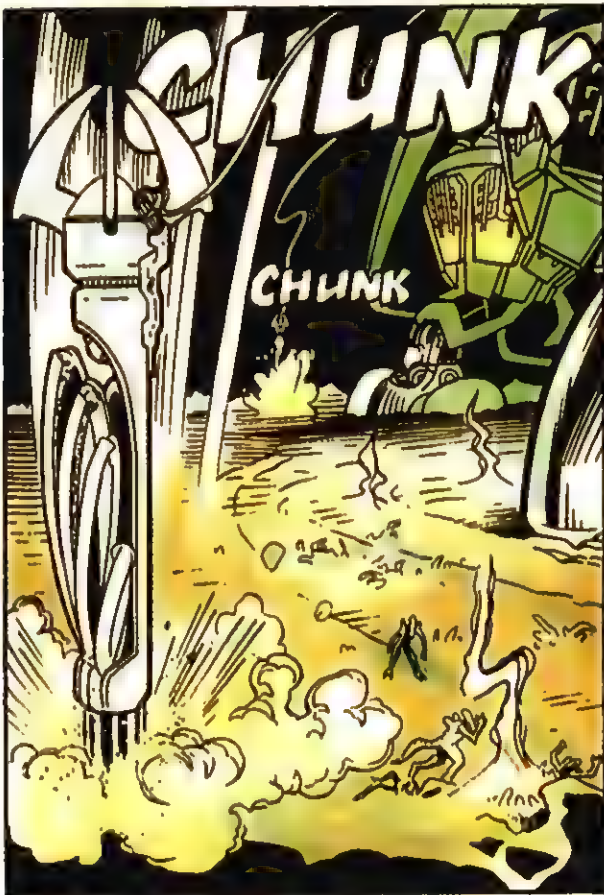




WHIRRR



POOM!



CHUNK

CHUNK



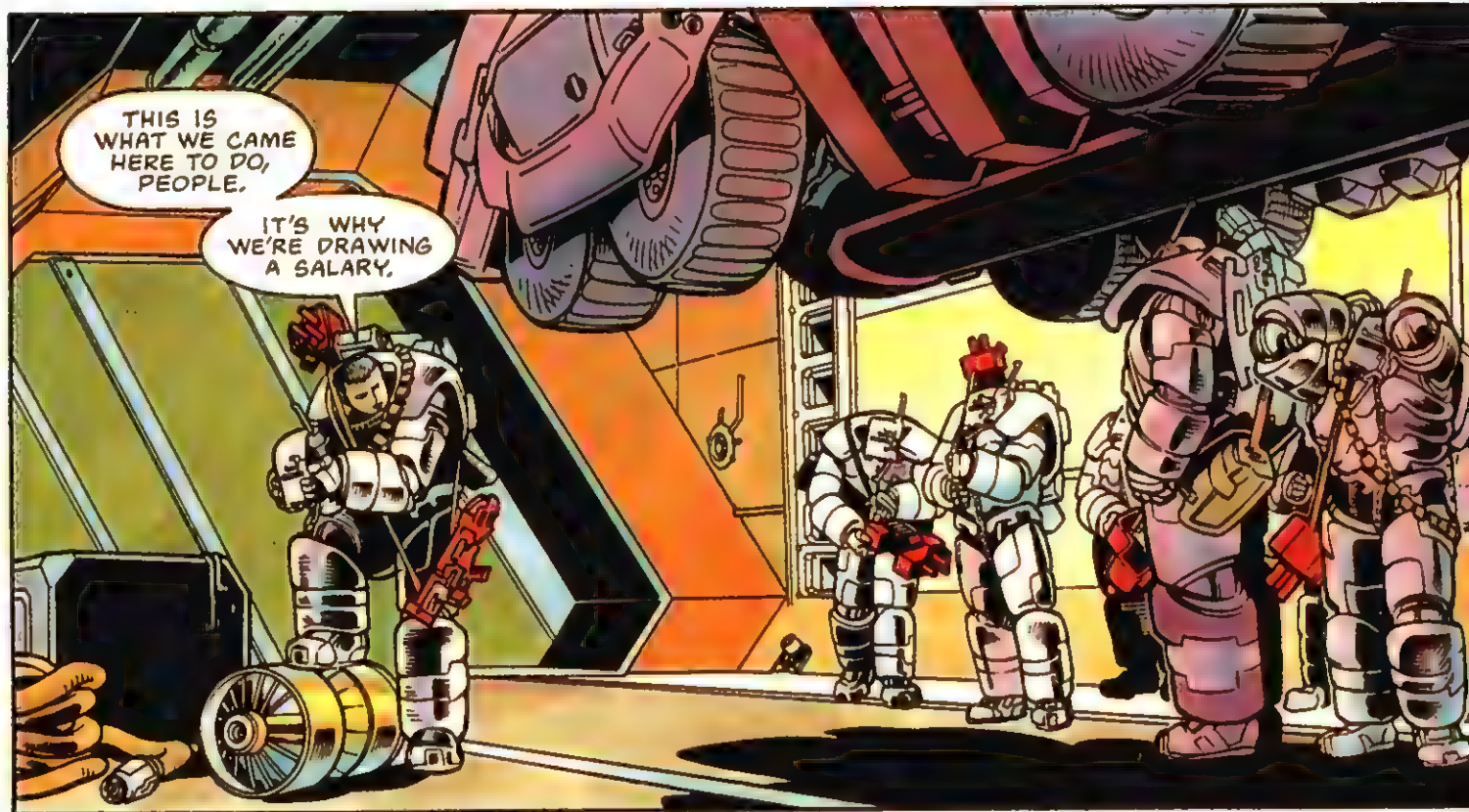
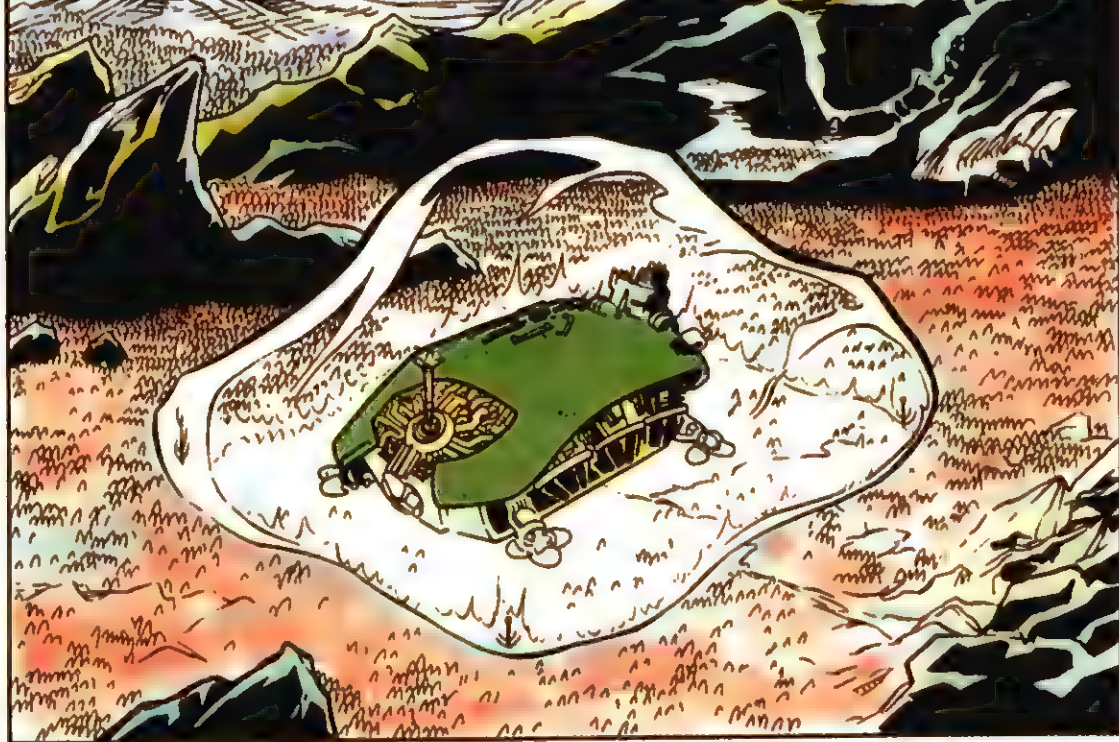
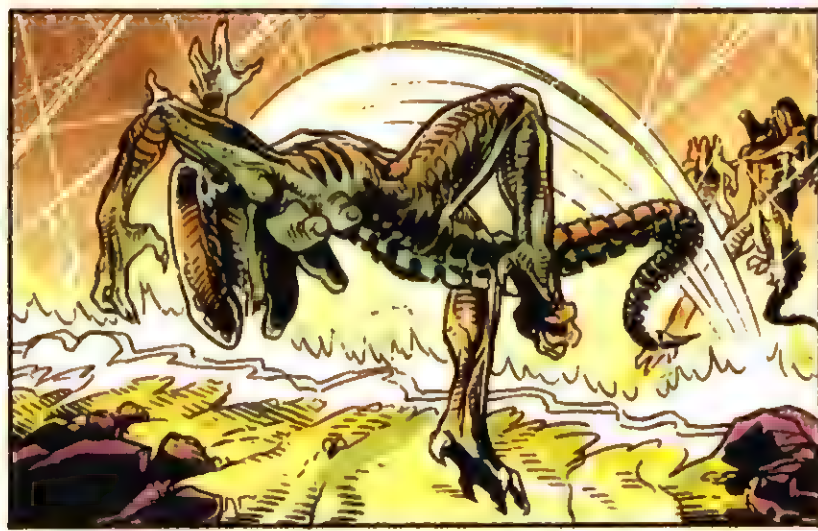
CLINK

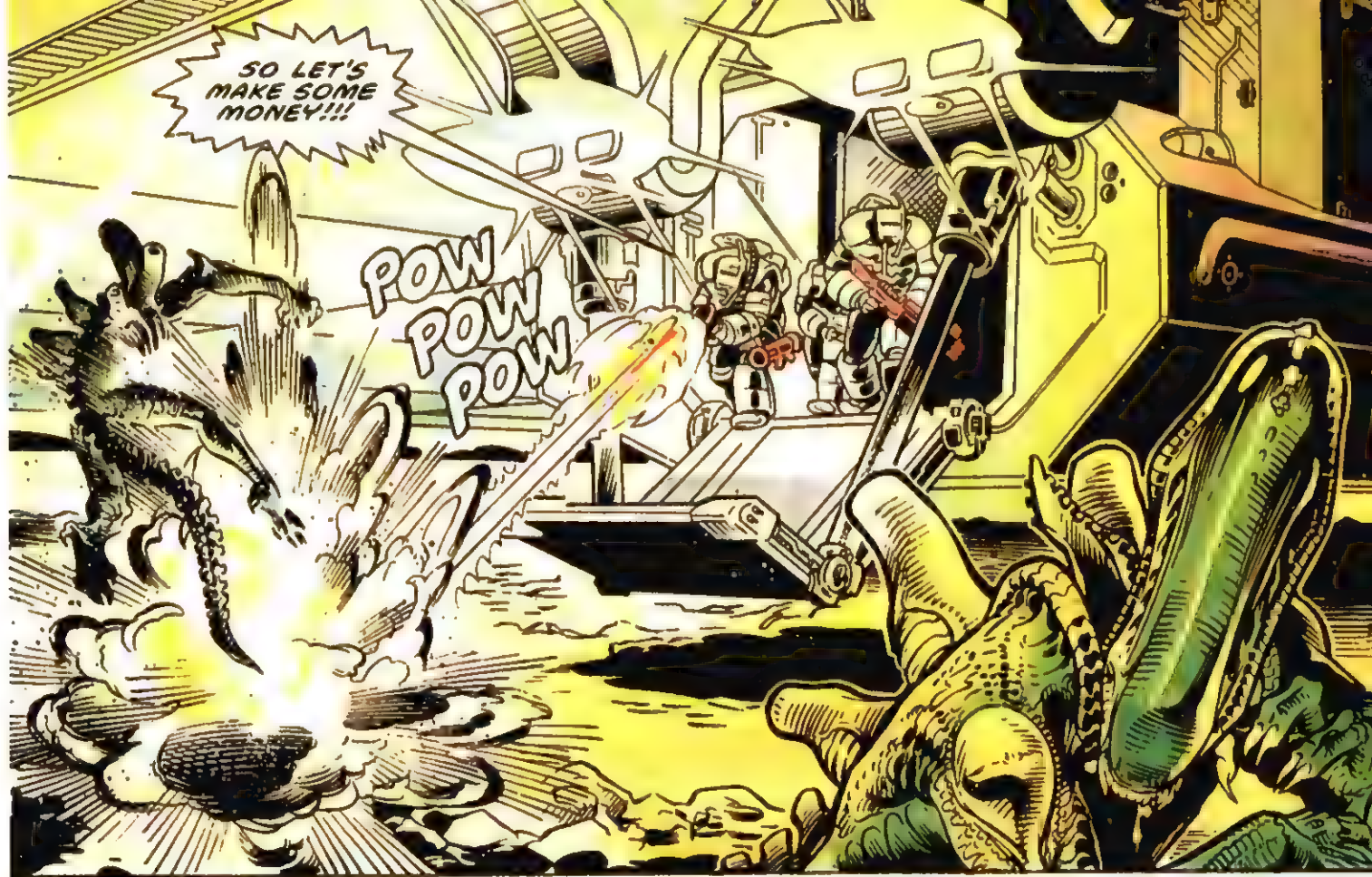


SPEED IT UP,
O'CONNOR, THE
ENEMY IS
CLOSING IN.

OUTWALL
ACTIVATION
HAS BEEN
INITIATED.

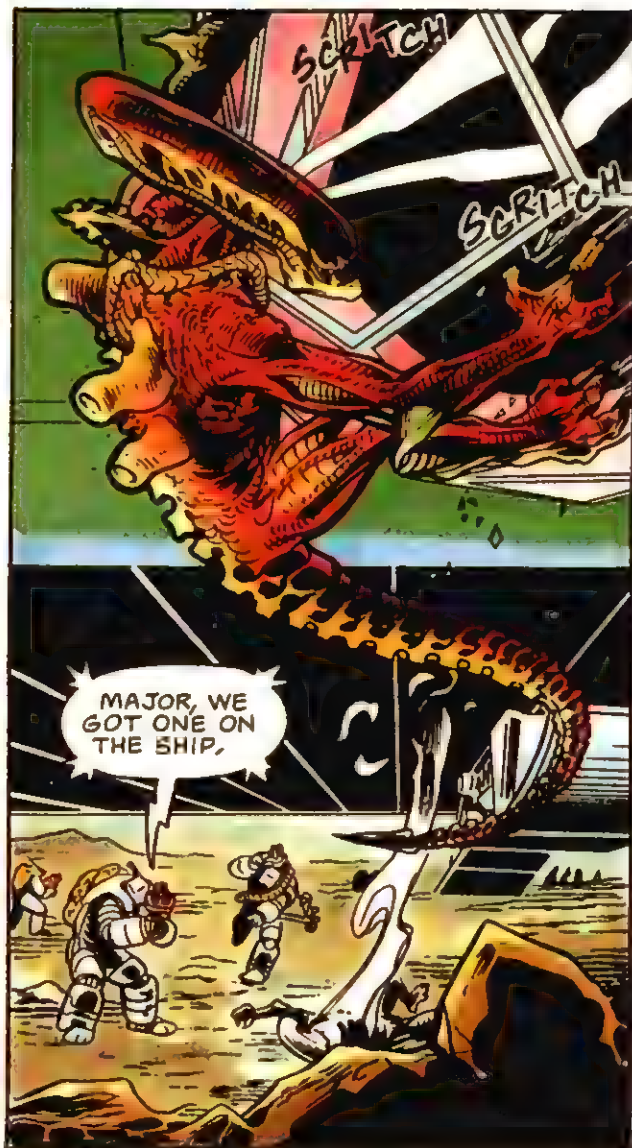
GLACK







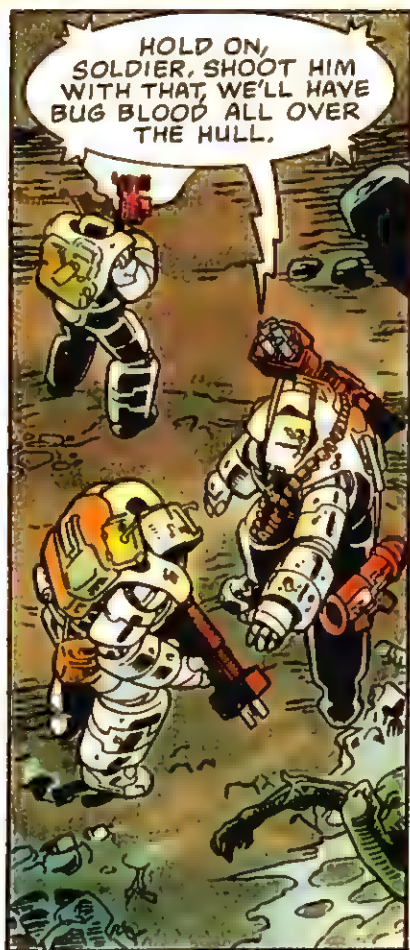
"HE'S A
REGULAR
ONE-MAN
ARMY,"



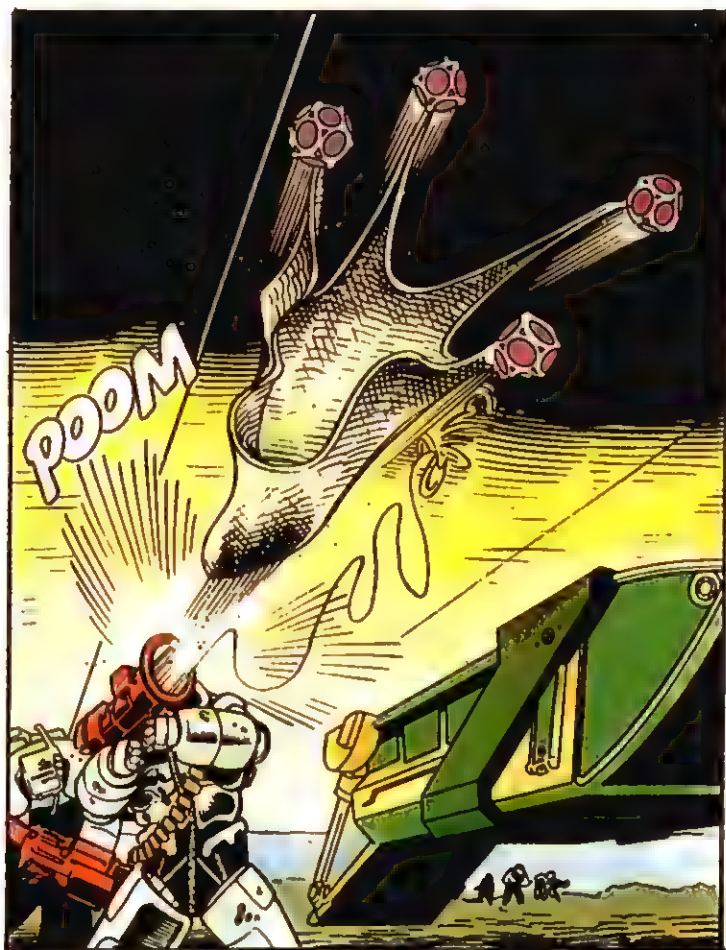
SCRITCH

SCRITCH

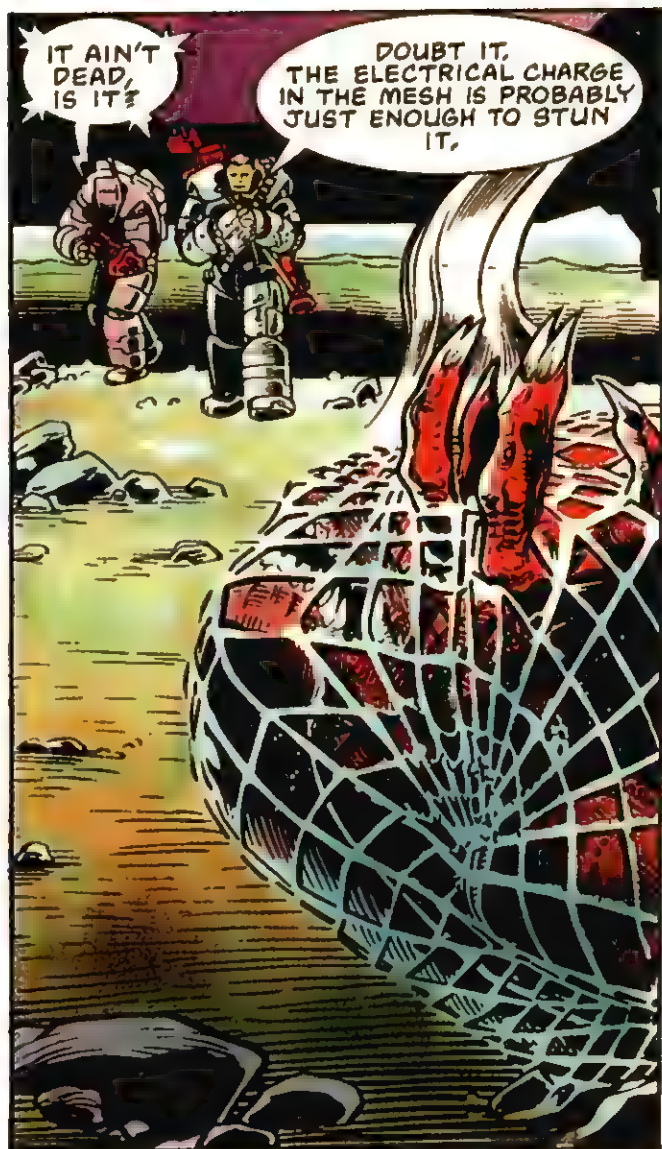
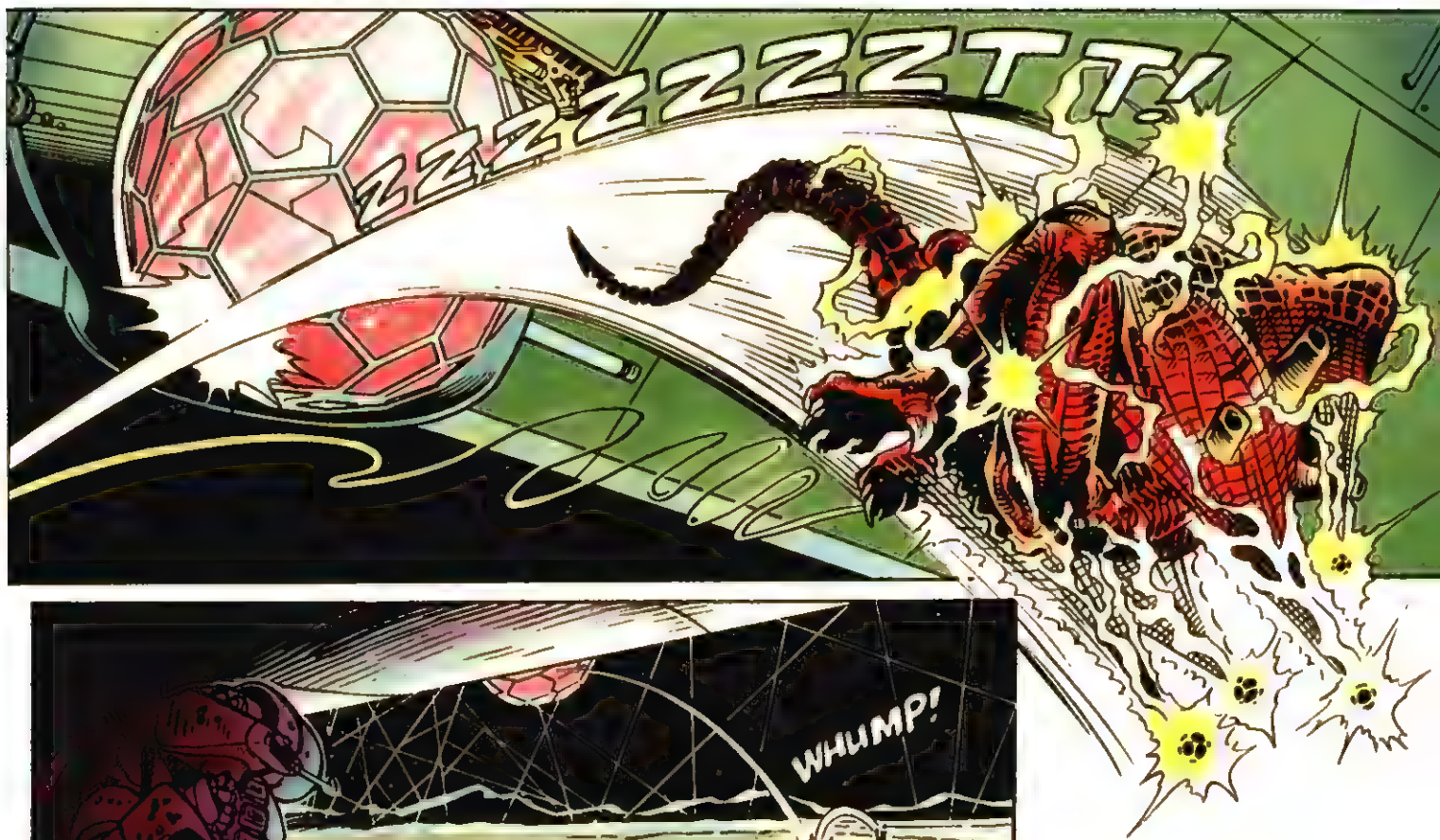
MAJOR, WE
GOT ONE ON
THE SHIP,

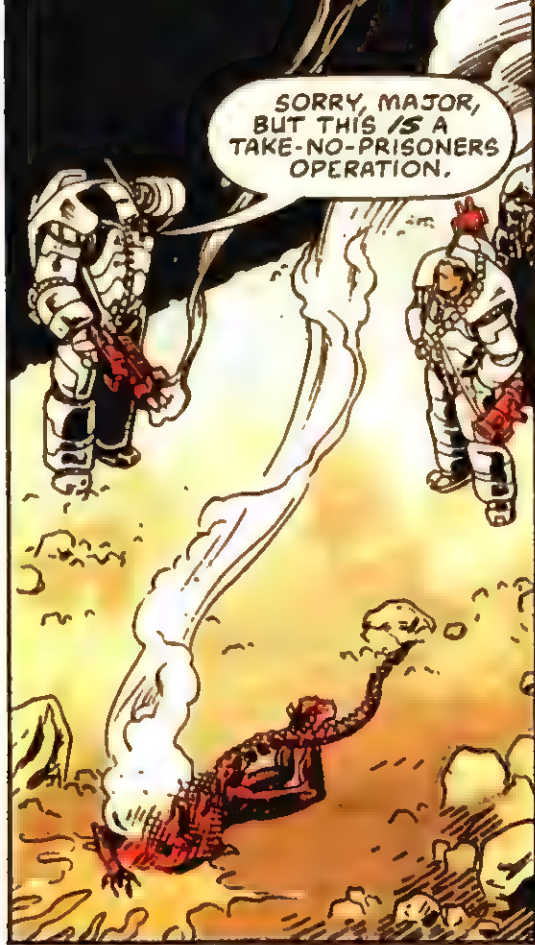


HOLD ON,
SOLDIER. SHOOT HIM
WITH THAT, WE'LL HAVE
BUG BLOOD ALL OVER
THE HULL.

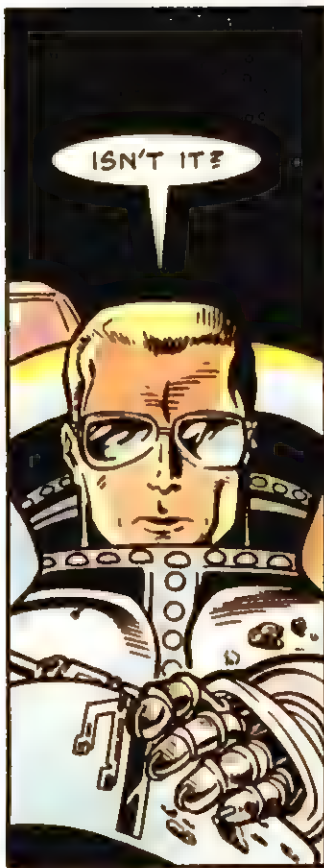


POOM

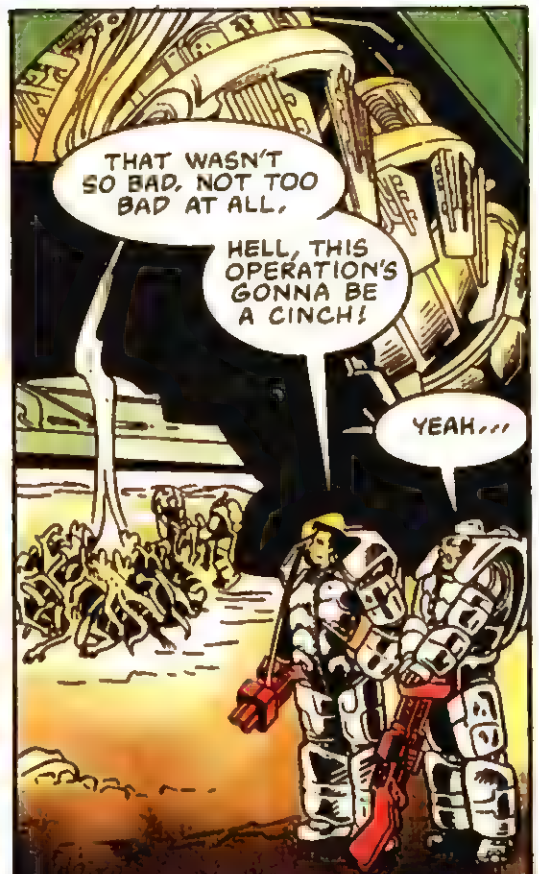




SORRY, MAJOR,
BUT THIS *IS* A
TAKE-NO-PRISONERS
OPERATION.



ISN'T IT?



THAT WASN'T
SO BAD, NOT TOO
BAD AT ALL,

HELL, THIS
OPERATION'S
GONNA BE
A CINCH!

YEAH...



RIGHT.

IN A FEW HOURS,
TWIN SUNS BREACH
THE ALIEN HORIZON.

A FAR CRY FROM
HOME, BUT IT'S THE
FIRST DAYLIGHT
THIS CREW HAS SEEN
IN MONTHS, AND
IT WILL DO.

SO THESE WILL
SHOOT HIGH EXPLOSIVE
ROUNDS INTO THE CREATURES
AND CLEAR SOME GROUND?

RIGHT,
THEN ONE OF THESE FIRES
THE PERIMETER EXTENSION
HARPOON INTO THE CLEARED
AREA.

SHOULD
COME OFF
WITHOUT A
HITCH.

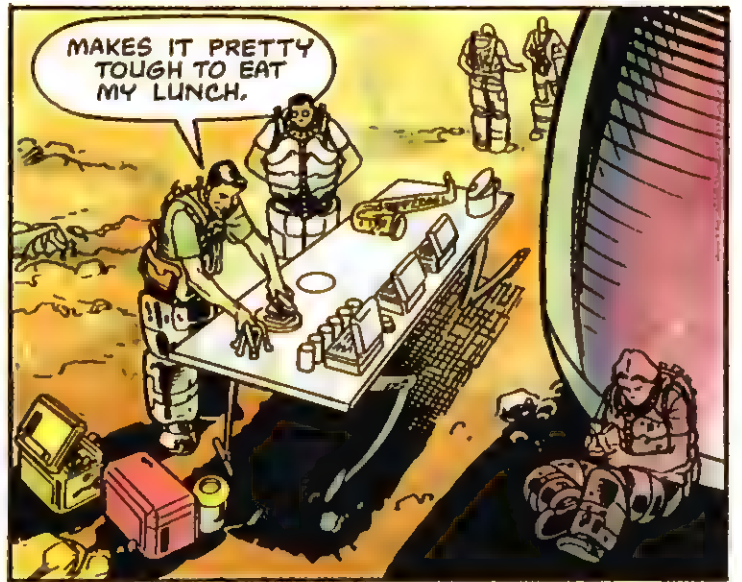
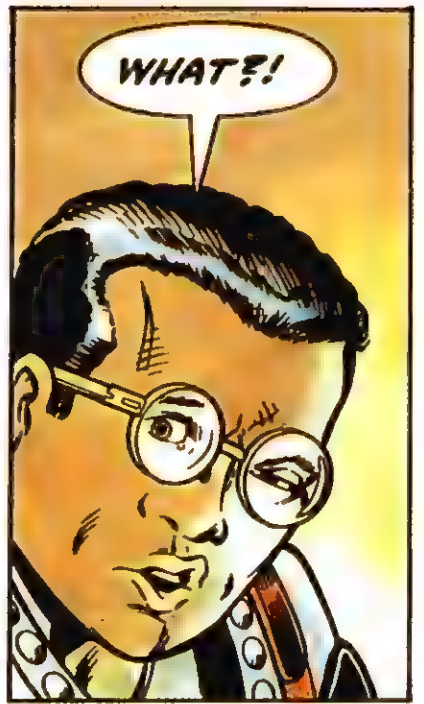
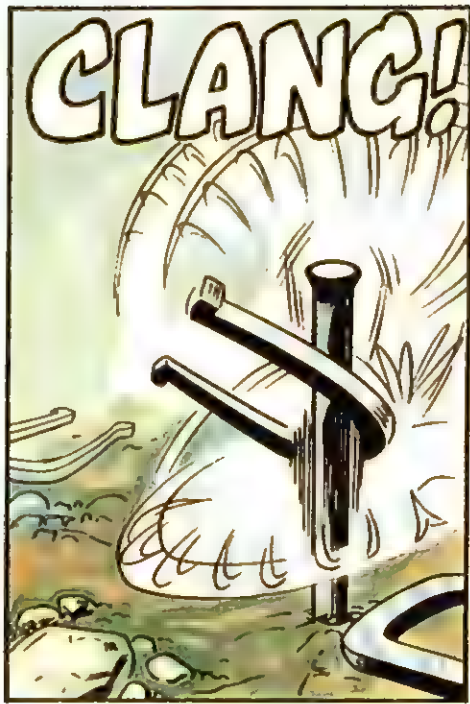


HMMMM,
WITHOUT
A HITCH.

THAT'S PRETTY
MUCH WHAT I PROM-
ISED YOUR COMMAND-
ERS BEFORE WE
STARTED THIS
TRIP.

HISSSSSSSS

AND NOW
LOOK WHERE
WE ARE.

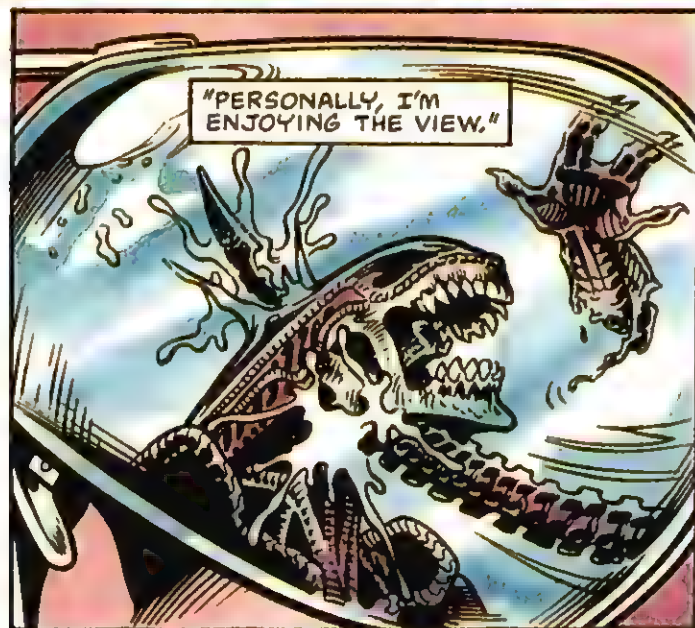




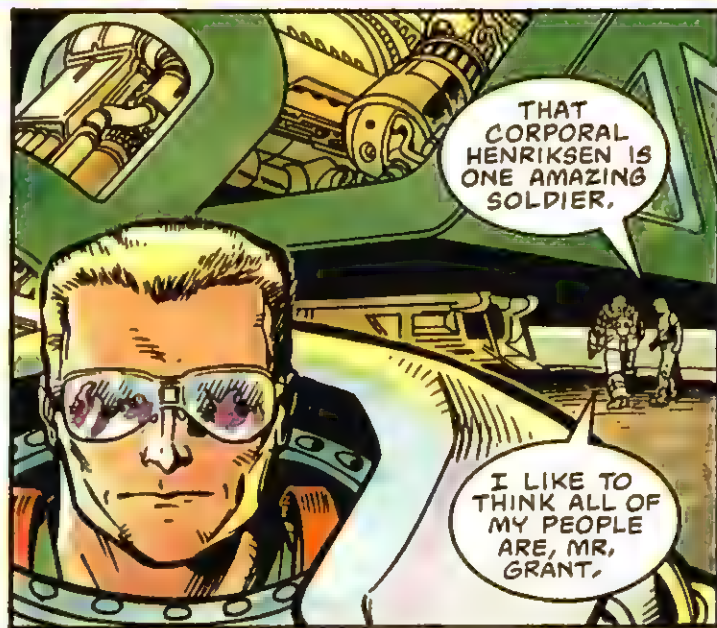
THAT'S ANOTHER
THING, WHY ARE
THEY BEATING ON
EACH OTHER?

WHO
CARES?

BACK ON
EARTH, THEY'VE
BEEN TRYING TO
KILL US FOR
MONTHS.



"PERSONALLY, I'M
ENJOYING THE VIEW."



THAT
CORPORAL
HENRIKSEN IS
ONE AMAZING
SOLDIER.

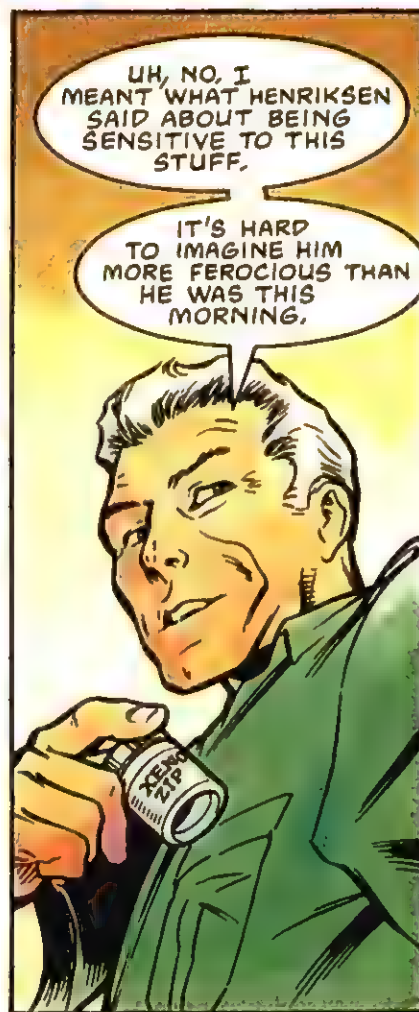
I LIKE TO
THINK ALL OF
MY PEOPLE
ARE, MR.
GRANT.



I DIDN'T MEAN TO SLIGHT
ANY OF YOUR TROOPS,
MAJOR.

I JUST
SINGLE HIM OUT
BECAUSE OF WHAT I
HEARD THE OTHER
NIGHT.

HAH! YOU
MEAN JASTROW'S
COMMENTS ABOUT
HIS BEING A
SYNTH?



UH, NO. I
MEANT WHAT HENRIKSEN
SAID ABOUT BEING
SENSITIVE TO THIS
STUFF.

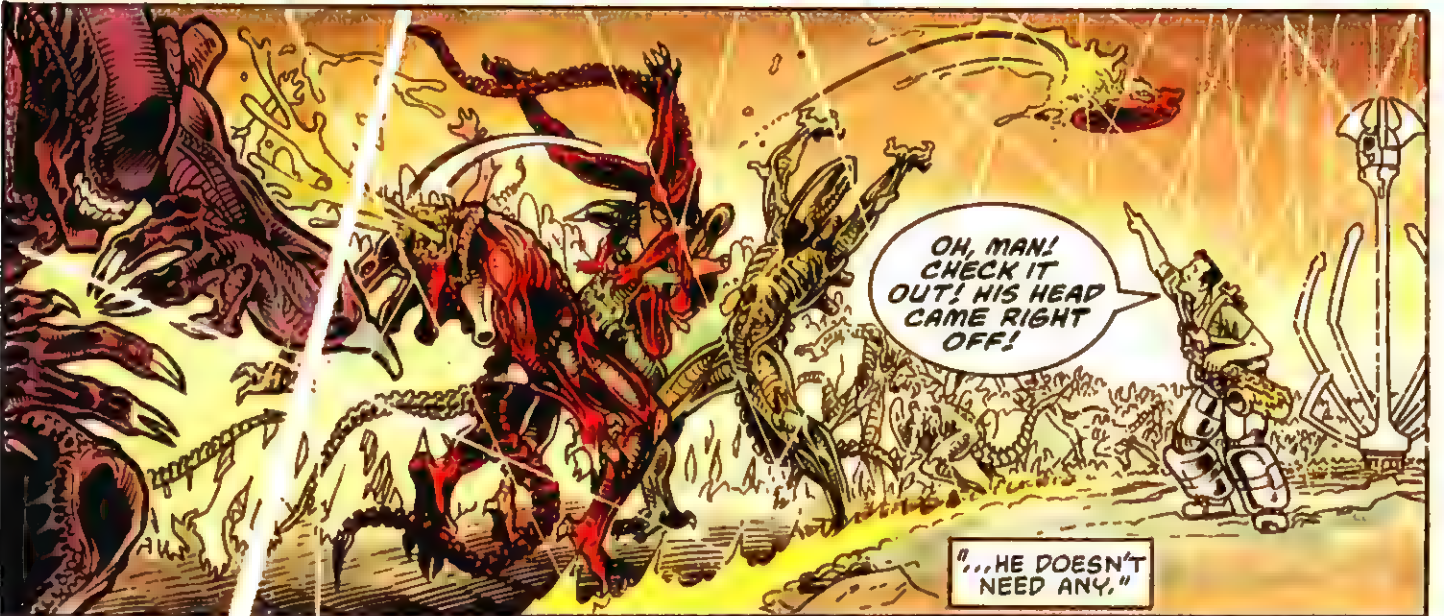
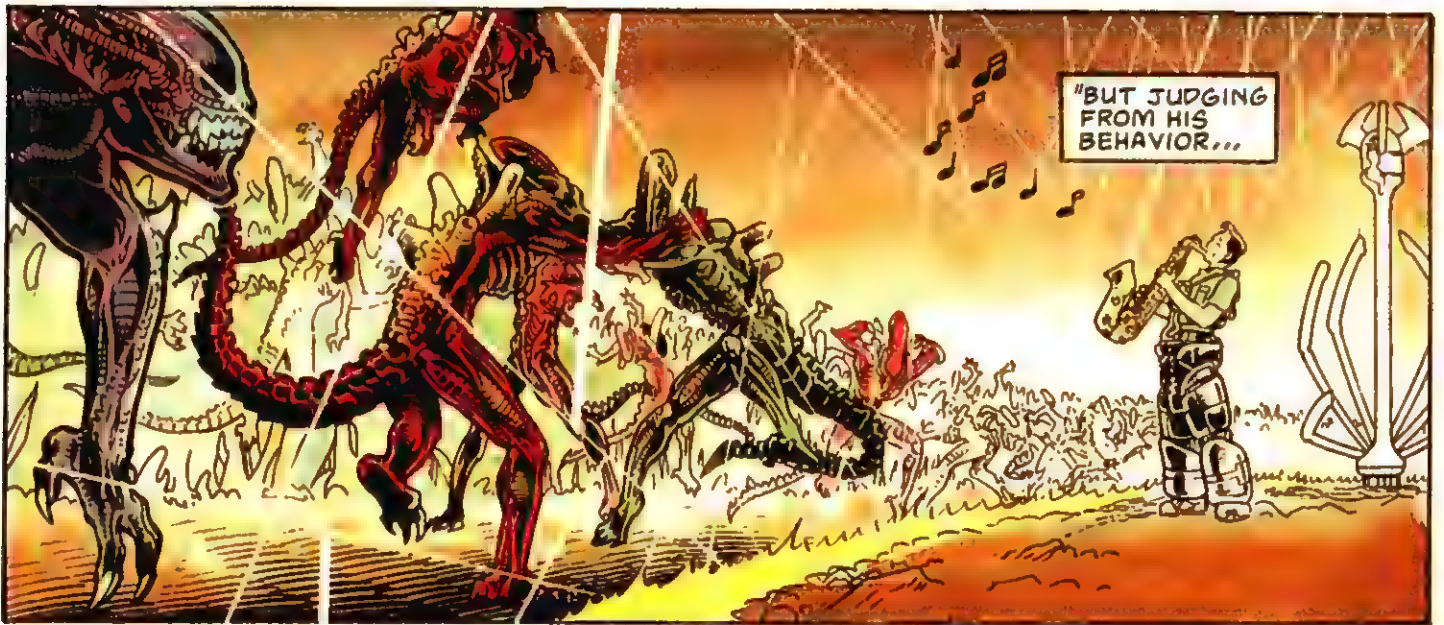
IT'S HARD
TO IMAGINE HIM
MORE FEROCIOUS THAN
HE WAS THIS
MORNING.

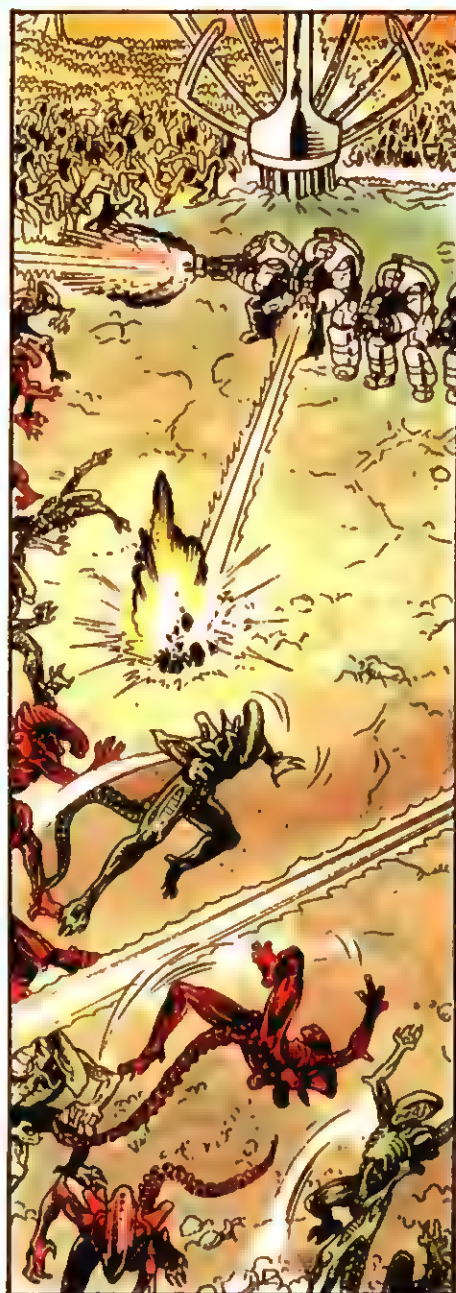
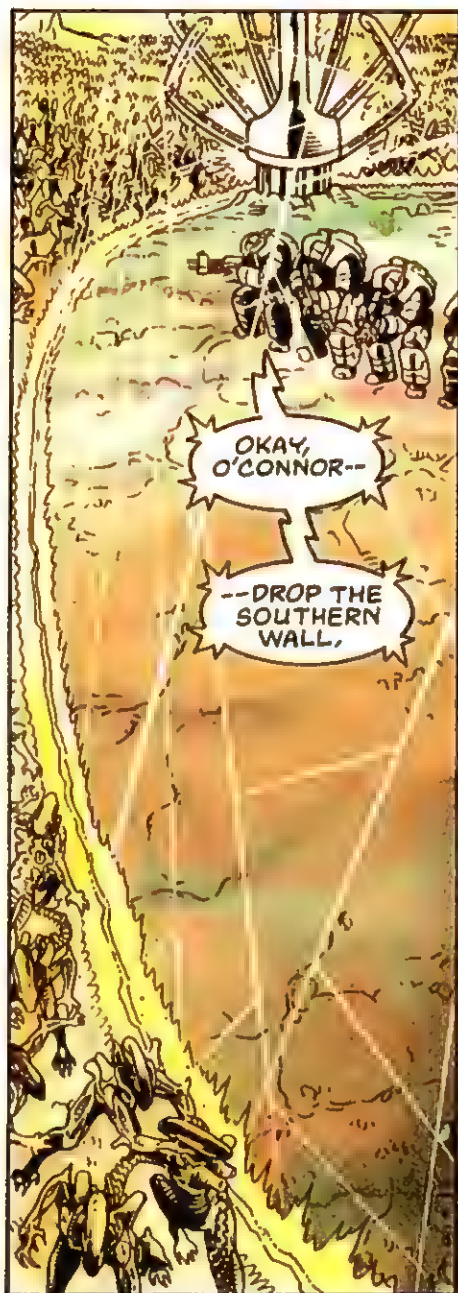
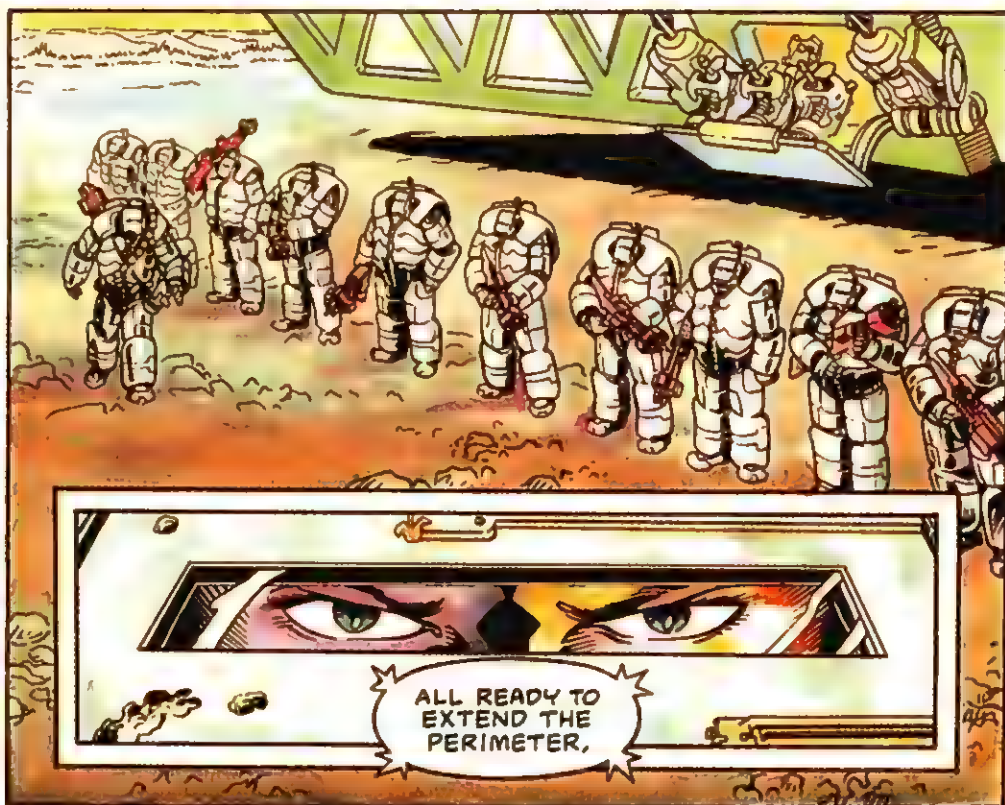
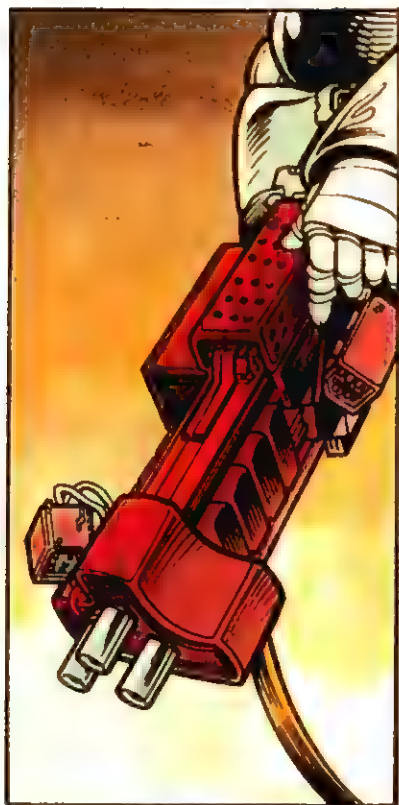


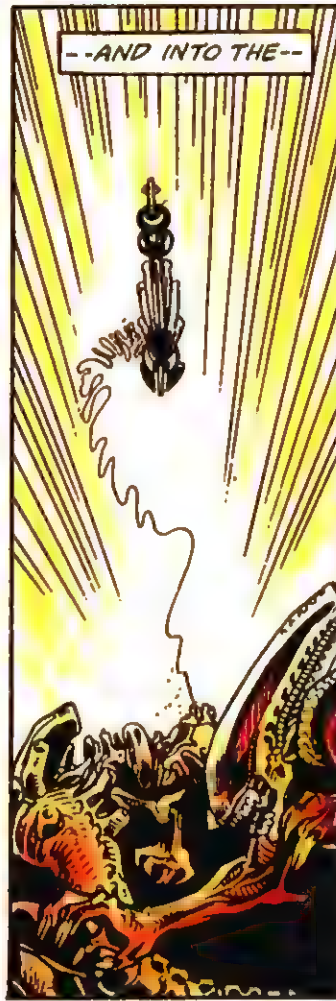
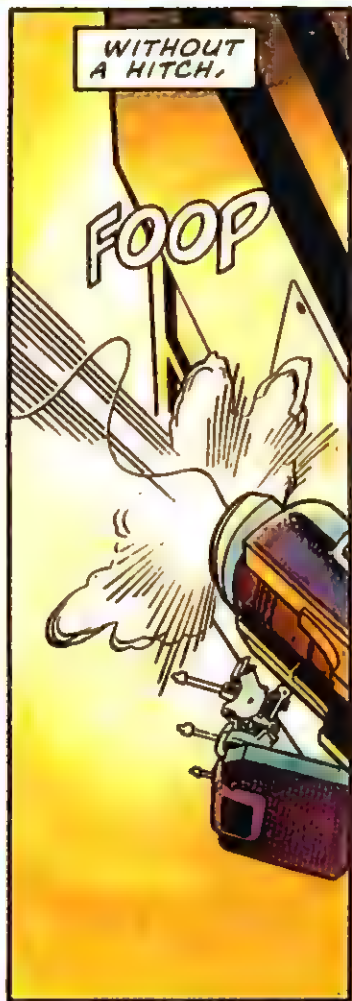
SO YOU DON'T
THINK HENRIKSEN
IS--

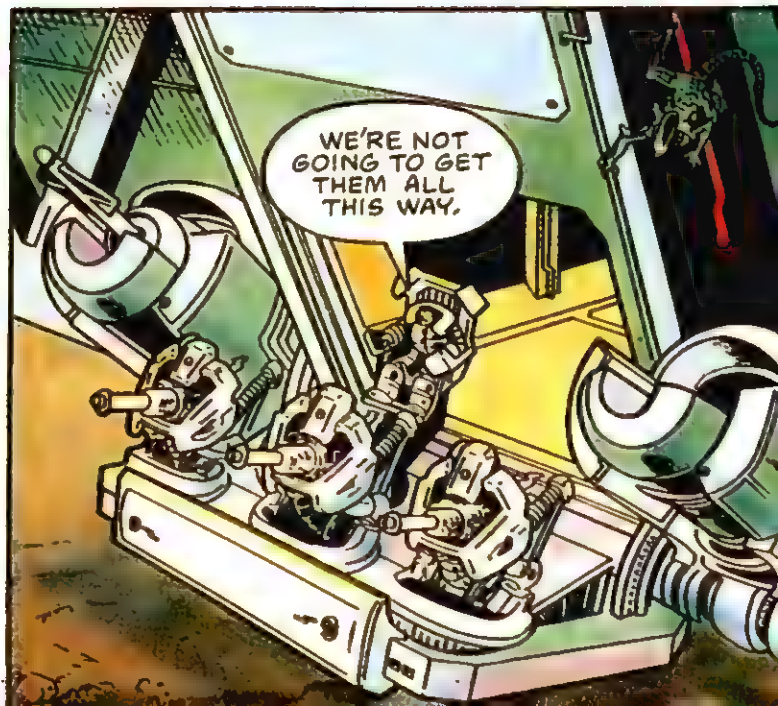
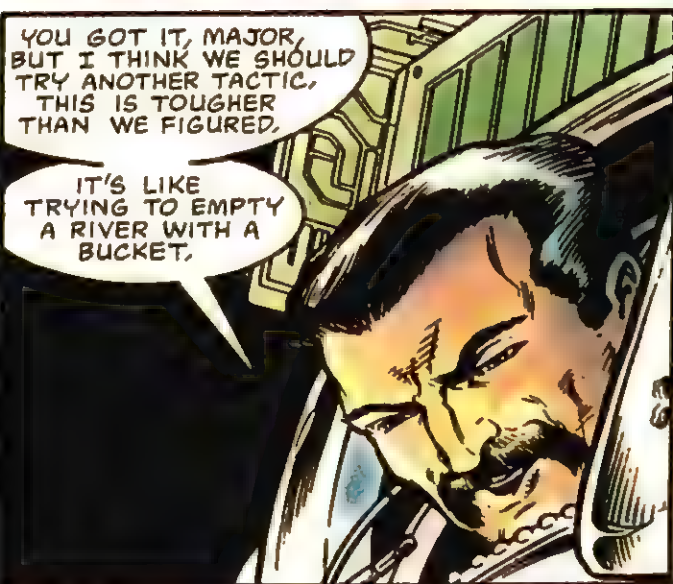
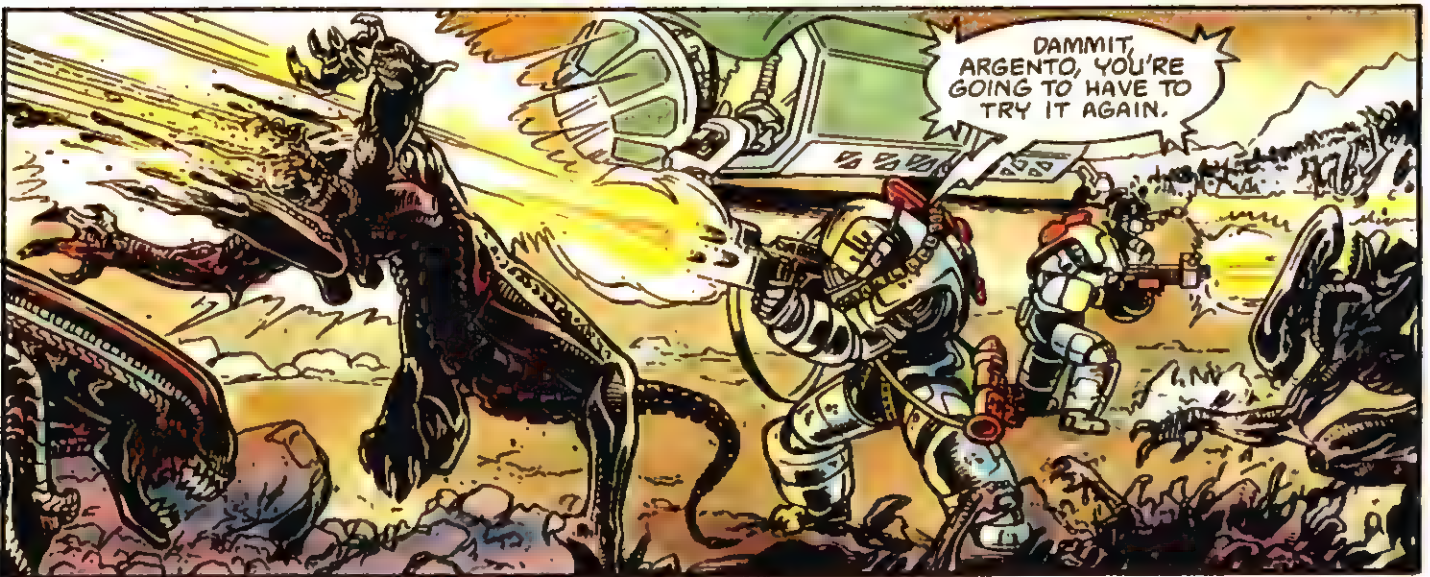
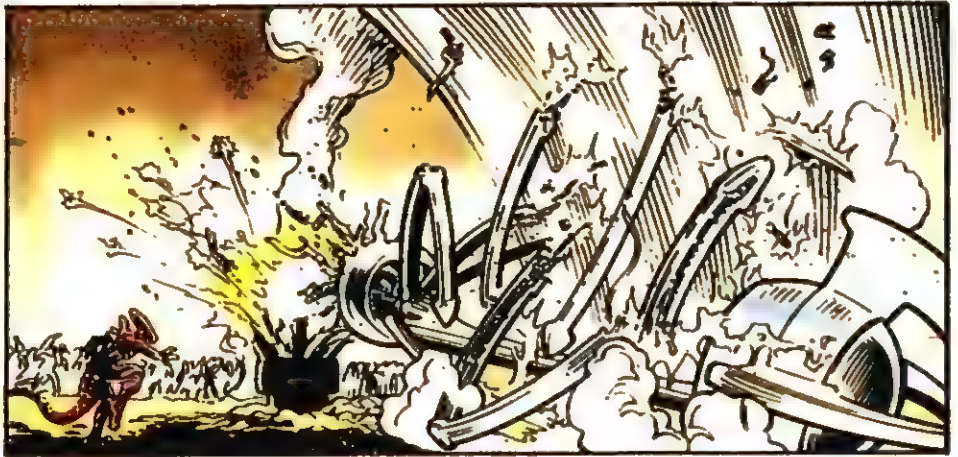
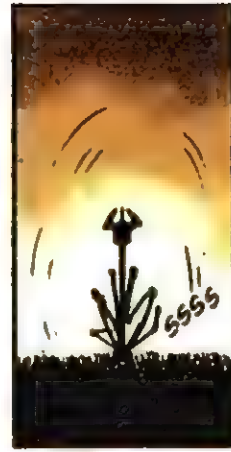
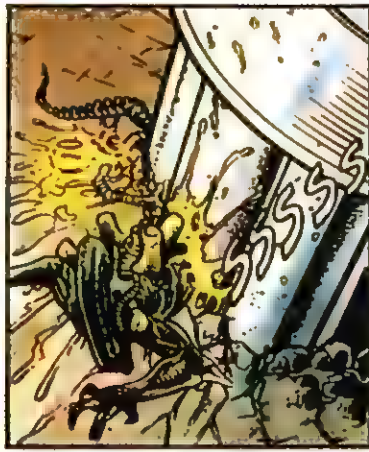
ISN'T THAT
JASTROW'S
XENO-ZIP?

HUH? OH
YEAH. I MEANT
TO GIVE IT BACK
TO HIM.









FIRE, SMOKE, AND TORTURED SCREAMS FILL THE THIN ATMOSPHERE OF HELL.

FROM THE SAFETY OF THE LANDER, DANIEL GRANT WATCHES PEOPLE DIE, PEOPLE HE HAD TALKED TO AND EATEN WITH, AND COME TO RESPECT.

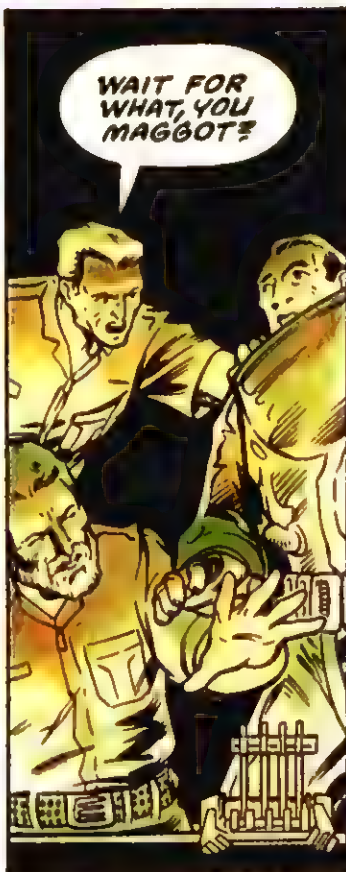
ALL DOOMED BY NEO-PHARM'S NEED FOR PROFIT.

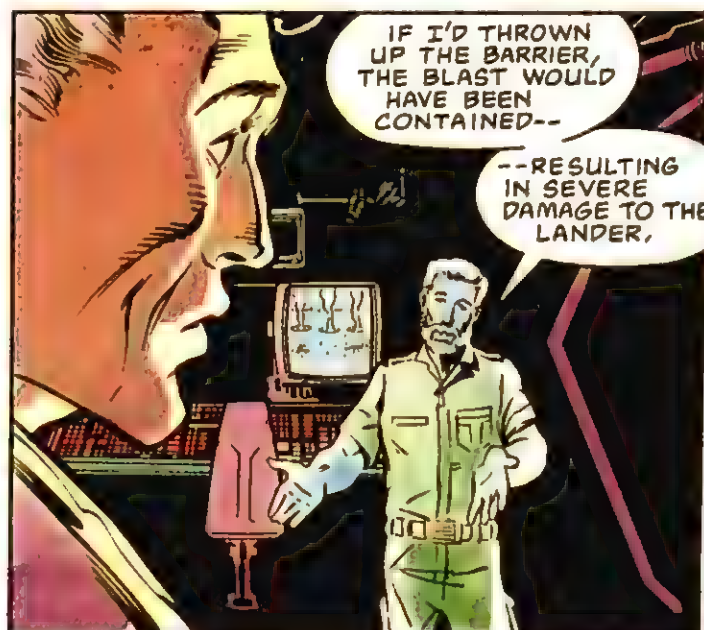
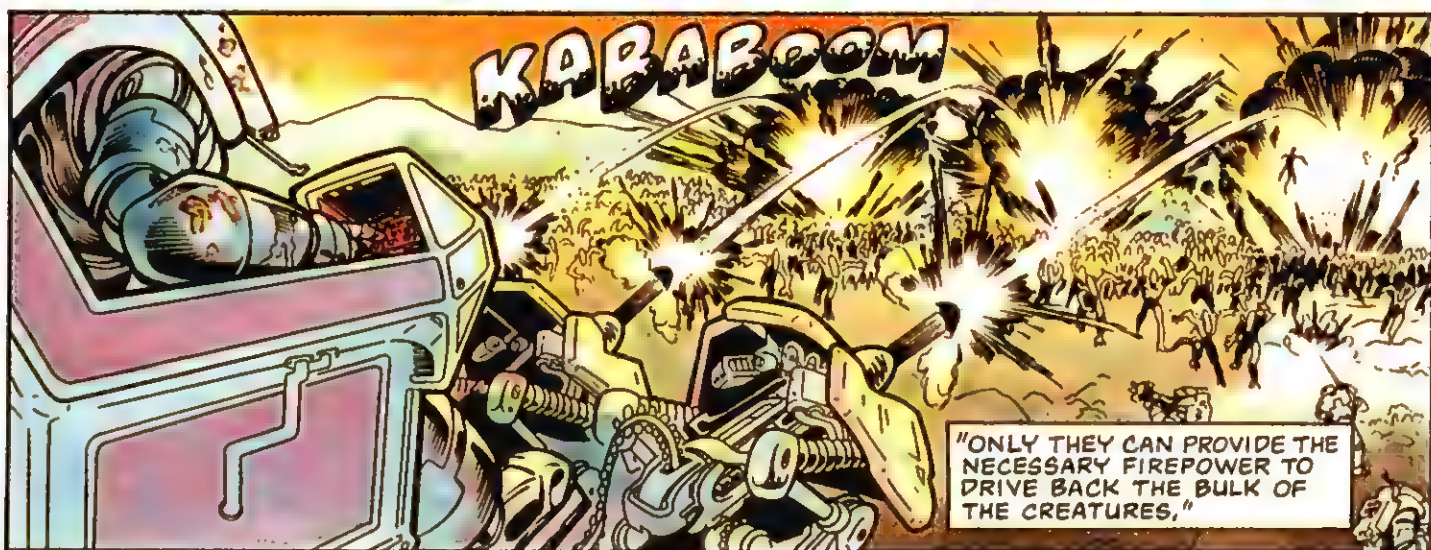
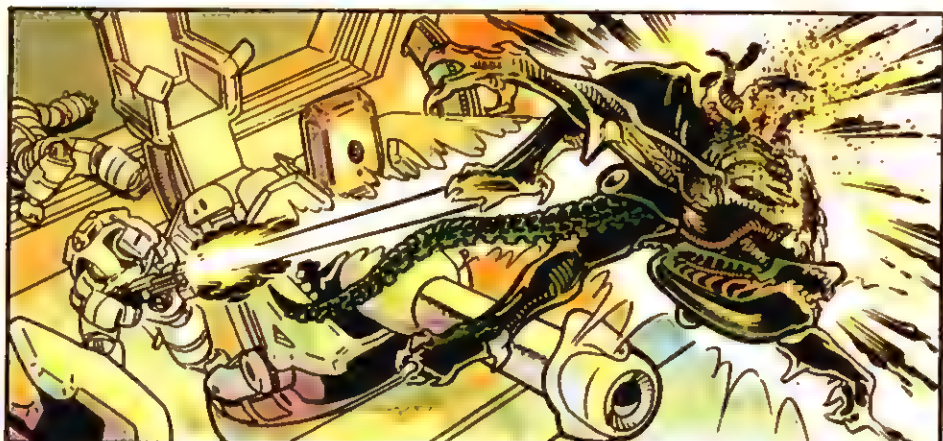
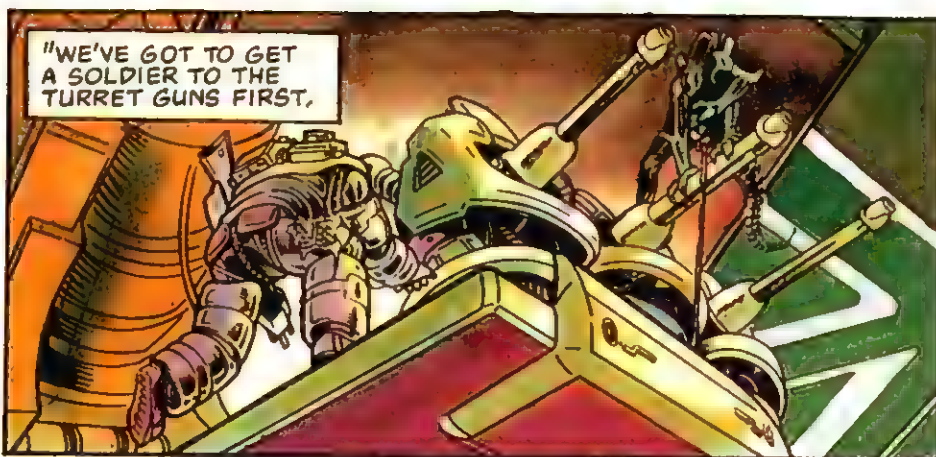
HIS HEART FREEZES AS HE FEELS HIS SOUL SLIP INTO THE GRASP OF DEMONS.

YOU AIN'T GETTING ME, YOU #@%ING #@%S!

ELLIS, MAN, I NEED SOME BACKUP!

ELLISSSS!!





IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE CREATURES ARE REPELLED, THE PERIMETER'S SOUTHERN WALL IS SECURED.

AND FIVE MARINES ARE DEAD.

JESUS...

THIS IS SOME BUSINESS YOU'RE IN, GRANT.

TELL ME, HOW DO YOU FIGURE THE DEATHS OF FIVE MARINES INTO YOUR OVER-HEAD?

MAJOR, PLEASE...

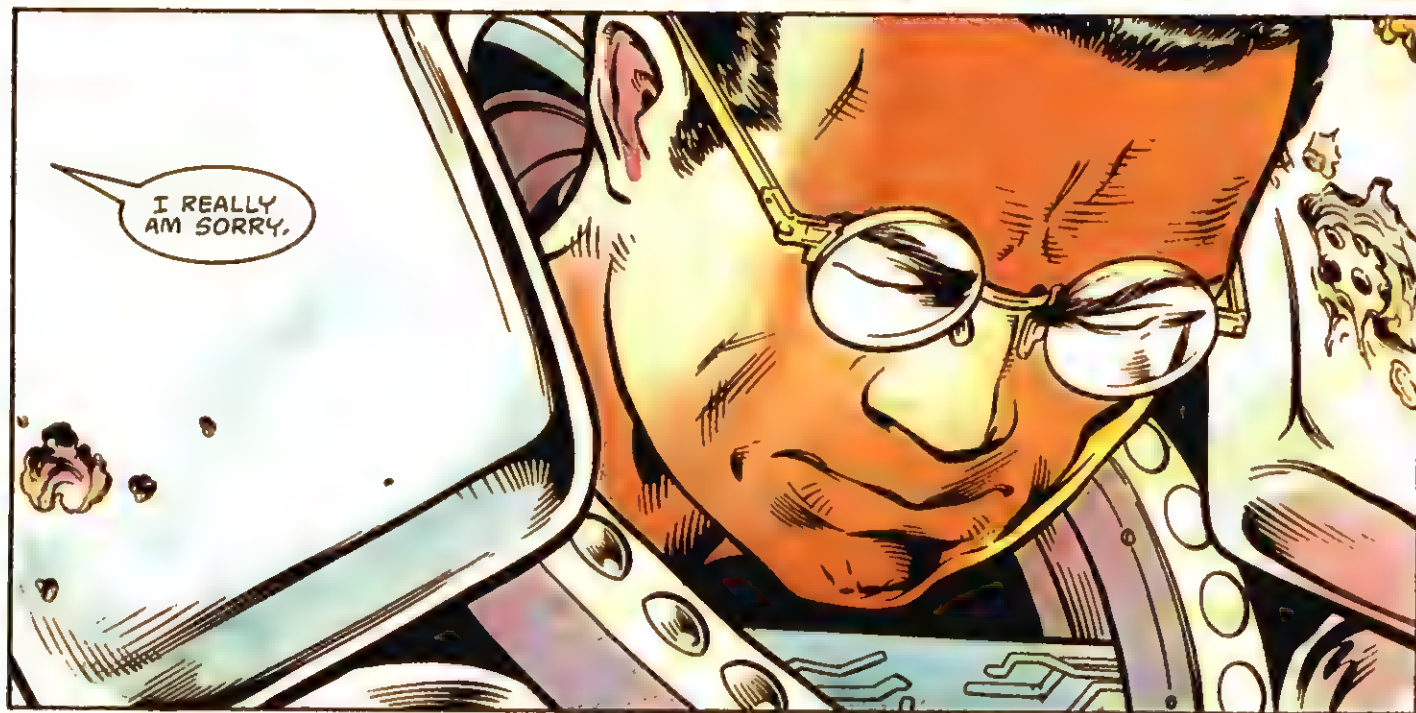
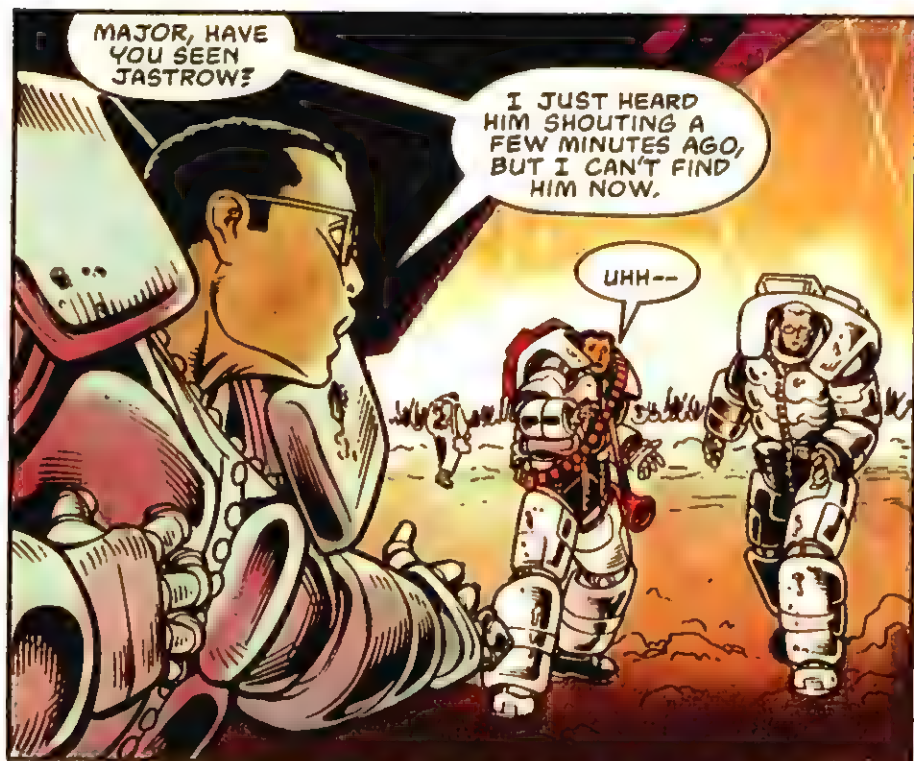
I...I... JUST DIDN'T KNOW.

THAT MAKES TWO OF YOU, DOESN'T IT, DOCTOR?

DIDN'T YOU AND YOUR PALS SAY THESE CRICKETS WOULD BE HIBERNATING?

WELL, I'M AS SURPRISED AS YOU ARE, MAJOR.

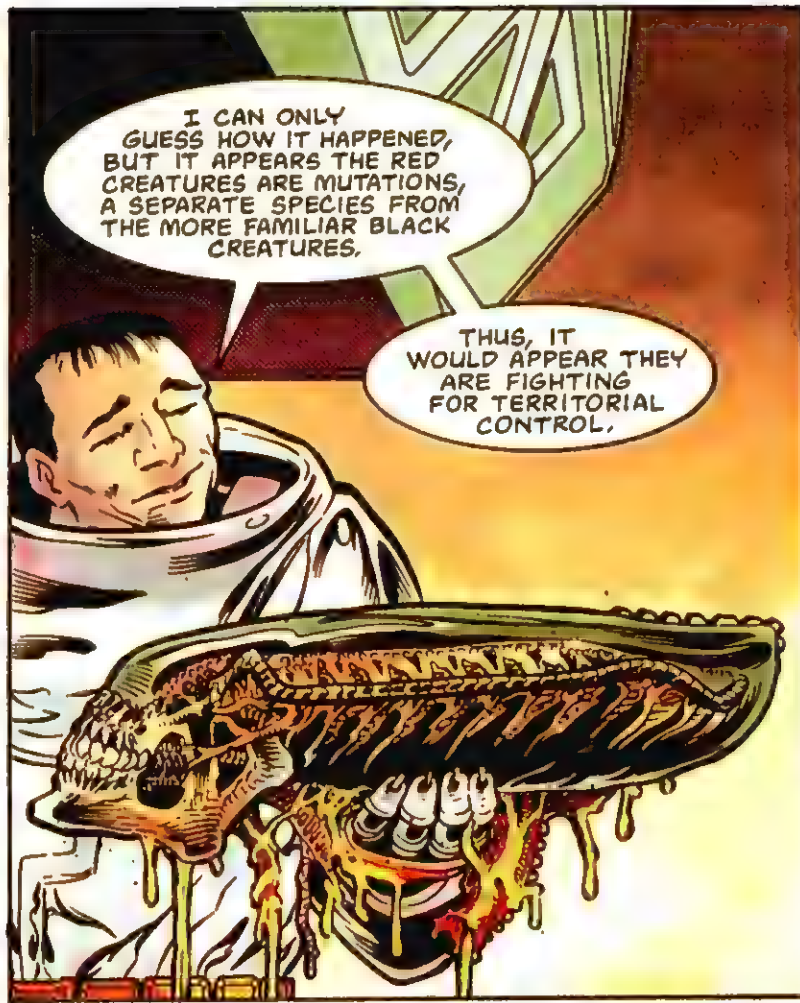
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN MAKE OF ALL THIS, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME.





UH, PARDON ME, MAJOR, MR. GRANT, BUT I THINK I HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS.

I BELIEVE WHAT WE ARE WITNESSING IS AN INTERSPECIES WAR.



I CAN ONLY GUESS HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT IT APPEARS THE RED CREATURES ARE MUTATIONS, A SEPARATE SPECIES FROM THE MORE FAMILIAR BLACK CREATURES.

THUS, IT WOULD APPEAR THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR TERRITORIAL CONTROL.



YOU MEAN LIKE ANTS?!

PRECISELY.

SO WHY IS THAT GOOD NEWS?



WELL, IF WE COULD SWAY THE BATTLE IN FAVOR OF ONE SIDE, THERE WOULD VERY LIKELY BE A ROUT.

LEAVING THIS HIVE RELATIVELY CLEAR AND UNPROTECTED.

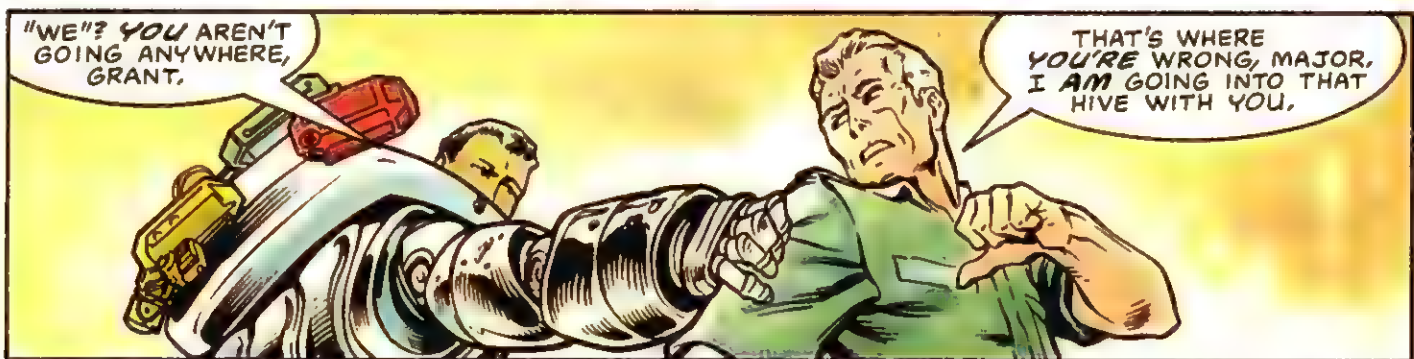
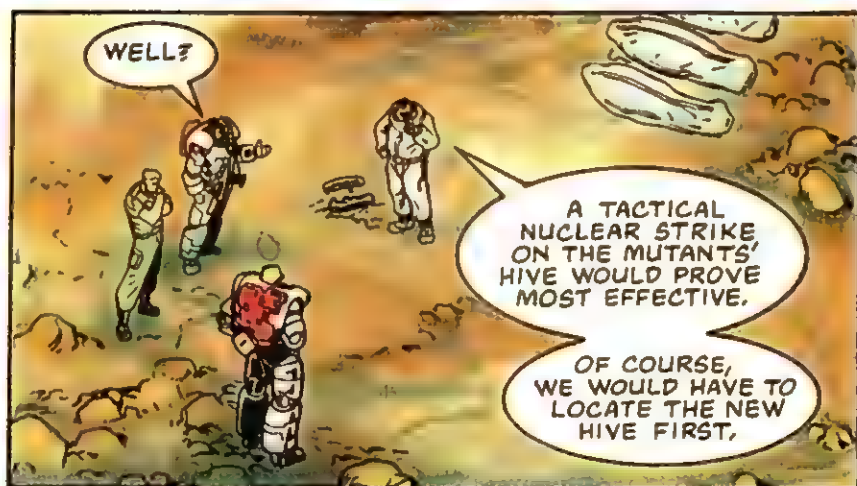
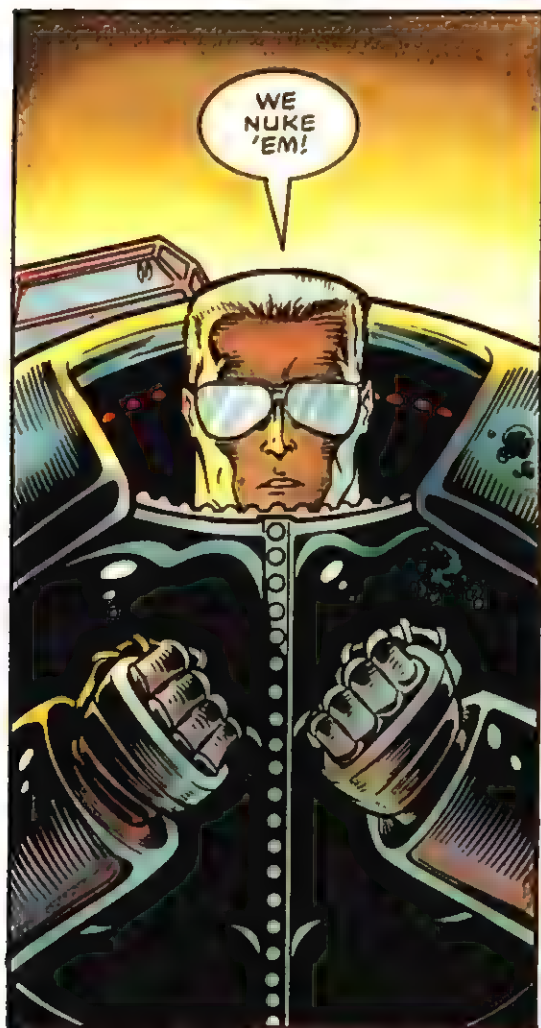


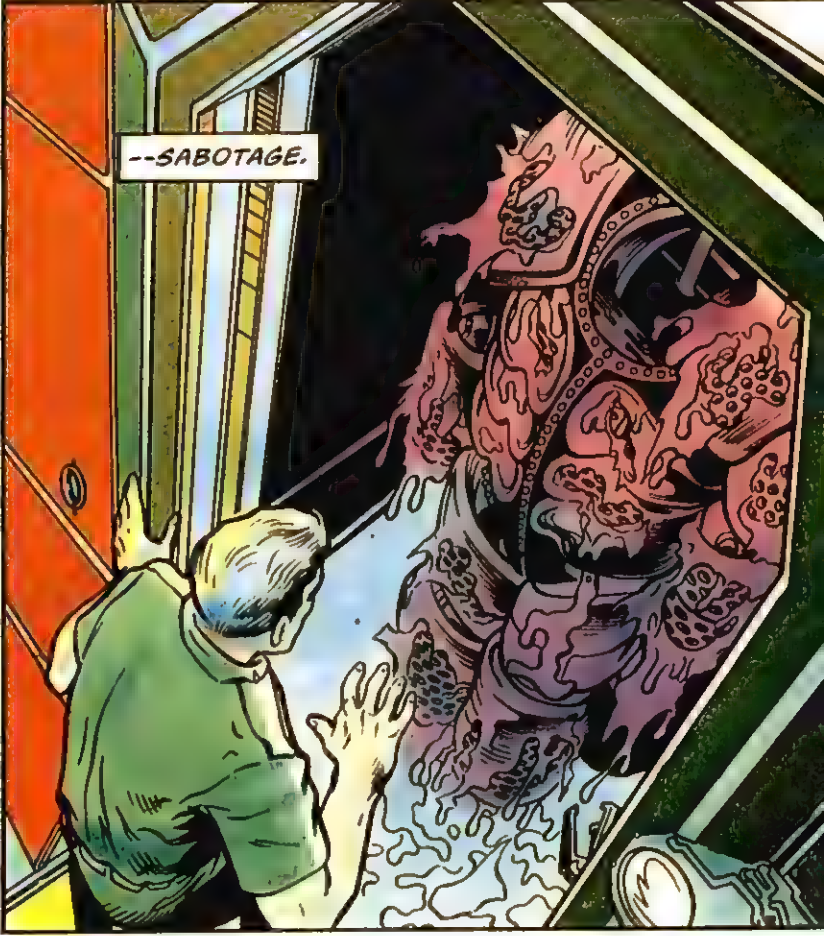
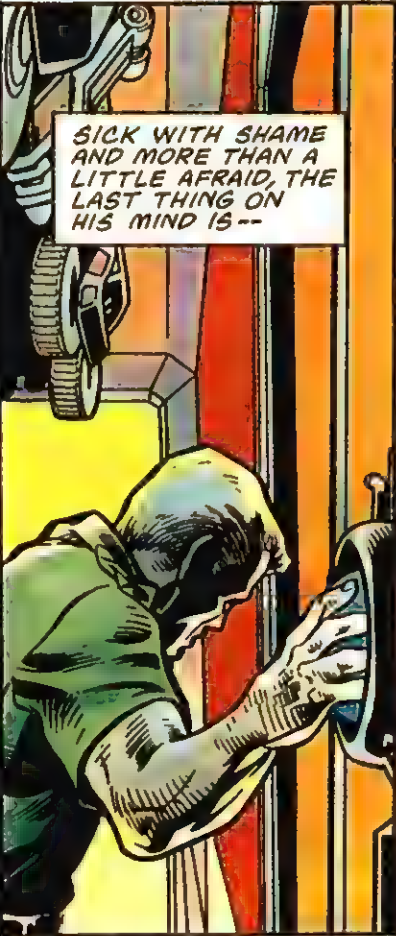
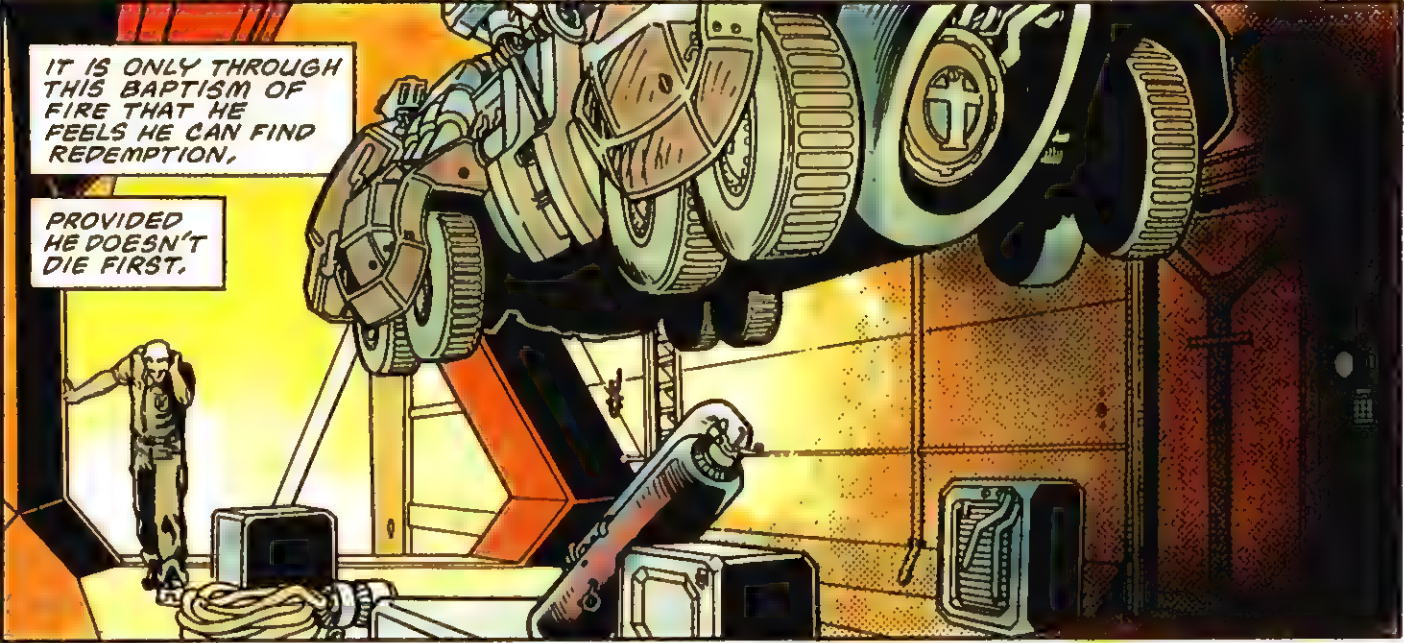
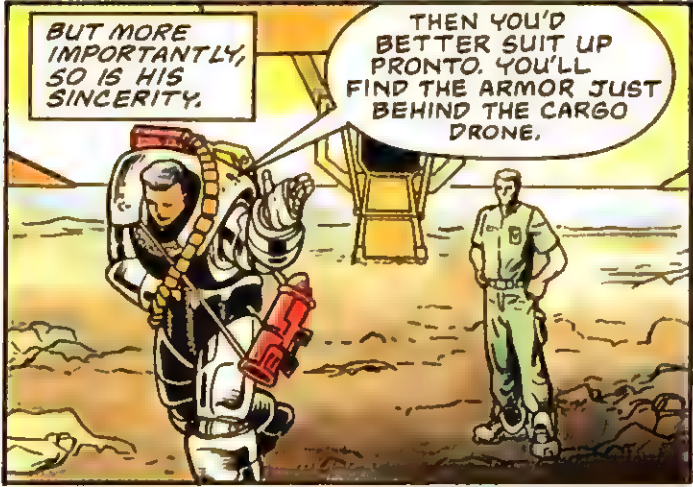
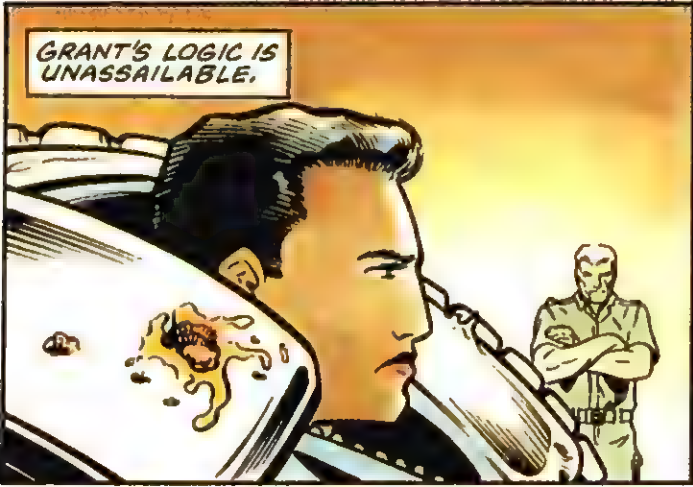
BUT THAT TURRET CARRIES OUR BEST FIREPOWER, AND IT DIDN'T DO A THING.

HOW CAN WE SWAY THE BATTLE?

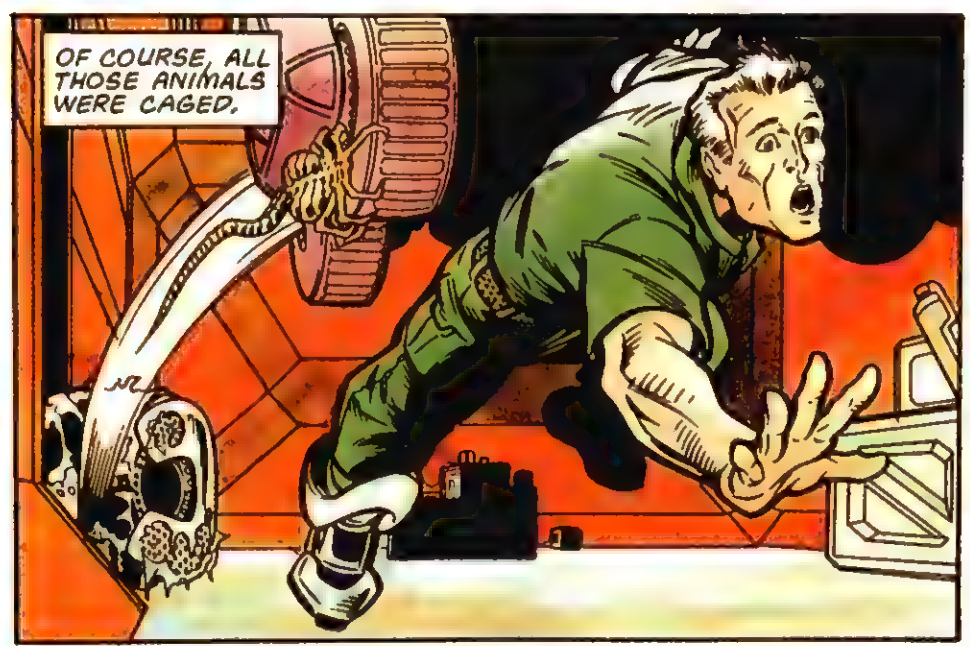
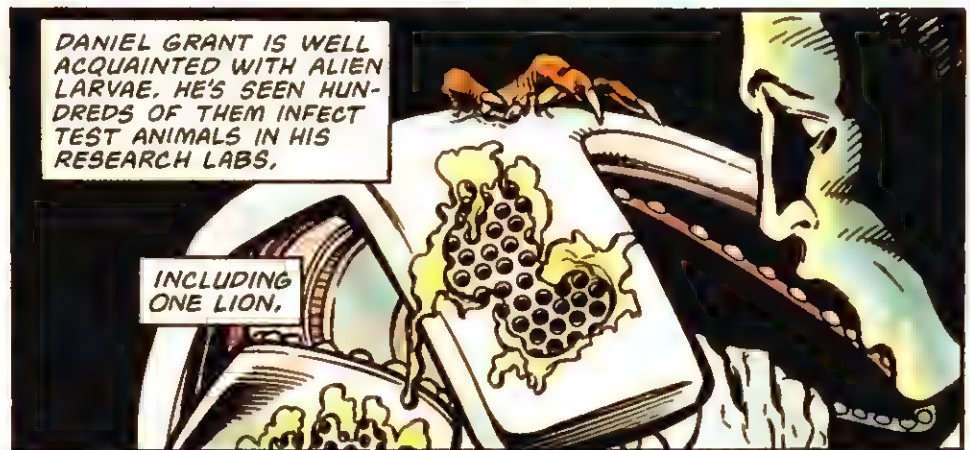
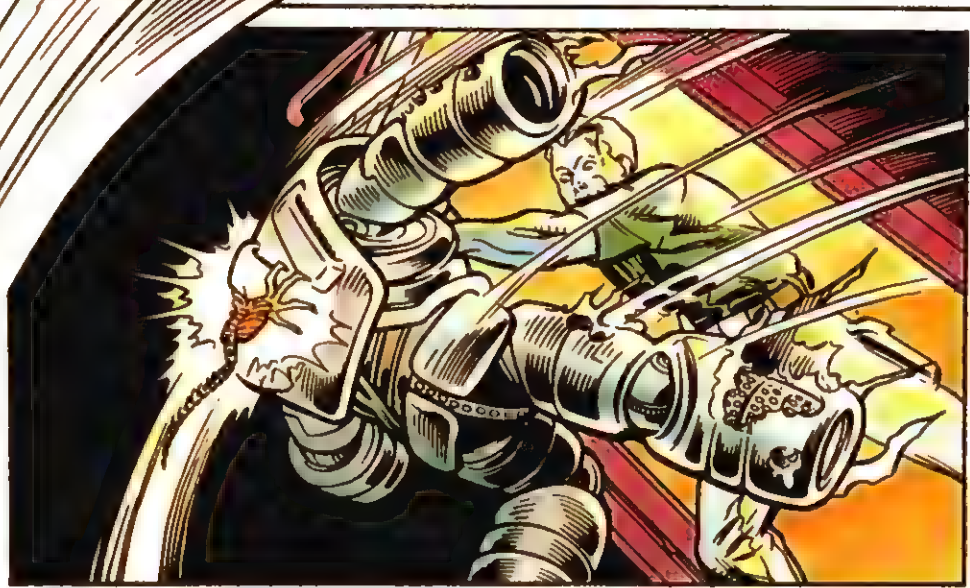
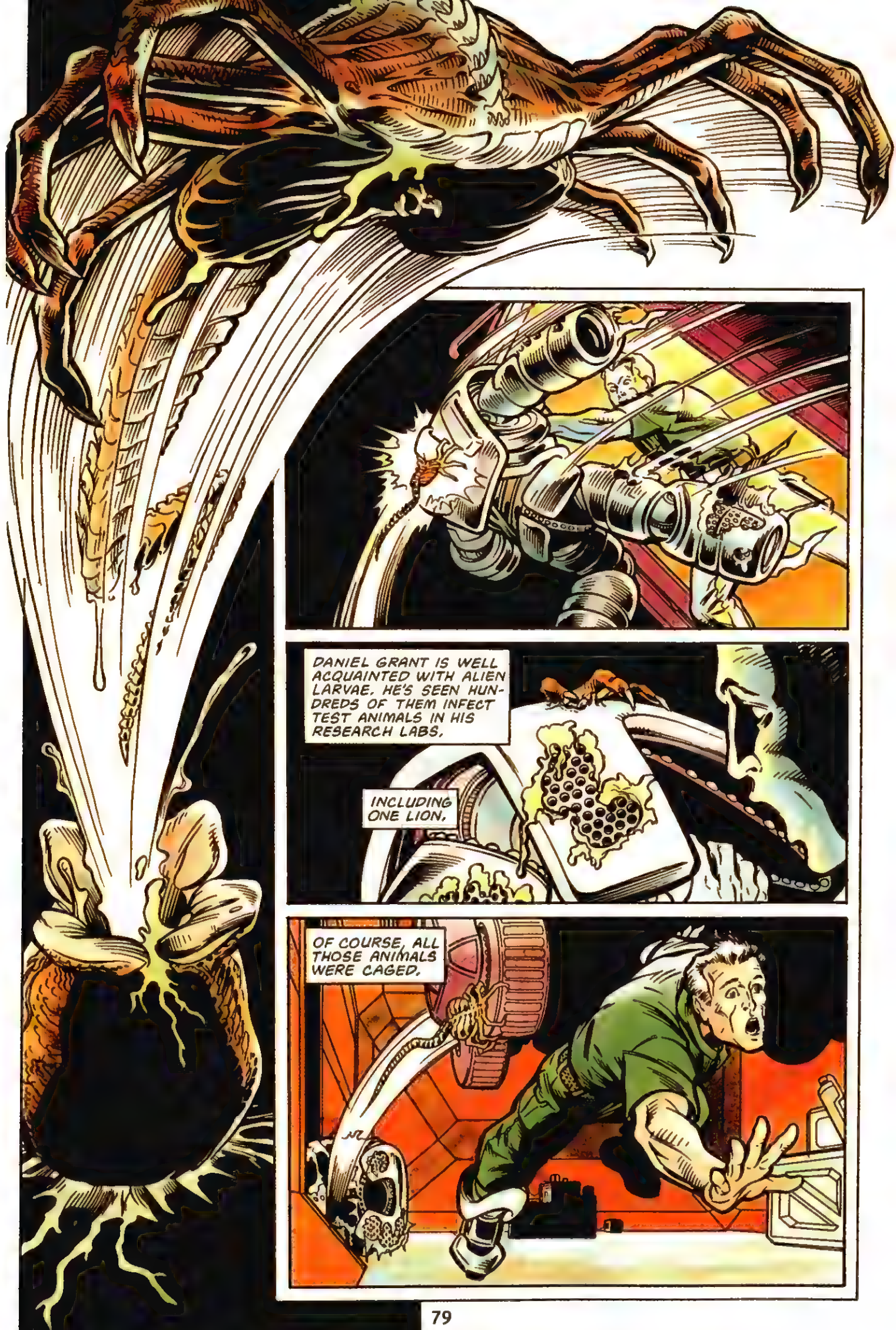


EASY, MR. GRANT.









DANIEL GRANT IS WELL ACQUAINTED WITH ALIEN LARVAE. HE'S SEEN HUNDREDS OF THEM INFECT TEST ANIMALS IN HIS RESEARCH LABS.

INCLUDING ONE LION.

OF COURSE, ALL THOSE ANIMALS WERE CAGED.



THEY COULD NEVER
SIMPLY RUN AWAY.

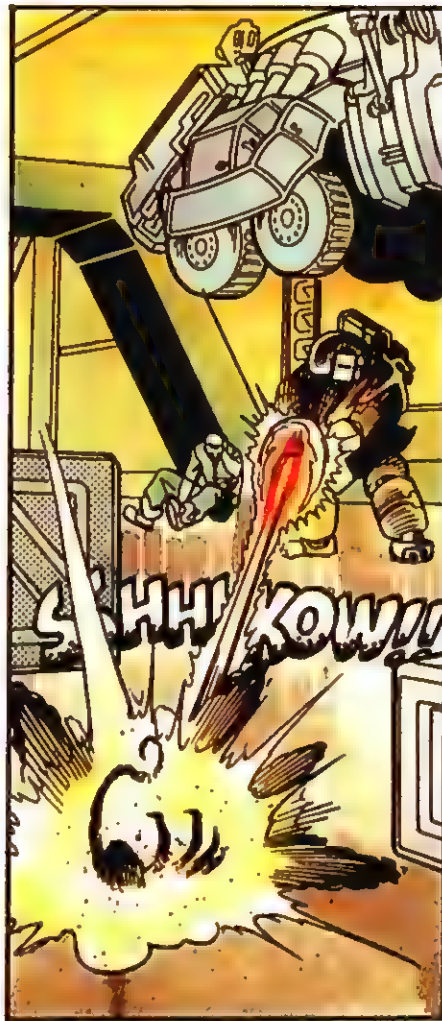


NOT THAT IT
WOULD HAVE
DONE THEM
ANY GOOD.

HAAALP!!



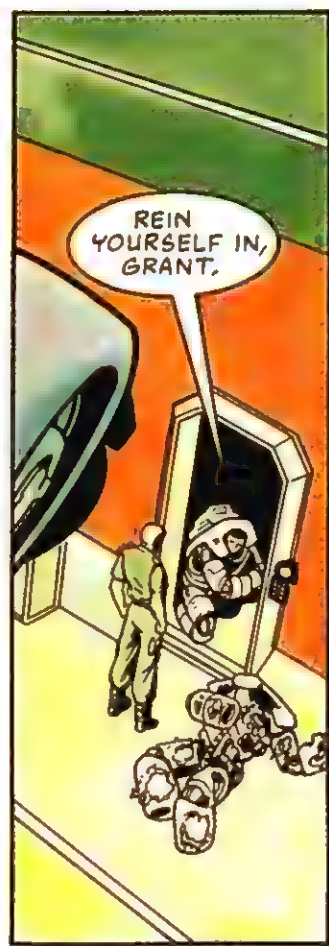
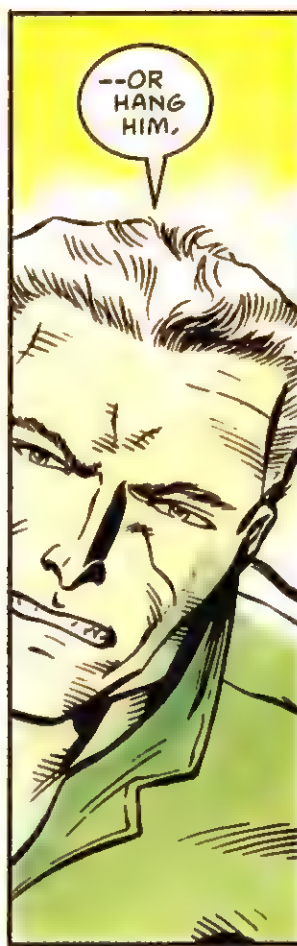
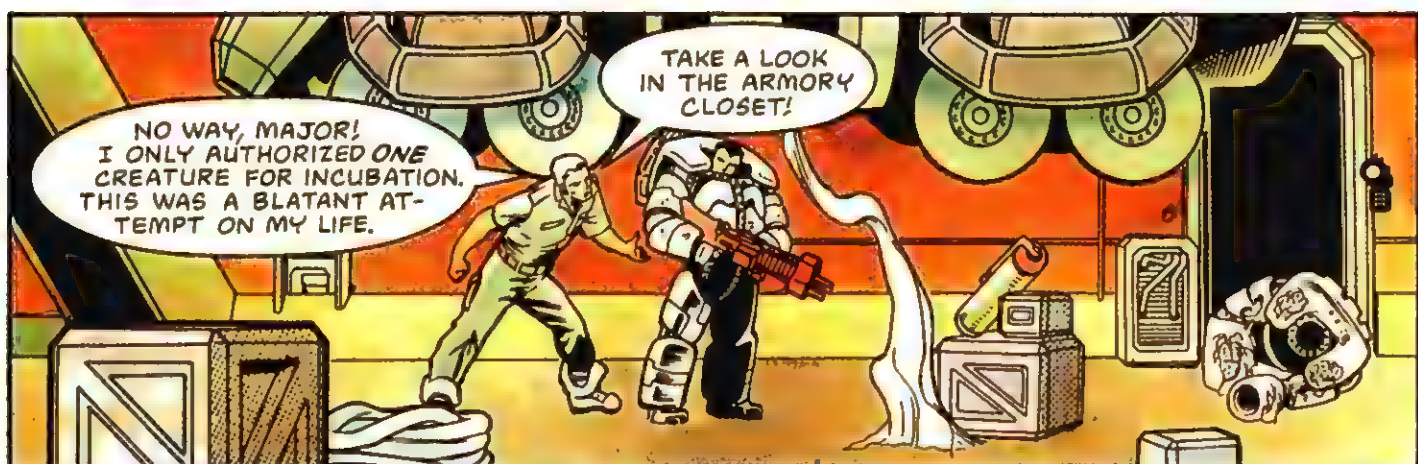
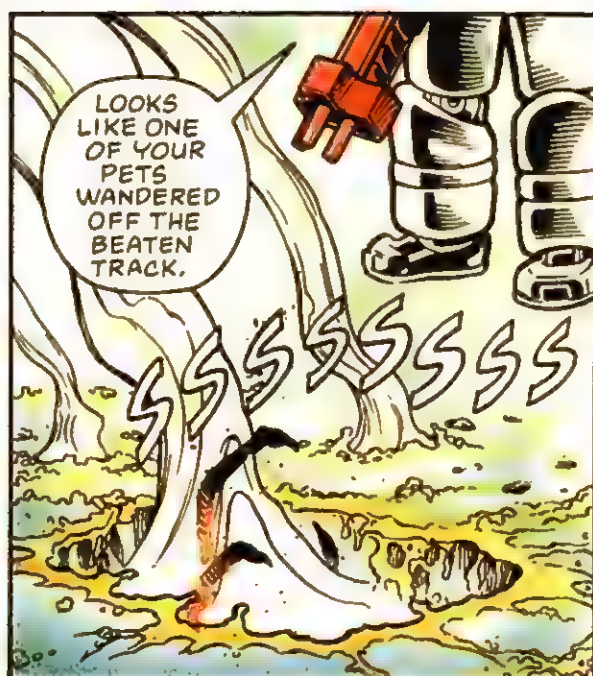
WHACK

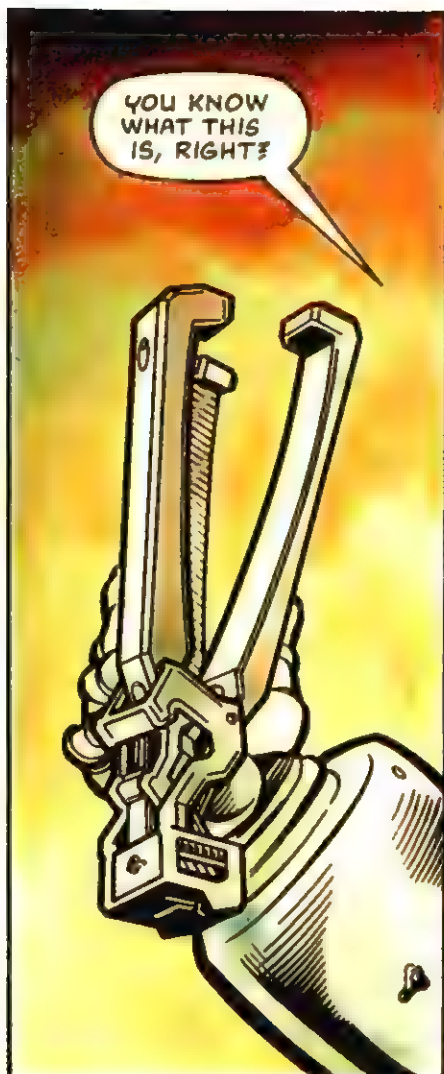


SHHH KOW!!



WHOA!
YOU SURE
SAVED
MY ASS,
SOLDIER!





YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS, RIGHT?



OF COURSE, IT'S A TIMER CLAMP.

IT'S USED TO HOLD THE LIPS OF AN EGG SHUT TO INSURE THE CREATURE CAN'T ESCAPE DURING TRANSPORTATION.



AND IT AUTOMATICALLY FALLS OFF WHEN THE TIMER EXPIRES. NOBODY IS ANYWHERE NEAR THE EGG WHEN IT "ACTIVATES."

SO?

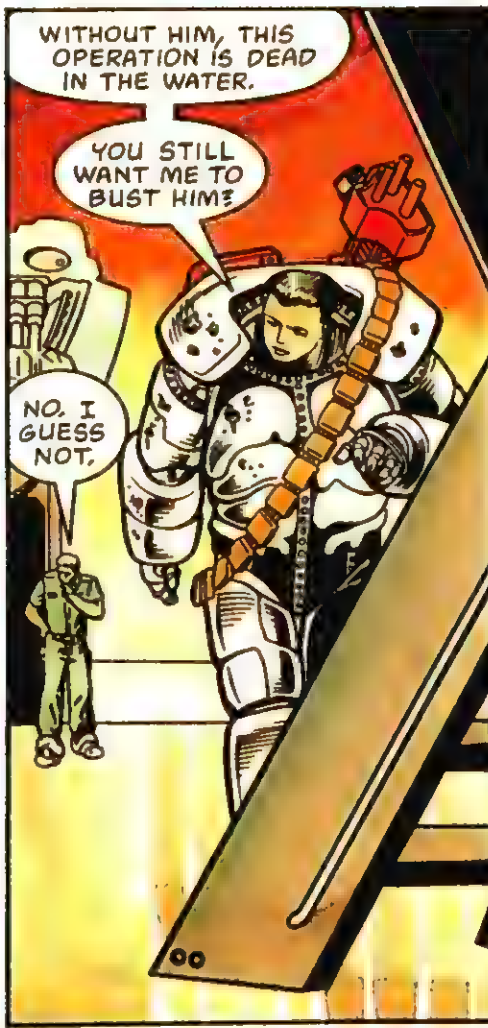
SO, ANYONE COULD HAVE PLANTED THIS EGG... EVEN ME.



BEGALLI IS THE ONLY ALIEN EXPERT IN THE LANDING PARTY.

MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW THIS, BUT ALL RADIO SIGNALS ARE SCRAMBLED BY THOSE HIVES. ONCE INSIDE, WE'LL HAVE NO COMMUNICATION WITH THE LANDER.

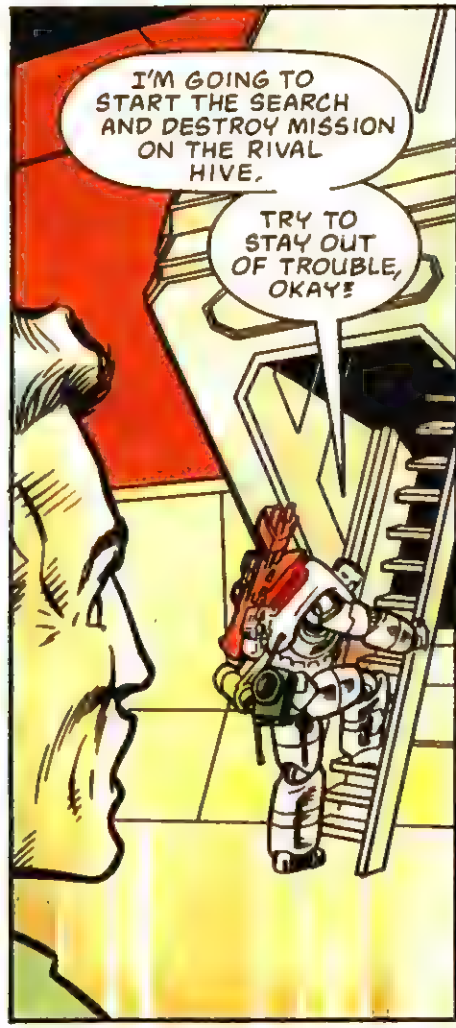
WE'RE GOING TO NEED "THAT BASTARD" IN THERE MORE THAN ANY OTHER CREW MEMBER.



WITHOUT HIM, THIS OPERATION IS DEAD IN THE WATER.

YOU STILL WANT ME TO BUST HIM?

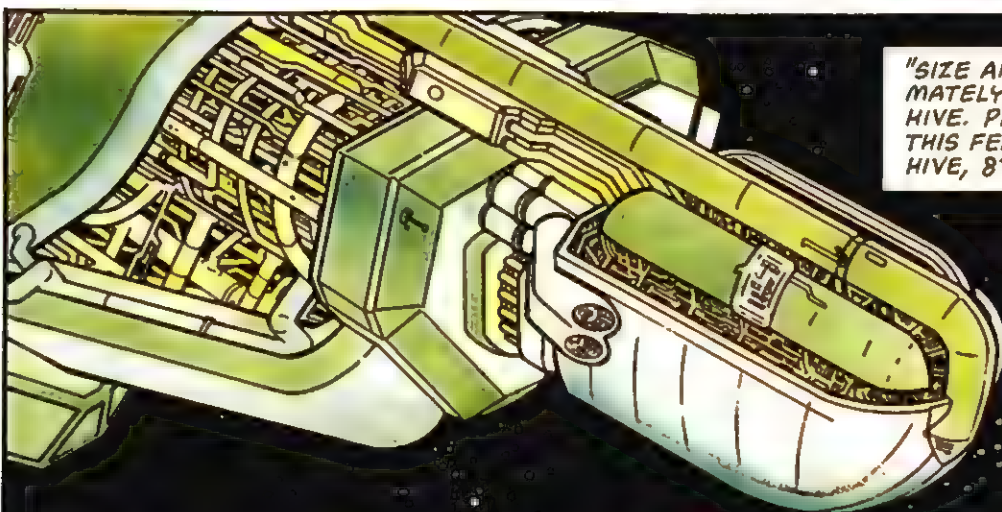
NO. I GUESS NOT.



I'M GOING TO START THE SEARCH AND DESTROY MISSION ON THE RIVAL HIVE.

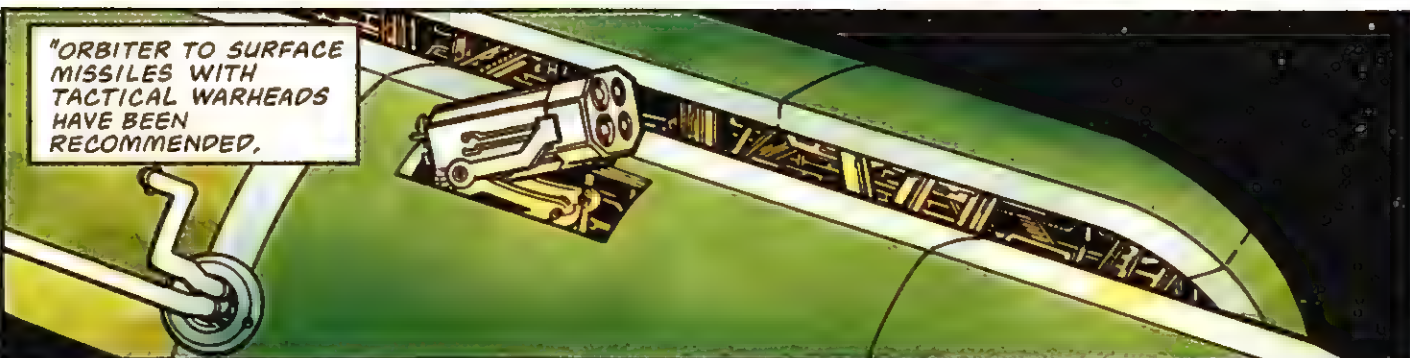
TRY TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE, OKAY?

"COMPARATIVE STUDIES OF THE SURFACE'S PRESENT TOPOGRAPHY WITH MAPS LOGGED ON EARLIER MISSIONS REVEAL THE PRESENCE OF A NEW FORMATION SOME 42 KCLICKS DUE EAST OF THE L.Z.



"SIZE AND SHAPE APPROXIMATELY MATCH DOMINANT HIVE. PROBABILITY THAT THIS FEATURE IS RIVAL HIVE, 87.66%.

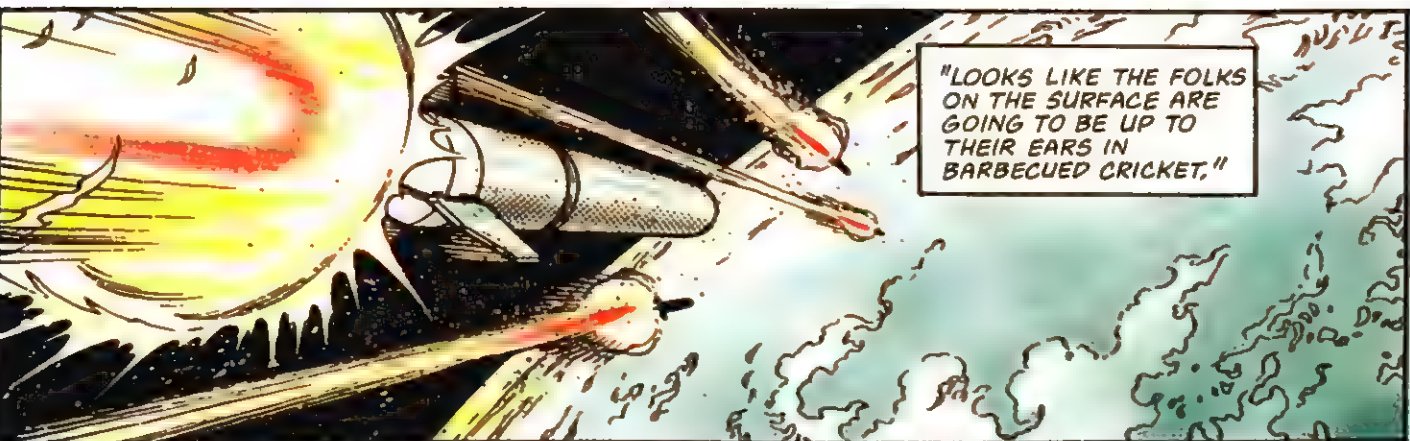
"ORBITER TO SURFACE MISSILES WITH TACTICAL WARHEADS HAVE BEEN RECOMMENDED.

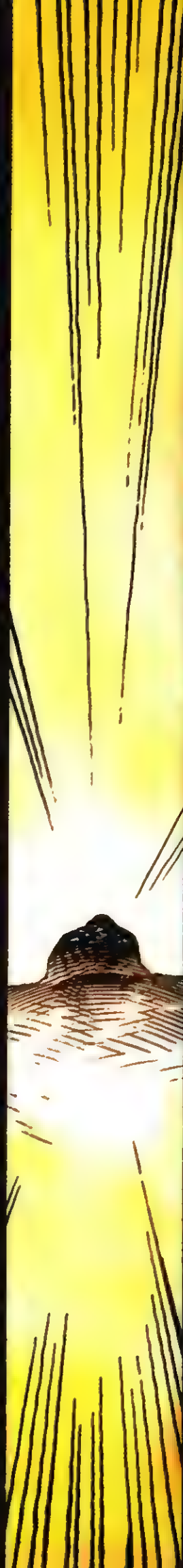


"ORDNANCE HAS BEEN DELIVERED.



"LOOKS LIKE THE FOLKS ON THE SURFACE ARE GOING TO BE UP TO THEIR EARS IN BARBECUED CRICKET."





THE MOTHER OF
A NATION HAS
TIME FOR ONLY
ONE SCREAM
OF ANGUISH.

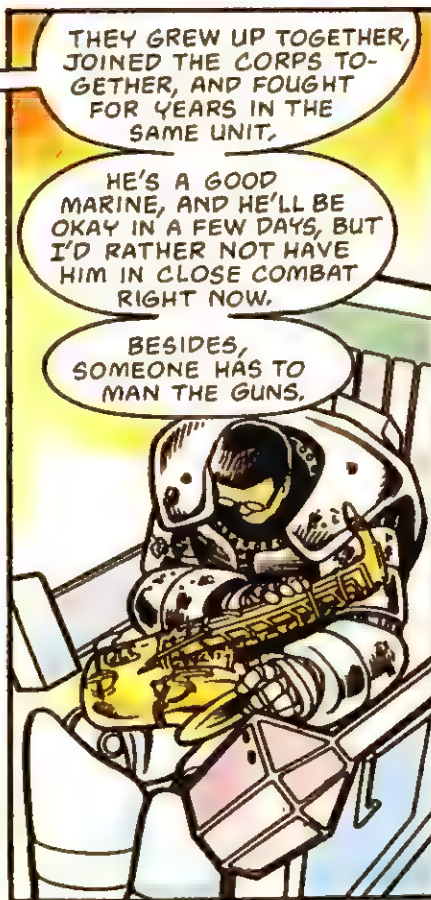
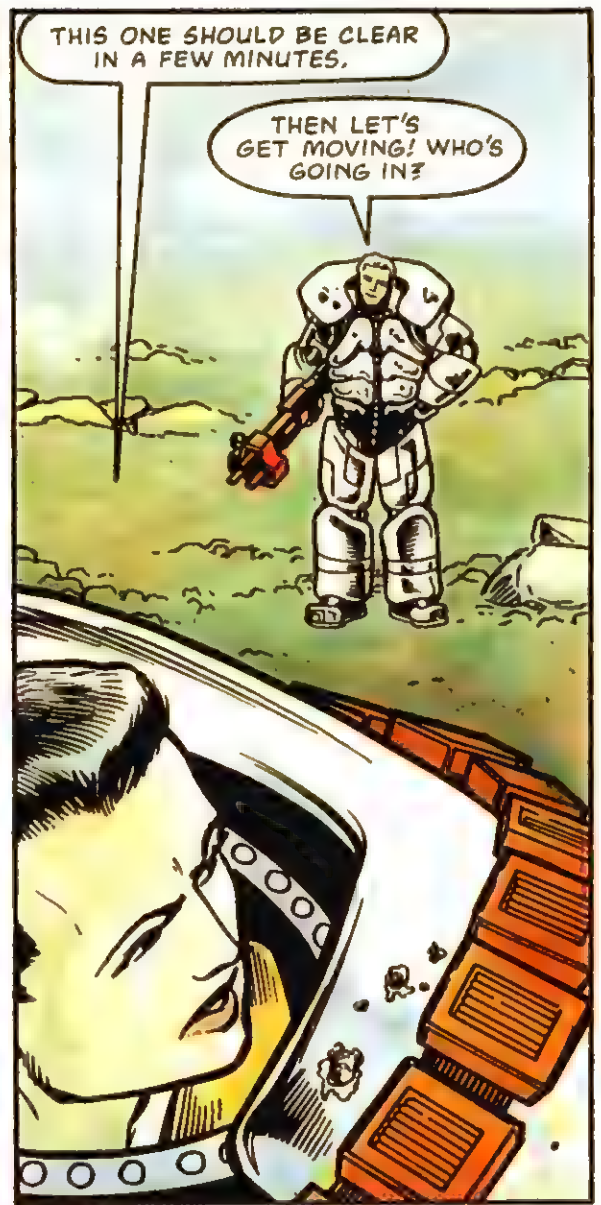
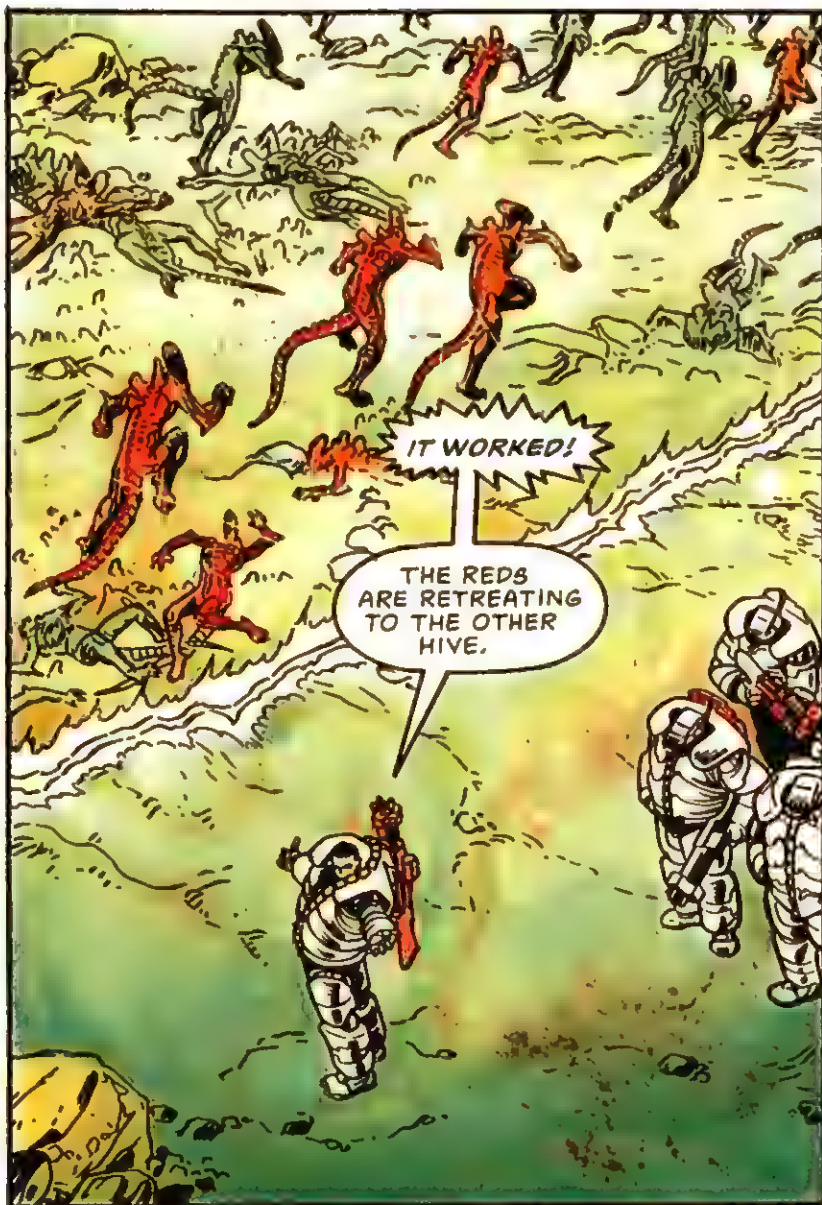


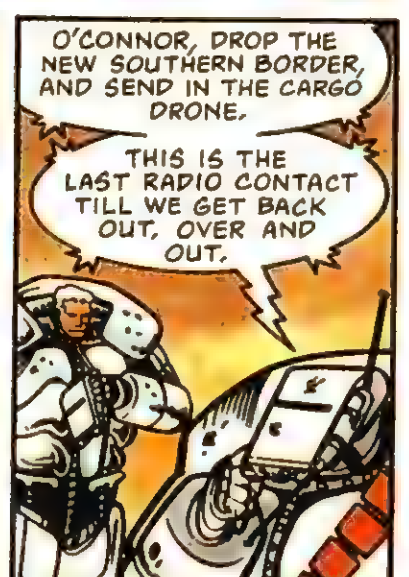
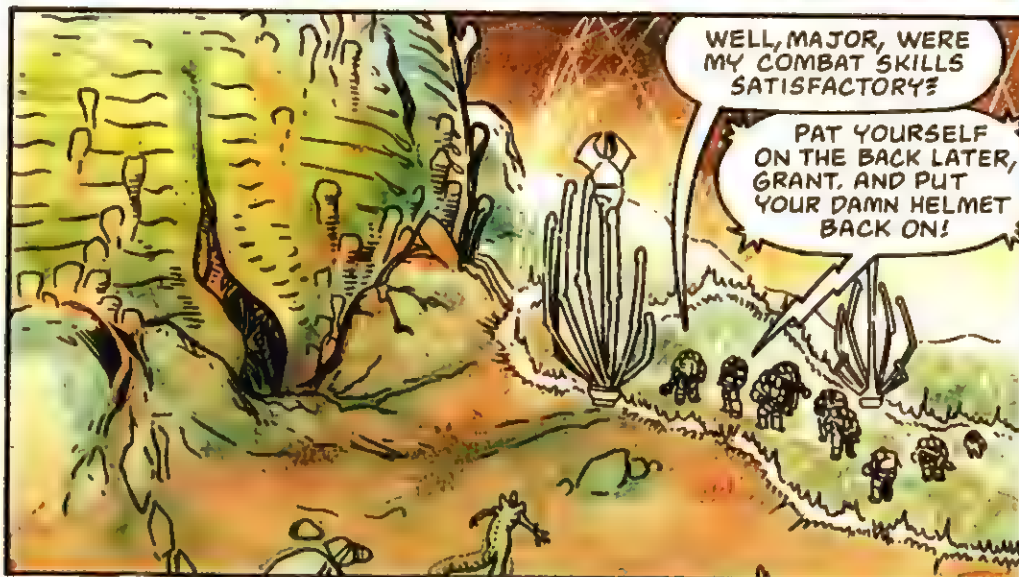
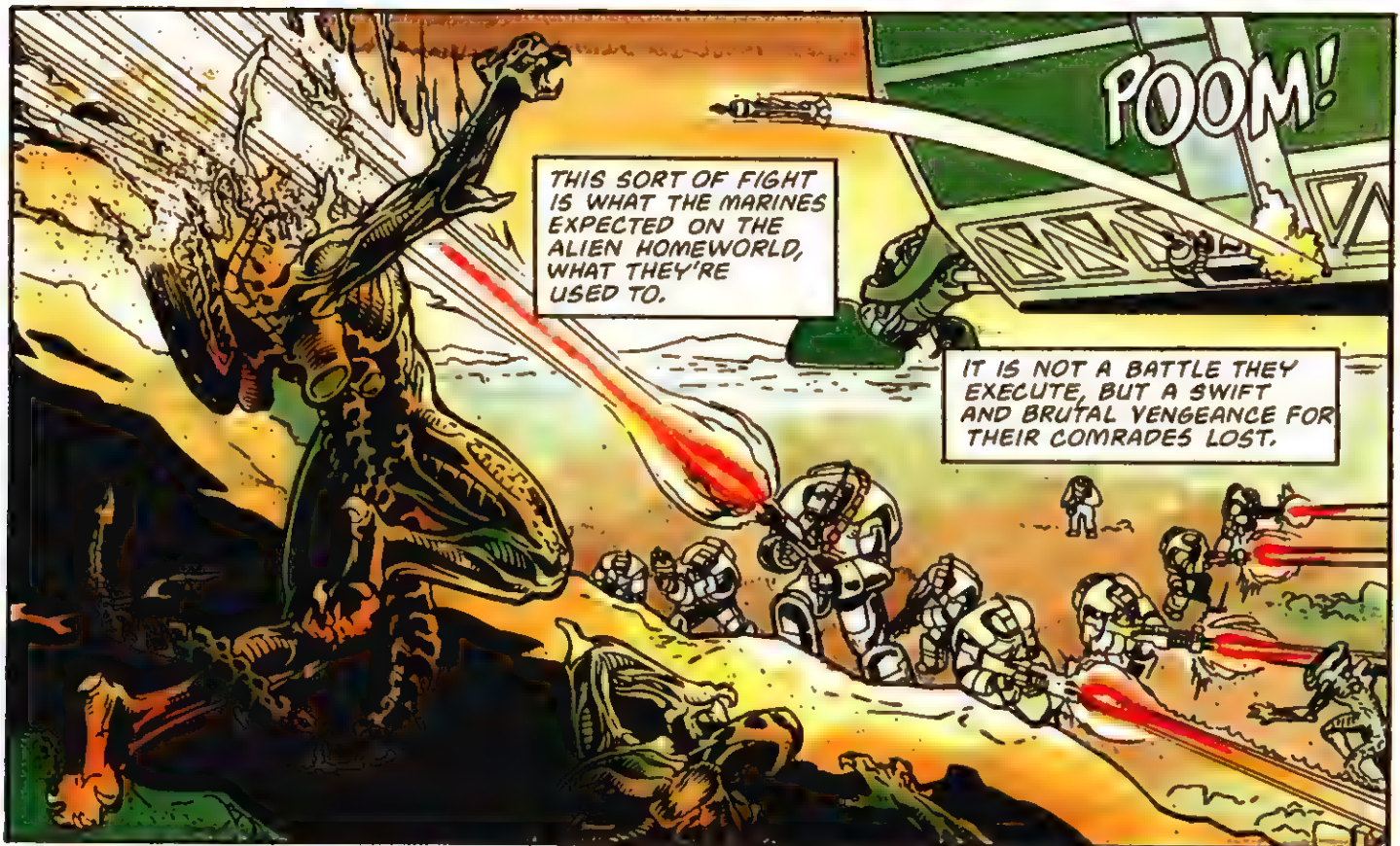
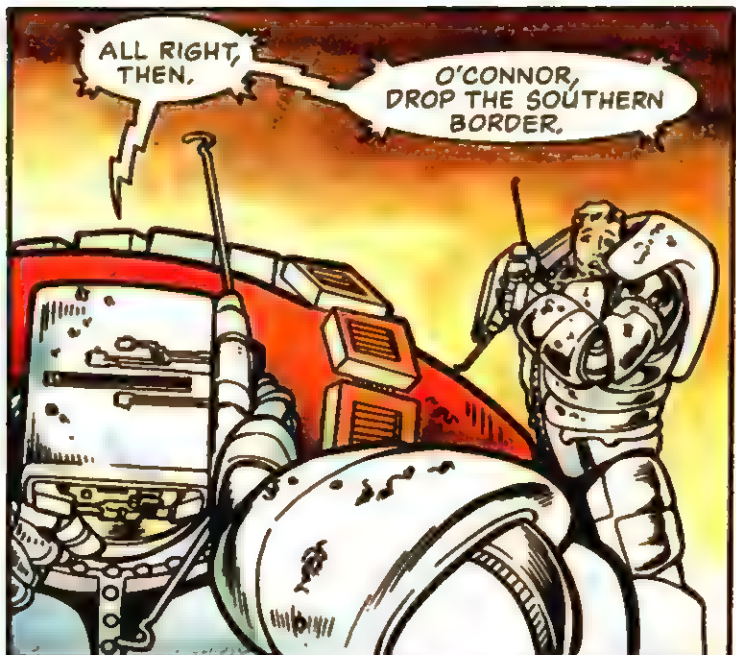
A SCREAM HEARD
BY EACH OF HER
VAST BROOD.

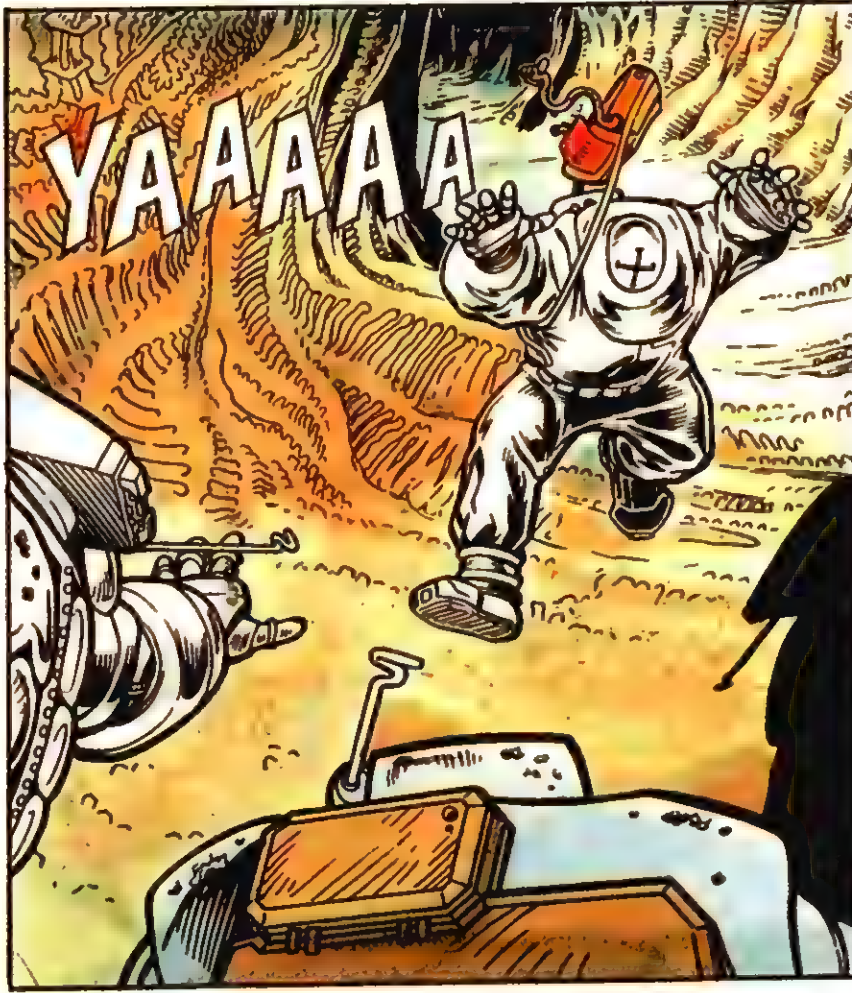
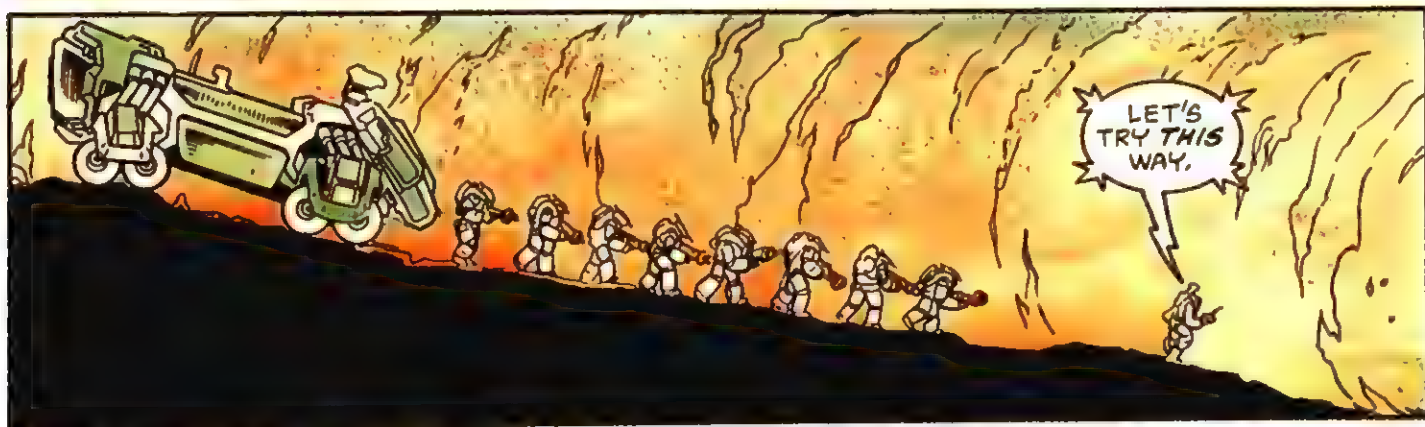
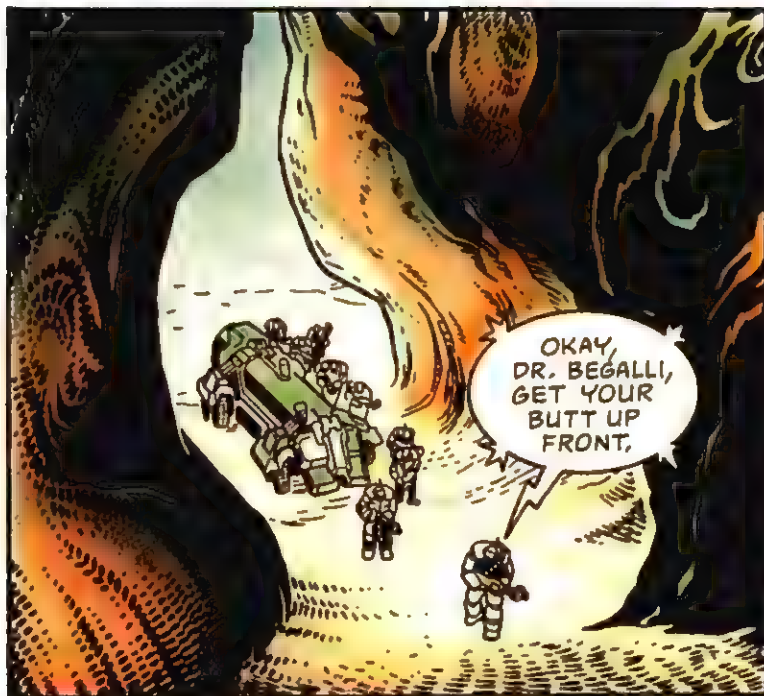


A SCREAM WHICH SOUNDS
THE DEATH KNELL OF
THE NEW ORDER.

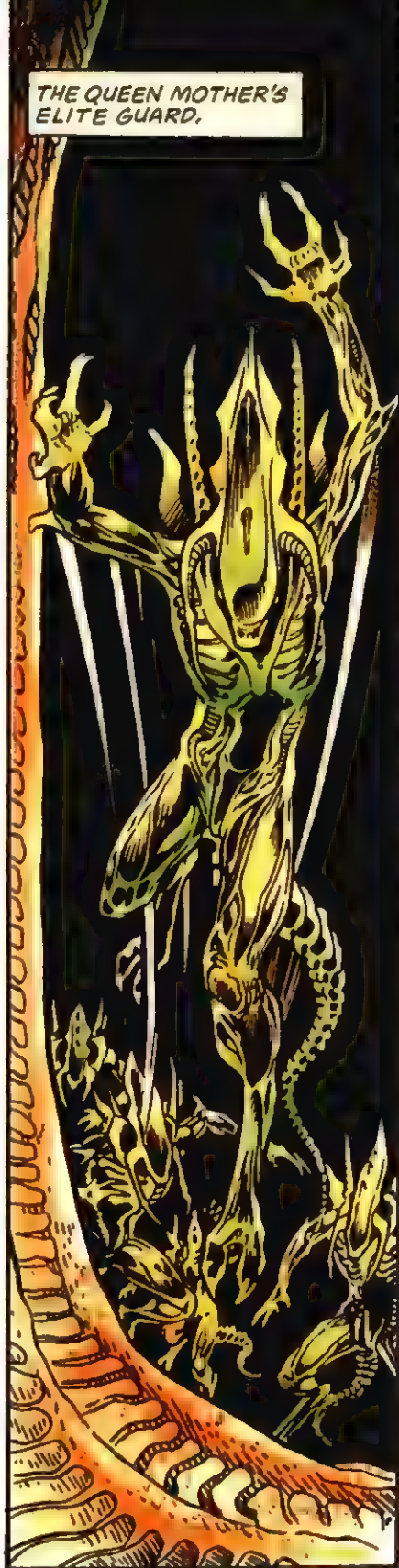




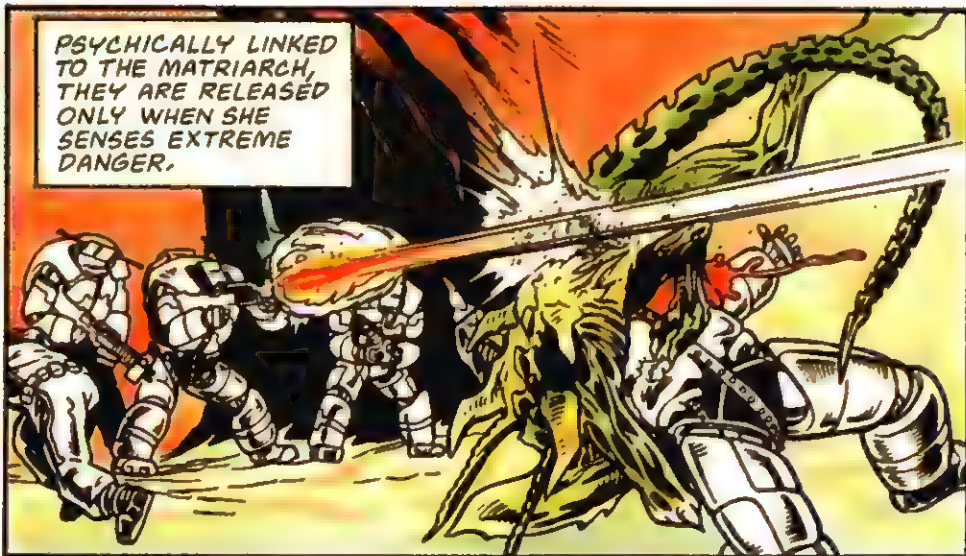




THE QUEEN MOTHER'S
ELITE GUARD.

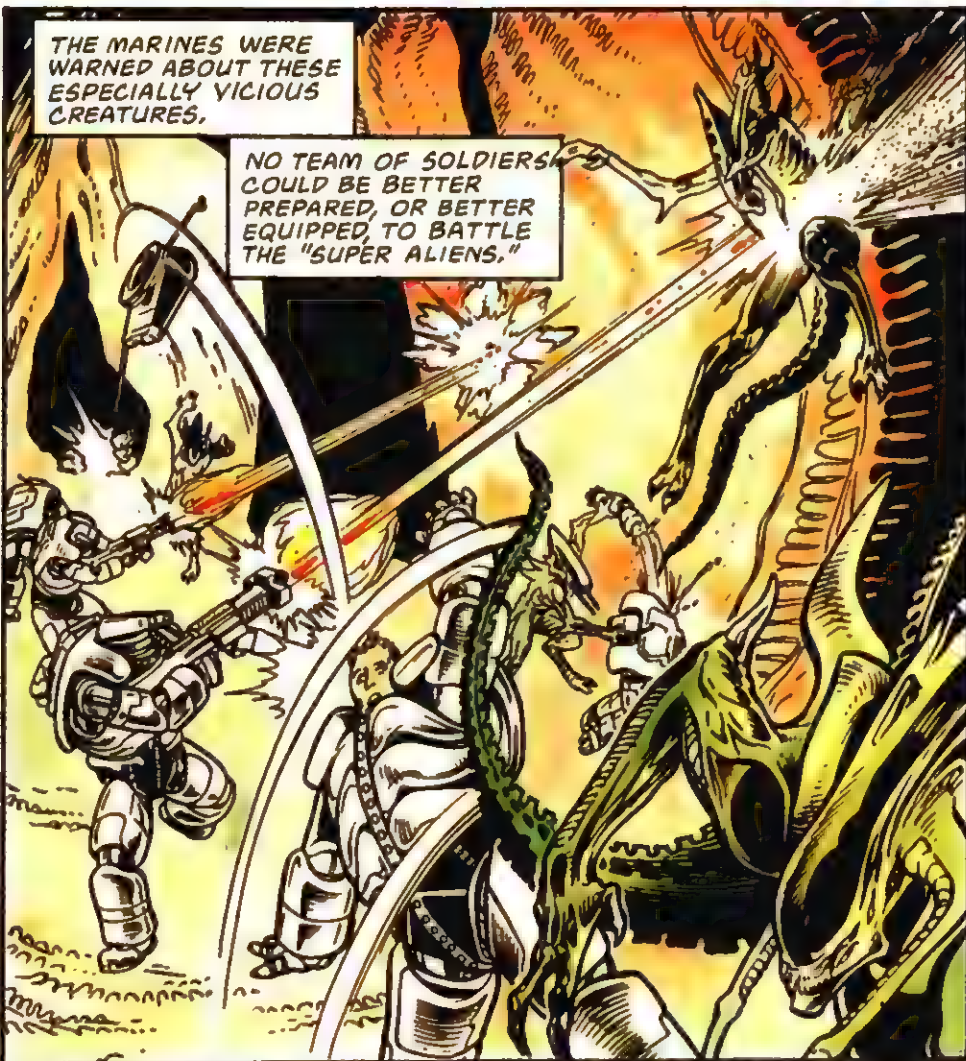


PSYCHICALLY LINKED
TO THE MATRIARCH,
THEY ARE RELEASED
ONLY WHEN SHE
SENSES EXTREME
DANGER.



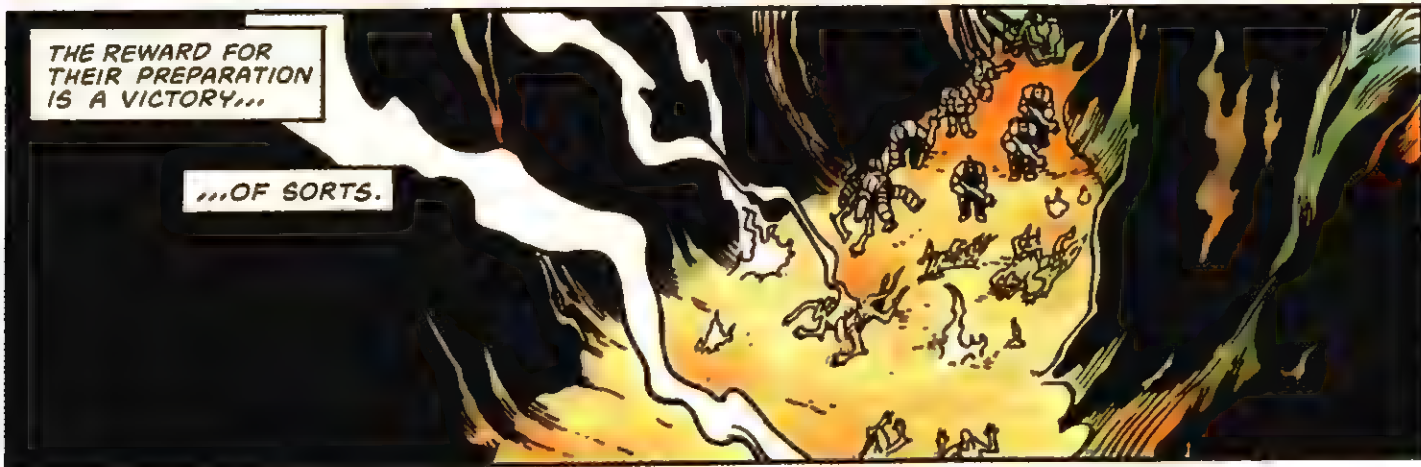
THE MARINES WERE
WARNED ABOUT THESE
ESPECIALLY VICIOUS
CREATURES.

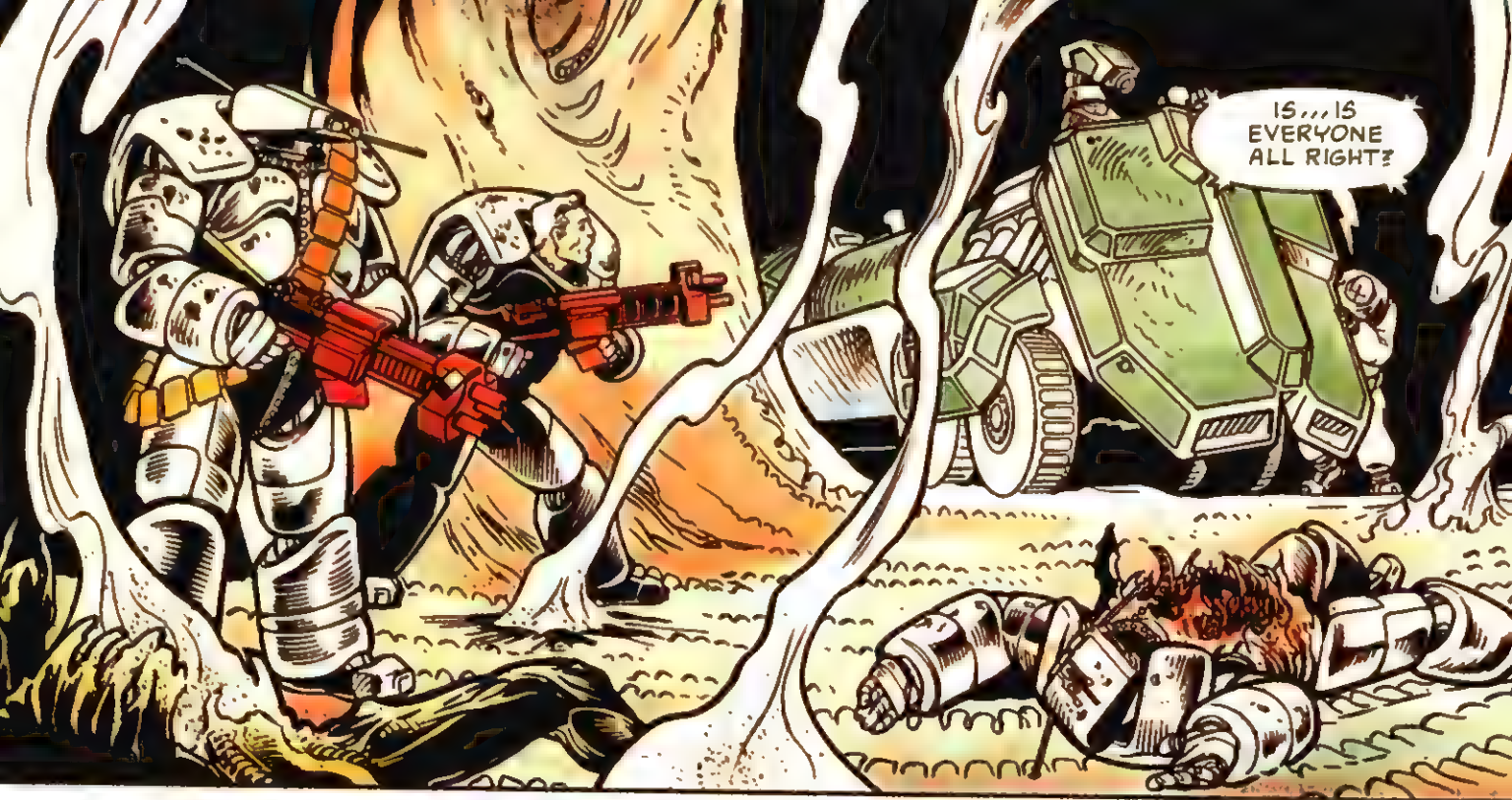
NO TEAM OF SOLDIERS
COULD BE BETTER
PREPARED, OR BETTER
EQUIPPED, TO BATTLE
THE "SUPER ALIENS."



THE REWARD FOR
THEIR PREPARATION
IS A VICTORY...

...OF SORTS.





IS... IS
EVERYONE
ALL RIGHT?

COME ON, YOU LITTLE
BASTARD.

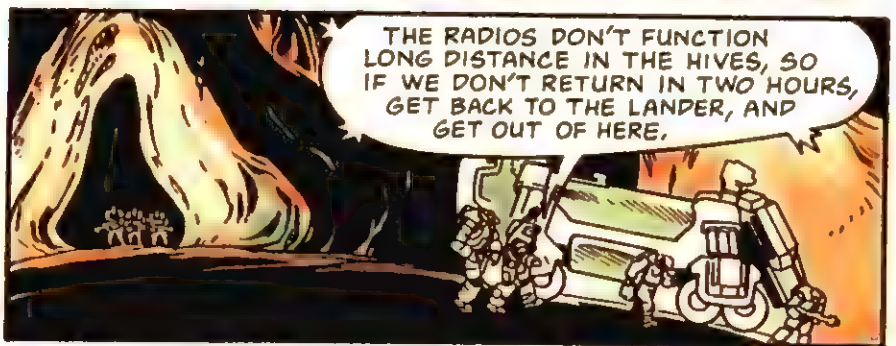
YOU'RE
TAKING US TO
THE QUEEN MOTHER'S
CHAMBERS, OR I'LL
BLOW YOUR HEAD
OFF.



THERE ARE MORE
SURPRISES HERE THAN
I FIGURED ON, SO I
WANT YOU THREE TO
WATCH OUR BACKS.



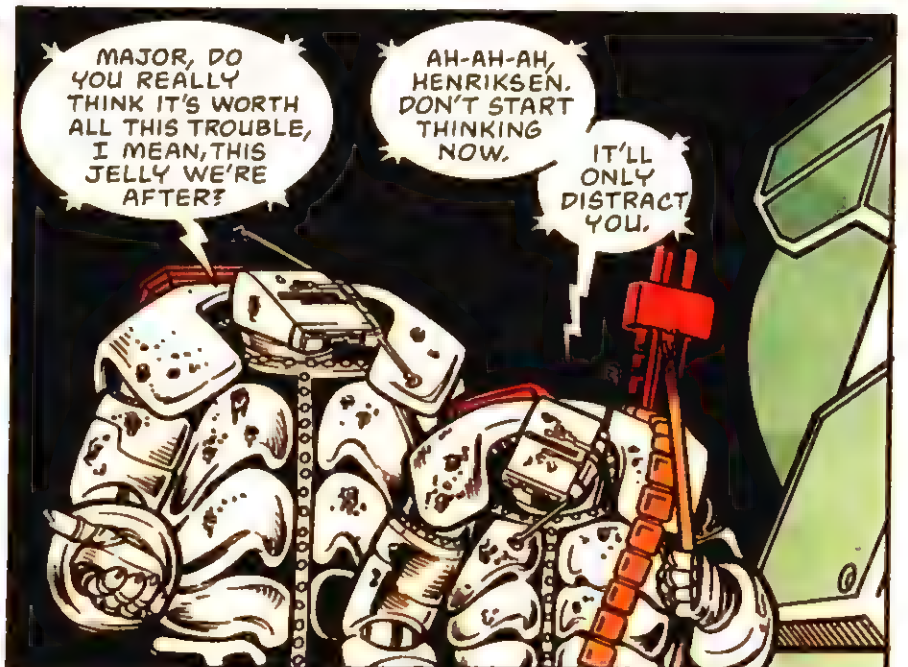
THE RADIOS DON'T FUNCTION
LONG DISTANCE IN THE HIVES, SO
IF WE DON'T RETURN IN TWO HOURS,
GET BACK TO THE LANDER, AND
GET OUT OF HERE.

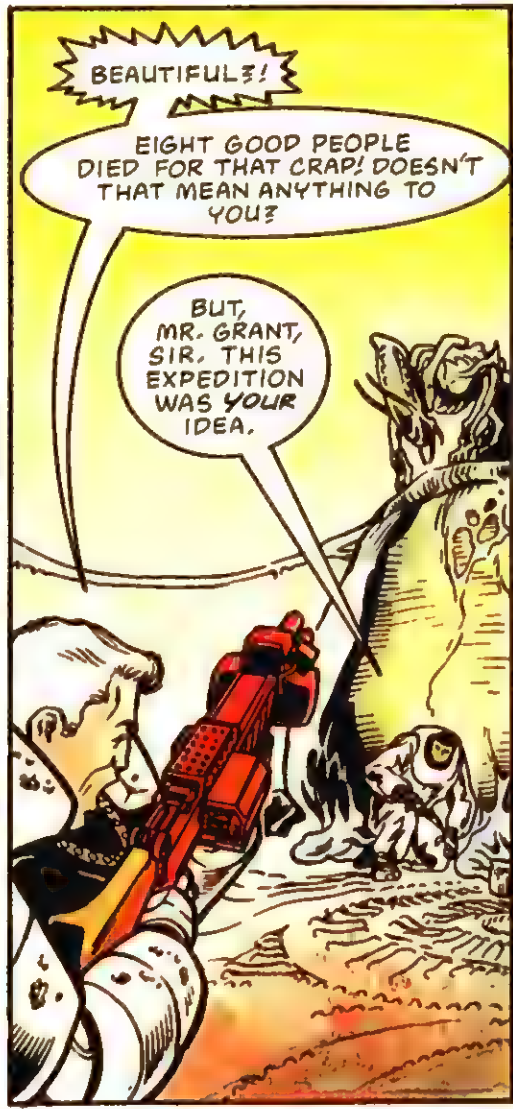
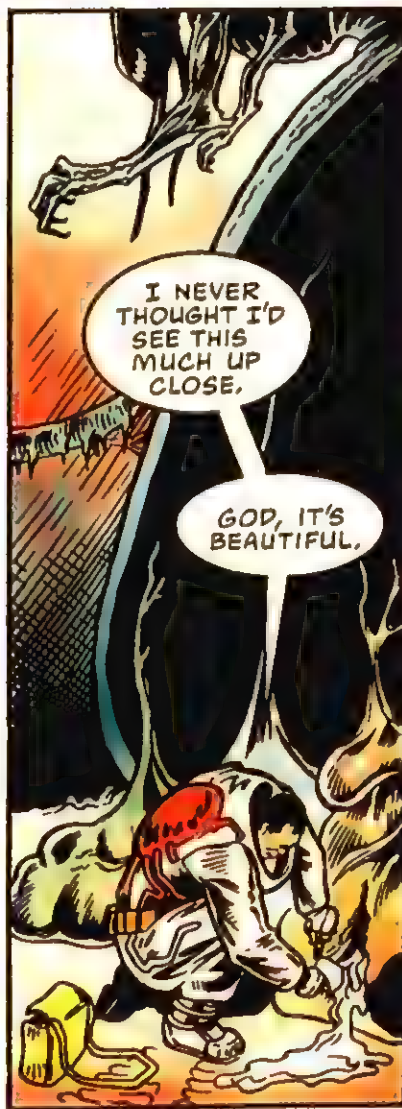
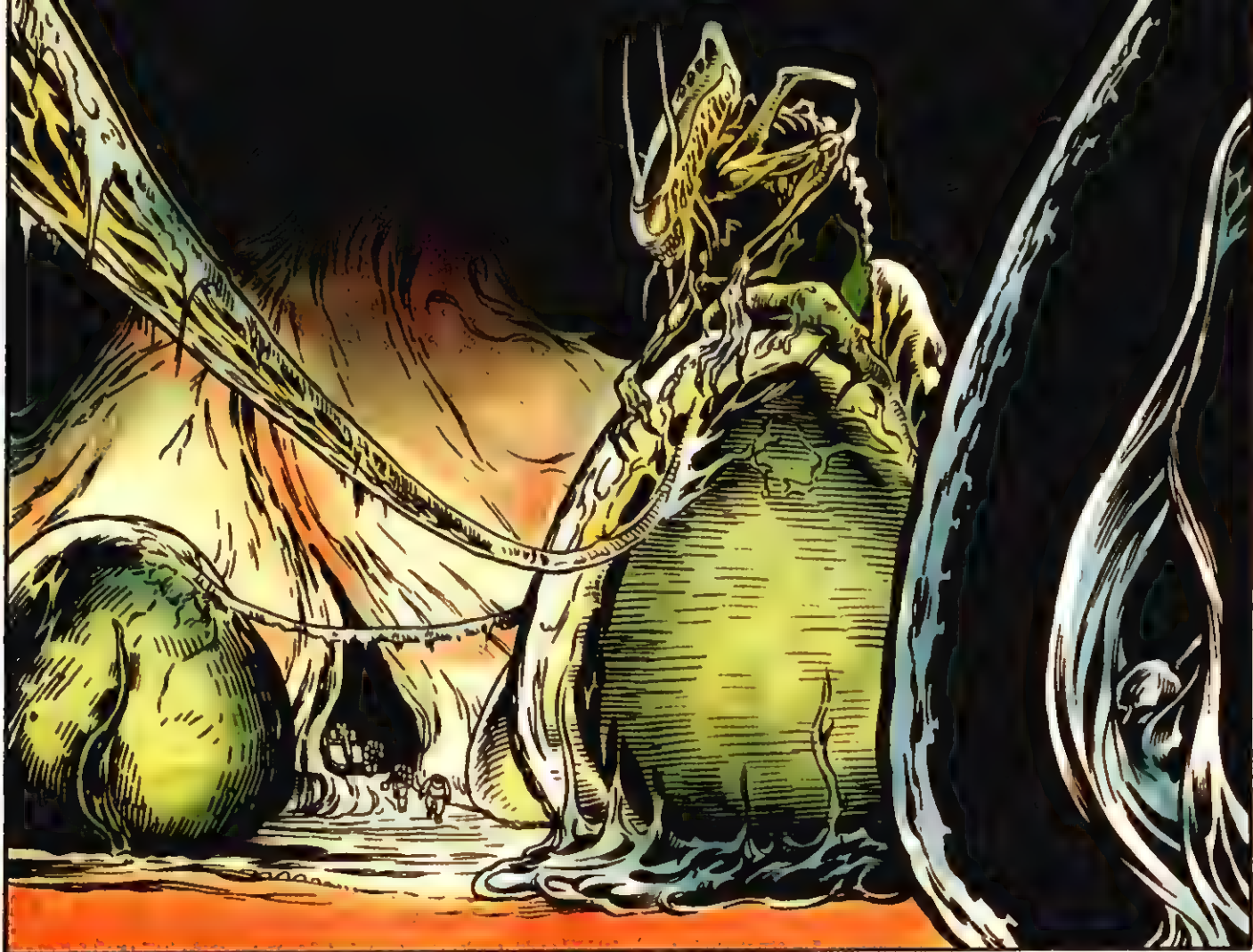


MAJOR, DO
YOU REALLY
THINK IT'S WORTH
ALL THIS TROUBLE,
I MEAN, THIS
JELLY WE'RE
AFTER?

AH-AH-AH,
HENRIKSEN.
DON'T START
THINKING
NOW.

IT'LL
ONLY
DISTRACT
YOU.

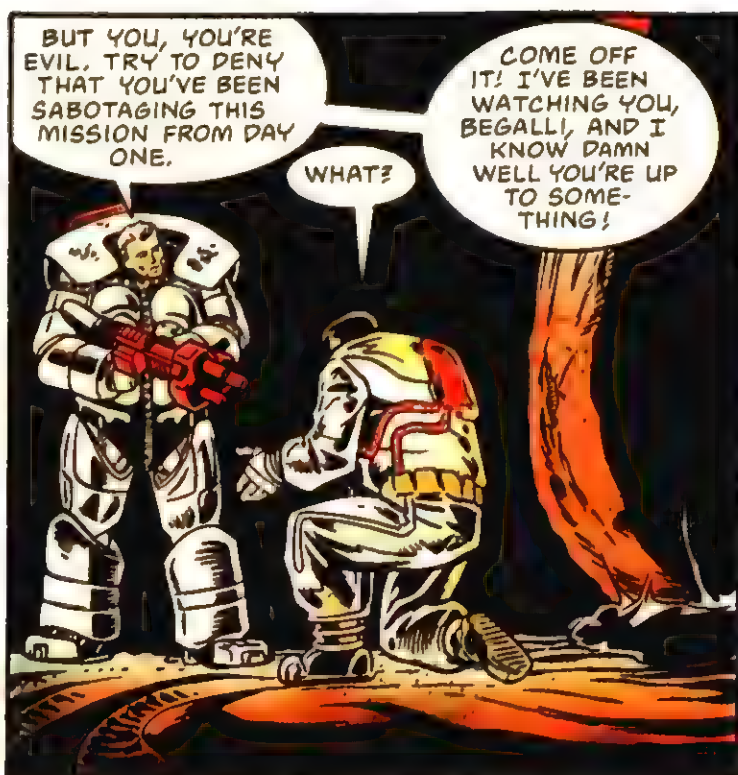






YEAH, AND I'LL HAVE TO LIVE WITH MYSELF FOR MAKING SUCH A HORRIBLE MISTAKE.

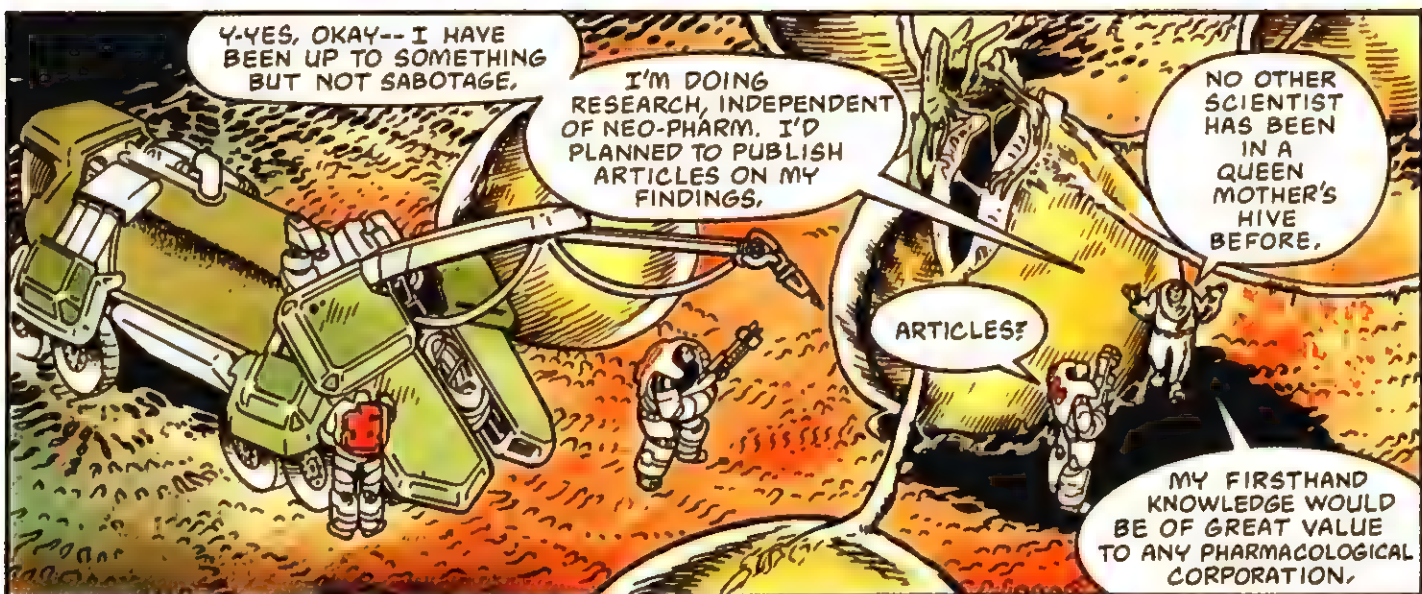
I WAS CARELESS, IGNORANT, AND INHUMANLY SELFISH.



BUT YOU, YOU'RE EVIL. TRY TO DENY THAT YOU'VE BEEN SABOTAGING THIS MISSION FROM DAY ONE.

WHAT?

COME OFF IT! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU, BEGALLI, AND I KNOW DAMN WELL YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING!



Y-YES, OKAY-- I HAVE BEEN UP TO SOMETHING BUT NOT SABOTAGE.

I'M DOING RESEARCH, INDEPENDENT OF NEO-PHARM. I'D PLANNED TO PUBLISH ARTICLES ON MY FINDINGS.

NO OTHER SCIENTIST HAS BEEN IN A QUEEN MOTHER'S HIVE BEFORE.

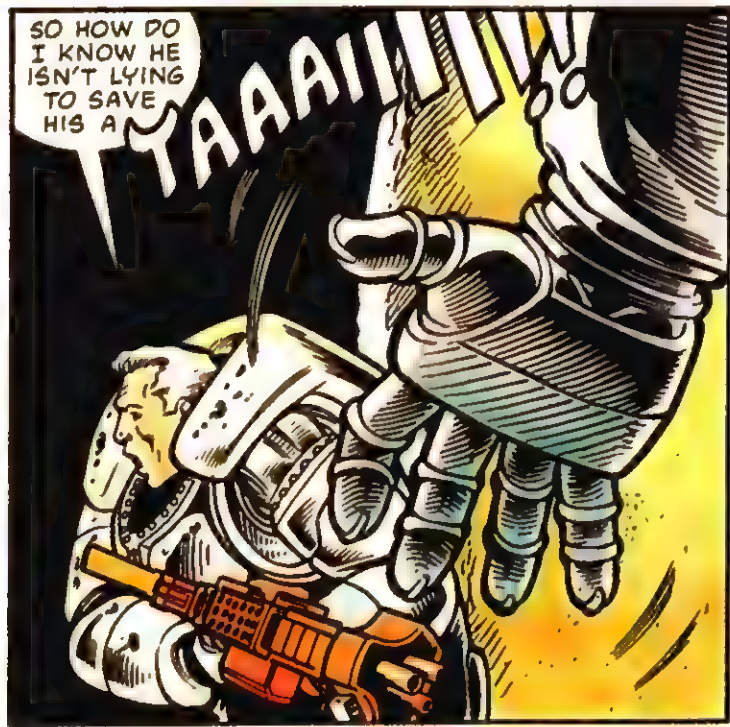
ARTICLES?

MY FIRSTHAND KNOWLEDGE WOULD BE OF GREAT VALUE TO ANY PHARMACOLOGICAL CORPORATION.

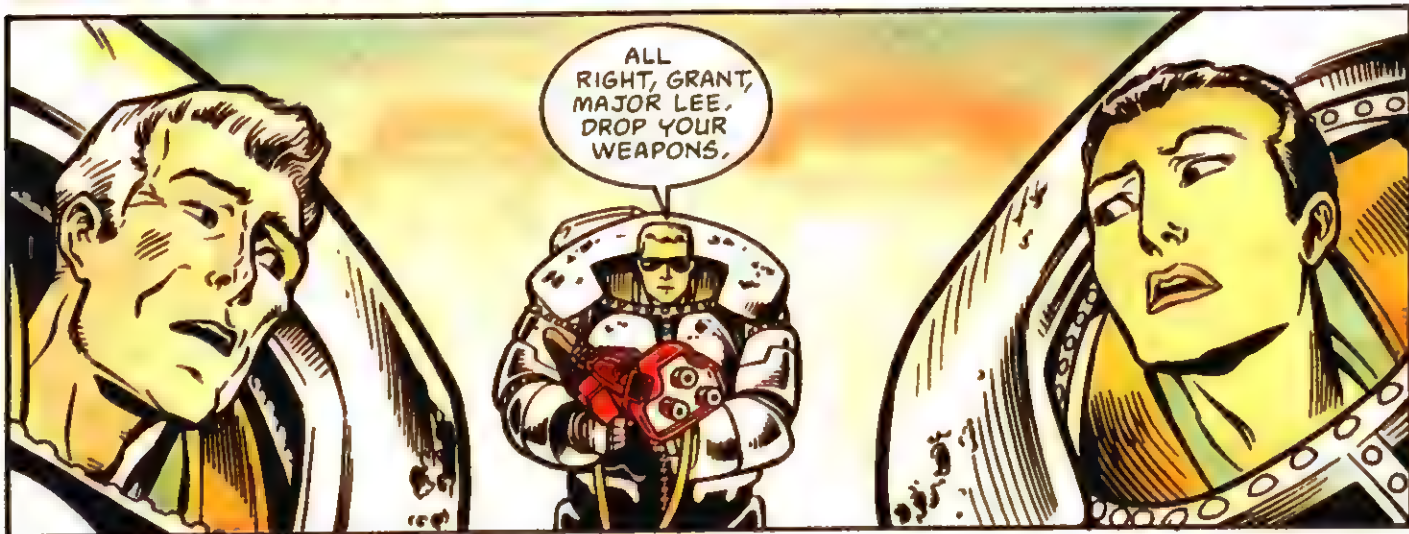
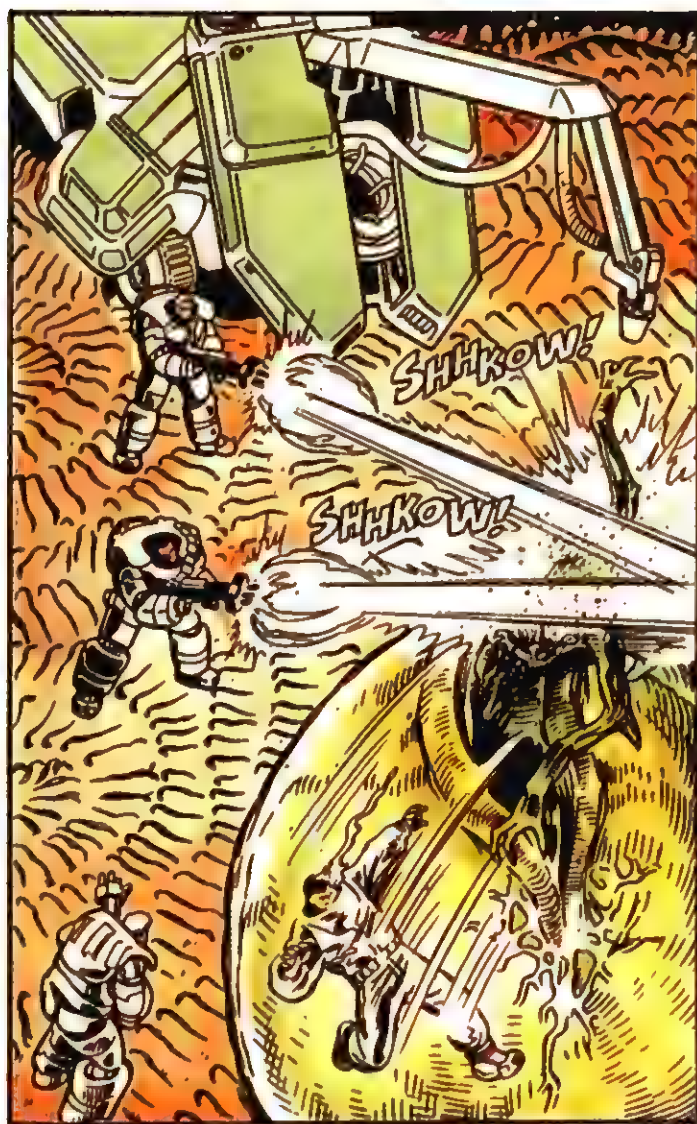


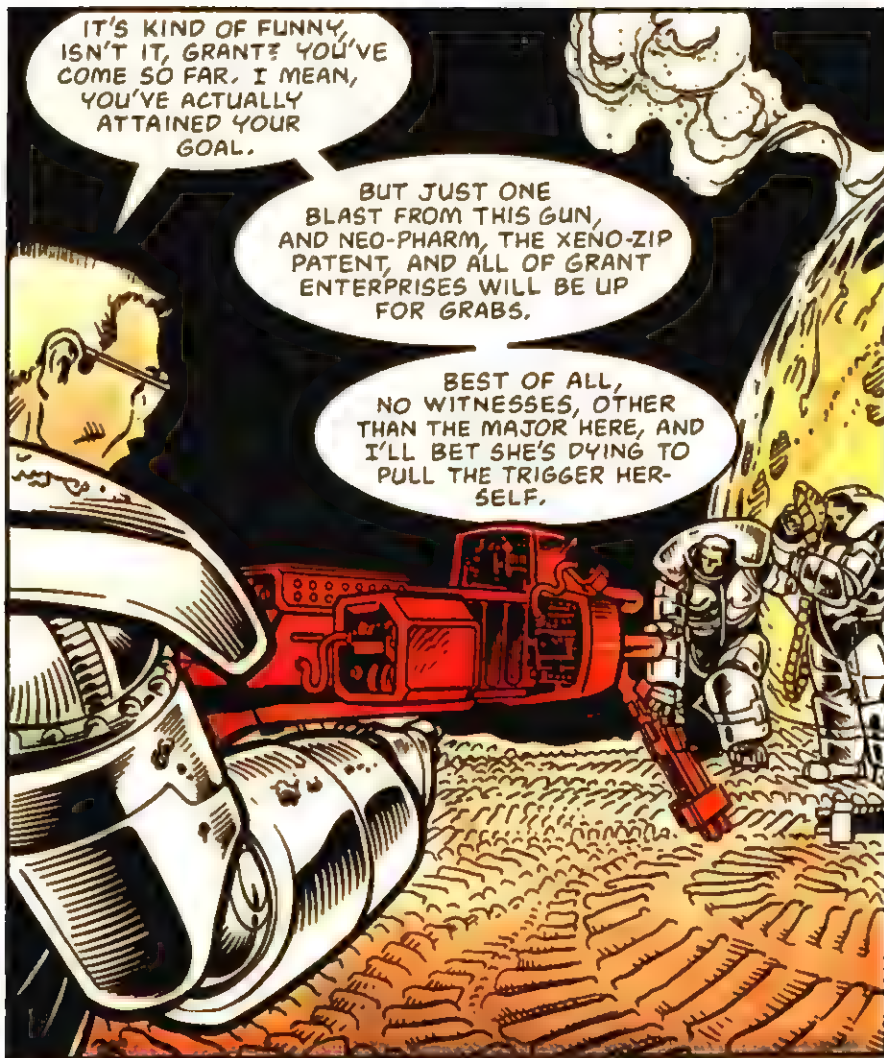
ARTICLES?

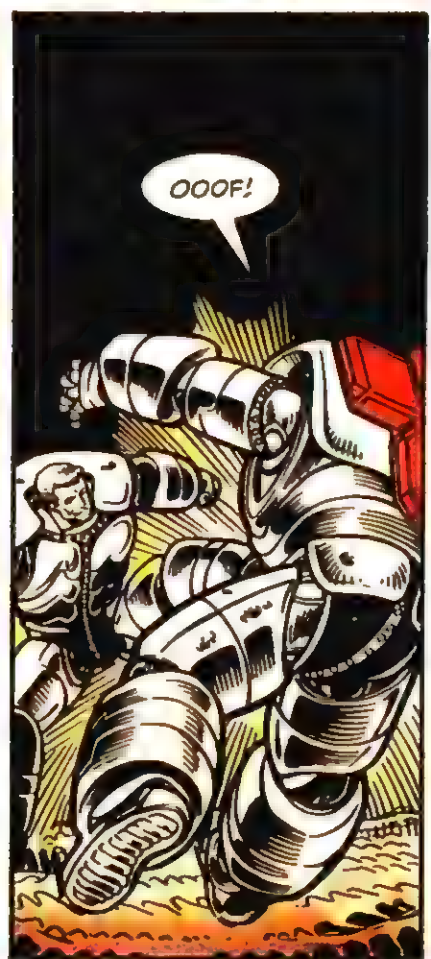
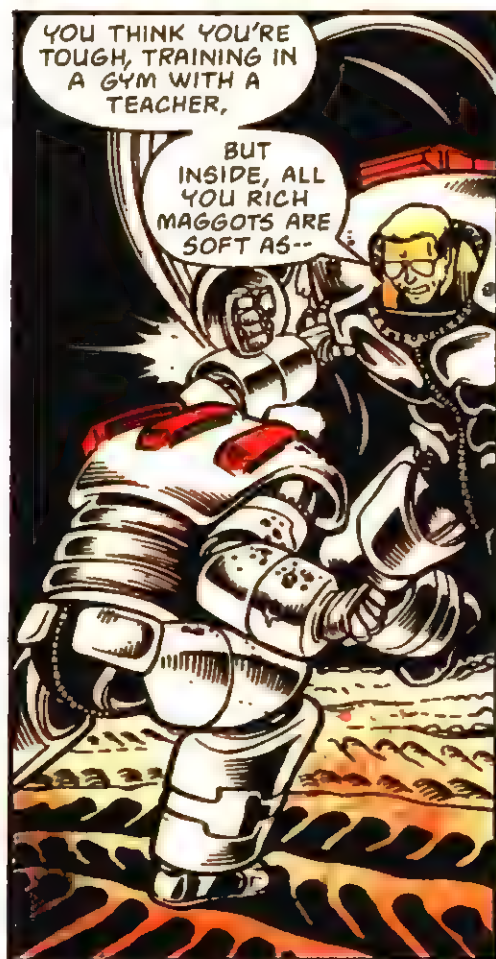
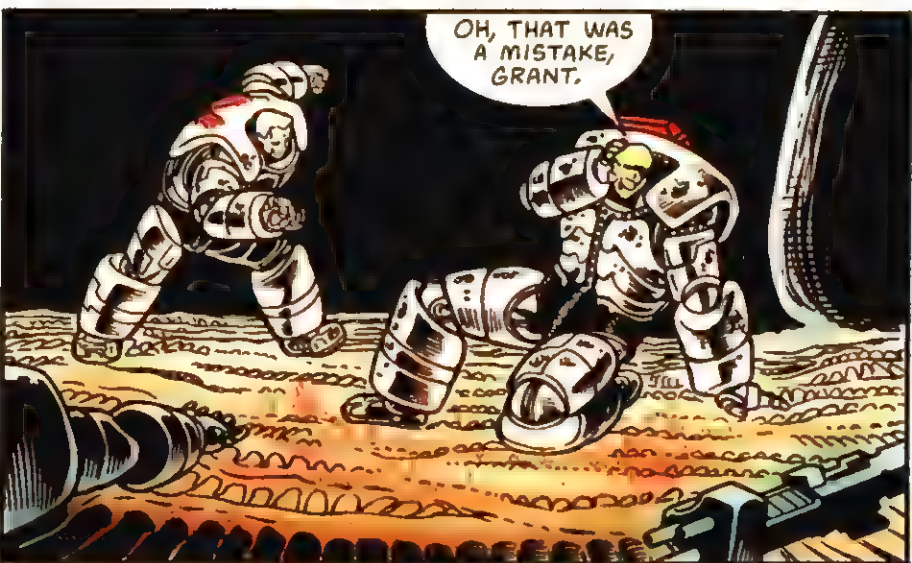
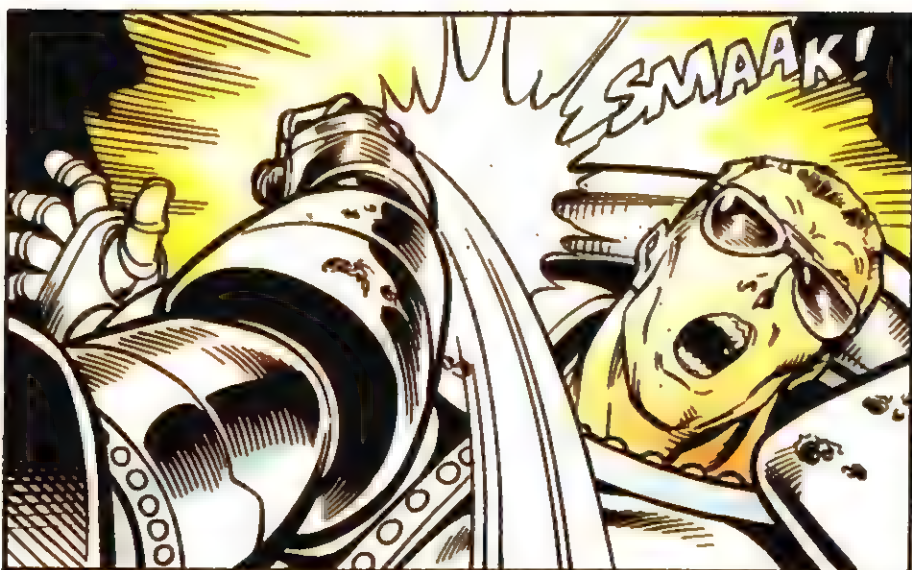
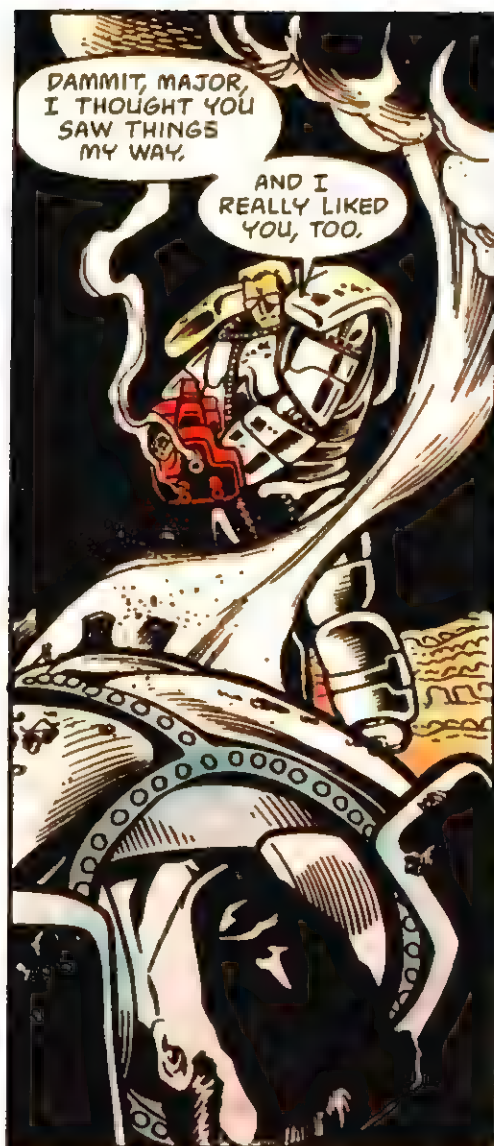
YOU HEARD THE GUY, GRANT! THE ONLY THING HE'S GUILTY OF IS GREED! NOW BACK OFF!

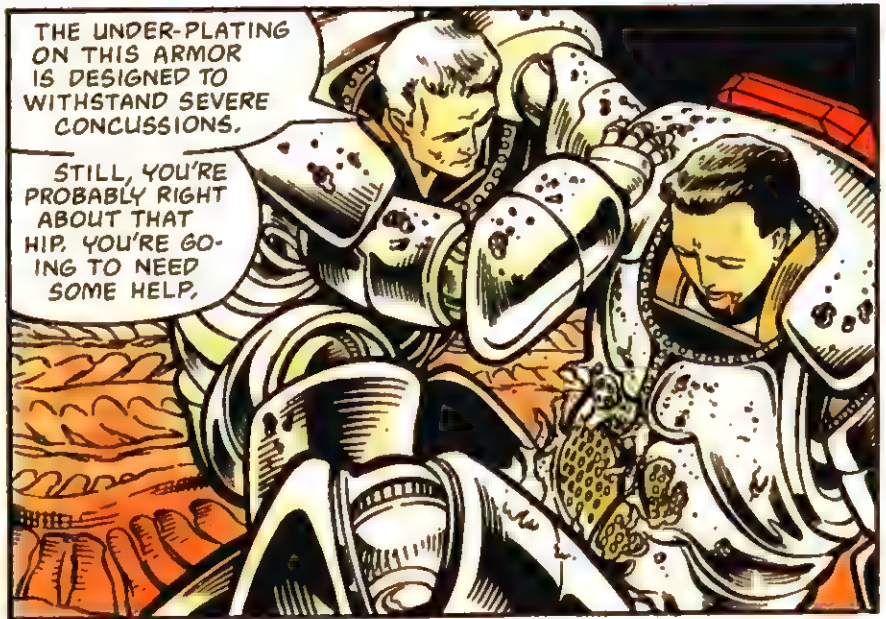
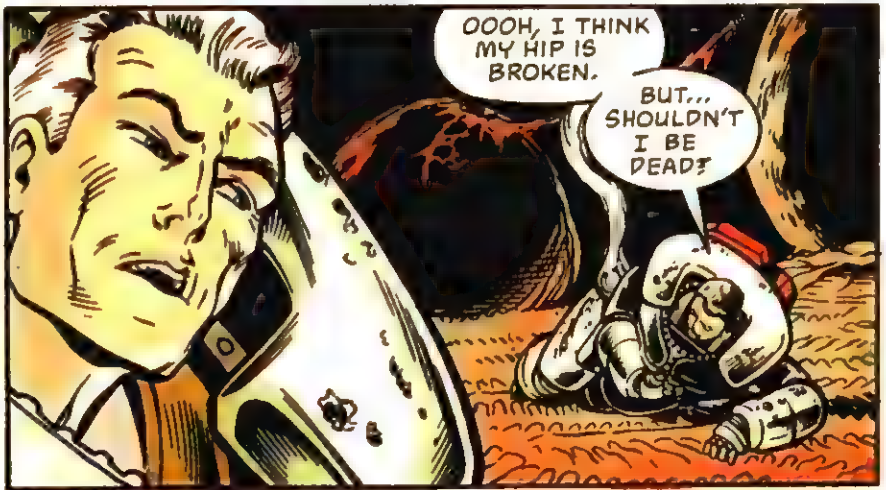
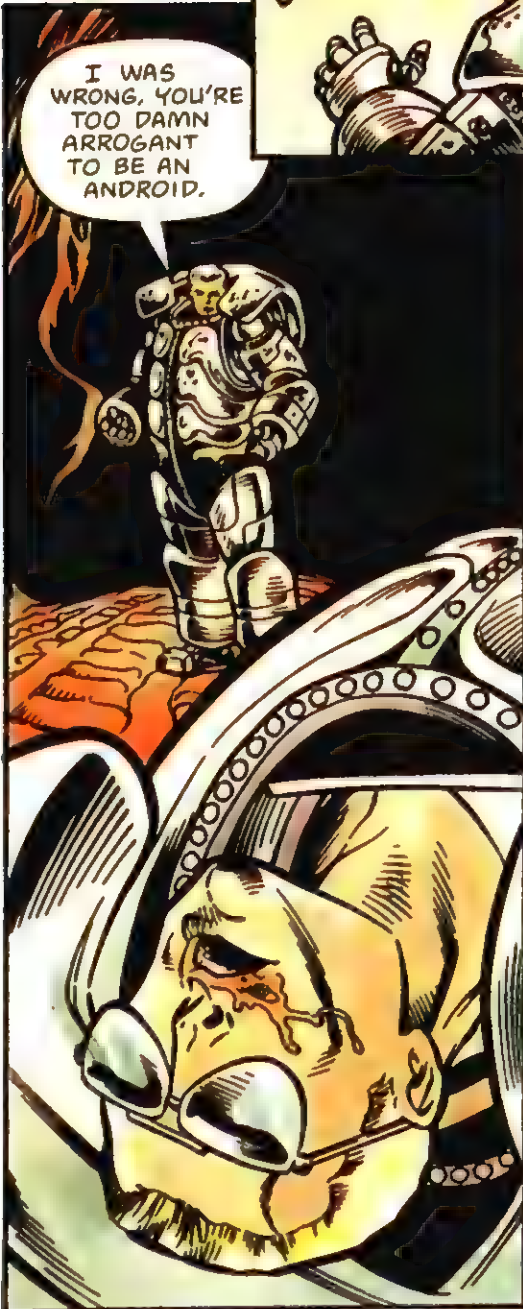
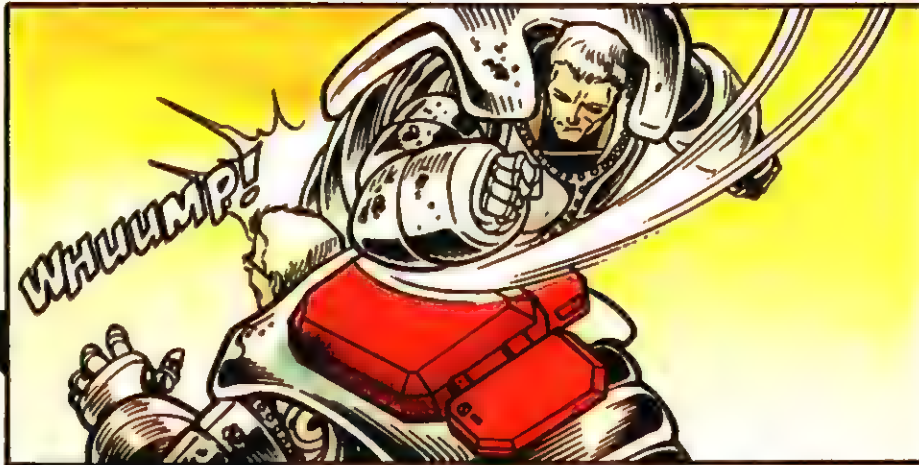
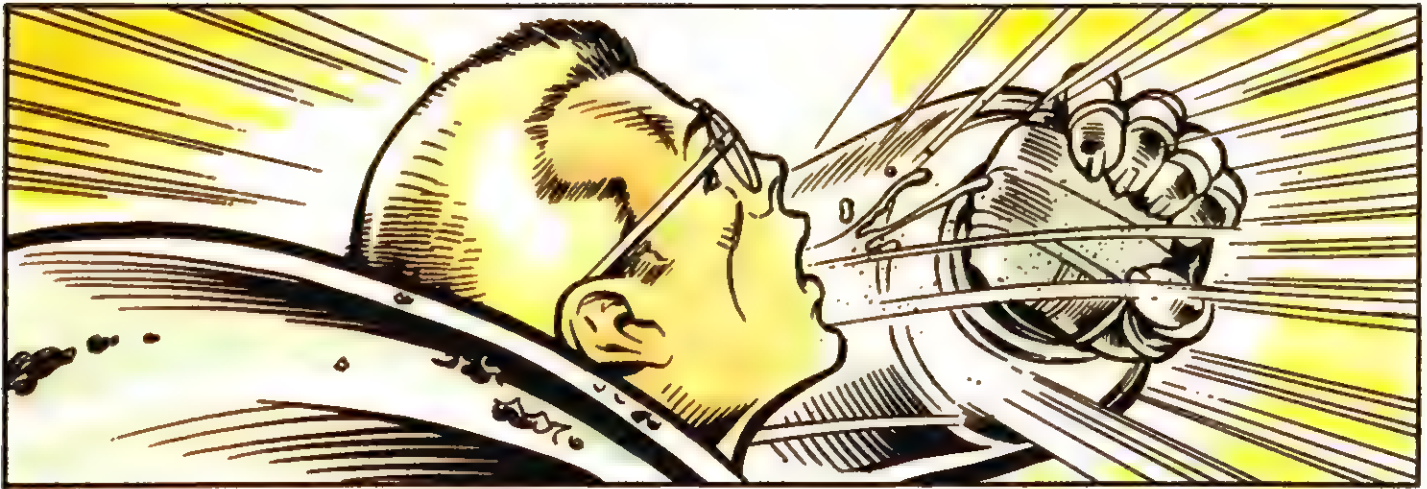


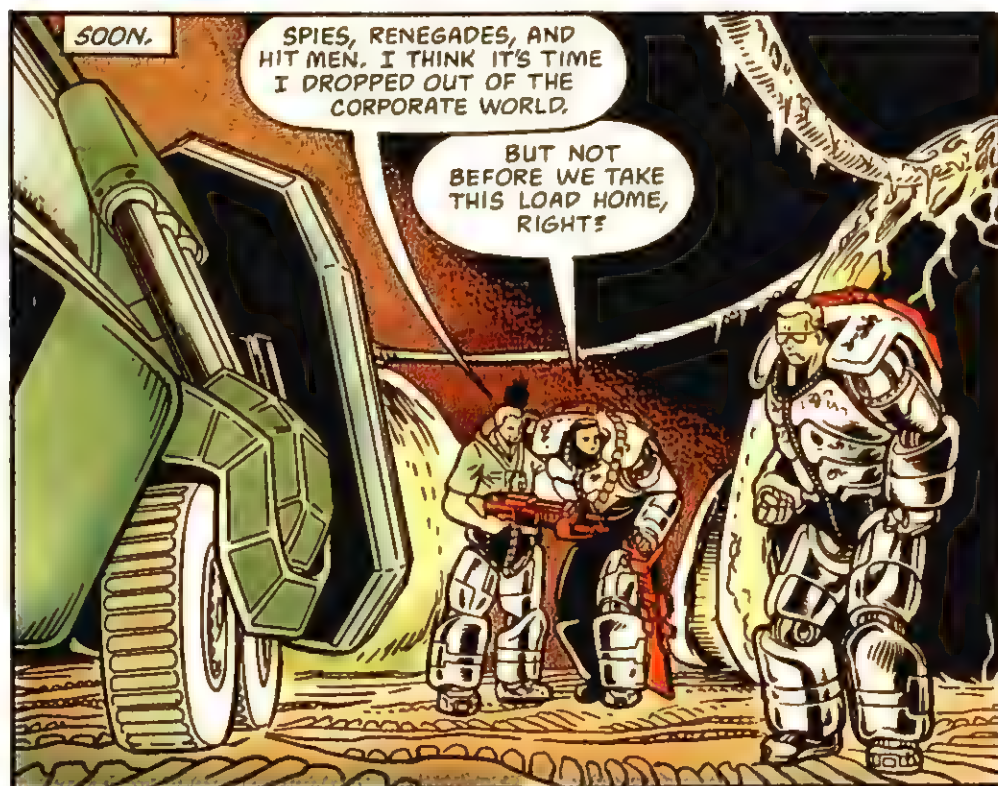
SO HOW DO I KNOW HE ISN'T LYING TO SAVE HIS A











SOON.

SPIES, RENEGADES, AND
HIT MEN. I THINK IT'S TIME
I DROPPED OUT OF THE
CORPORATE WORLD.

BUT NOT
BEFORE WE TAKE
THIS LOAD HOME,
RIGHT?



YOU SAID IT
YOURSELF THIS MORNING,
MAJOR. TOO MANY HAVE
DIED FOR US TO LEAVE IT
ALL BEHIND NOW.



YEAH, WHATEVER.

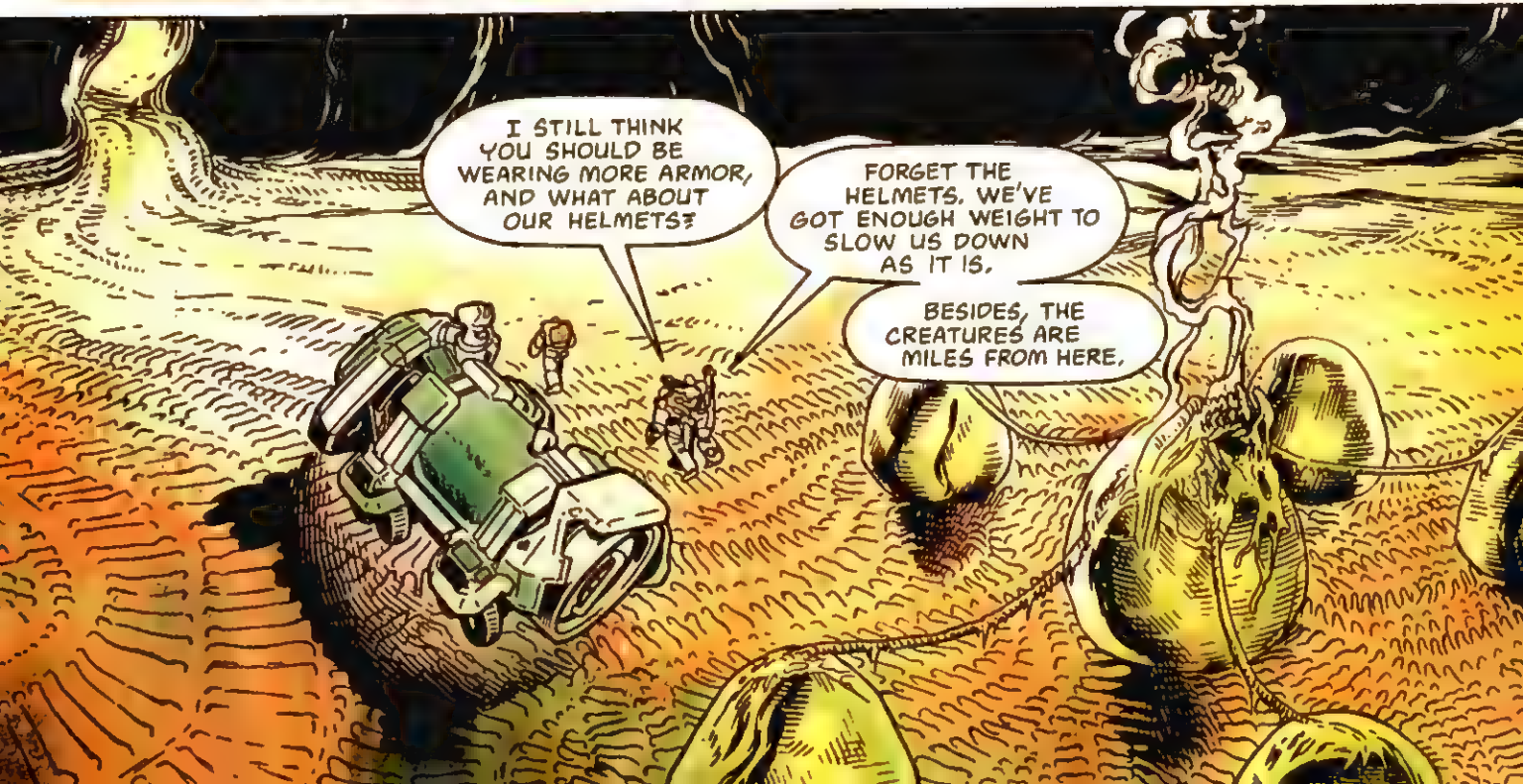
I GUESS THIS MAKES
YOU FEEL PRETTY GOOD--
BEING THE HERO, SAVING
MY LIFE.

JUST RETURNING
THE FAVOR, MAJOR.



PLEASE ACTIVATE THE DRONE, MAJOR. IT'S
SET TO FOLLOW US. WHEN WE HIT OPEN AIR,
IT'LL HOME IN ON THE LANDER.

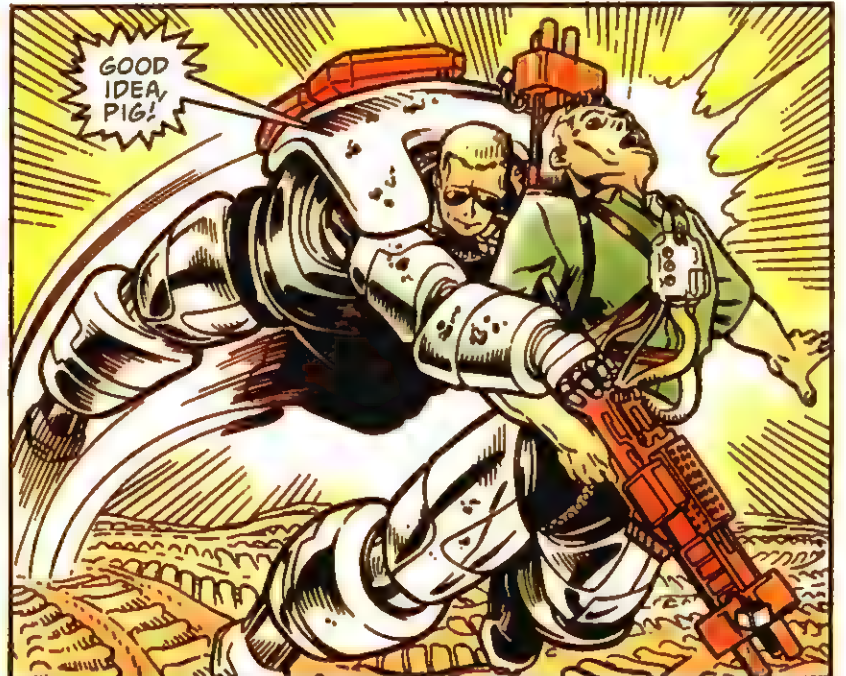
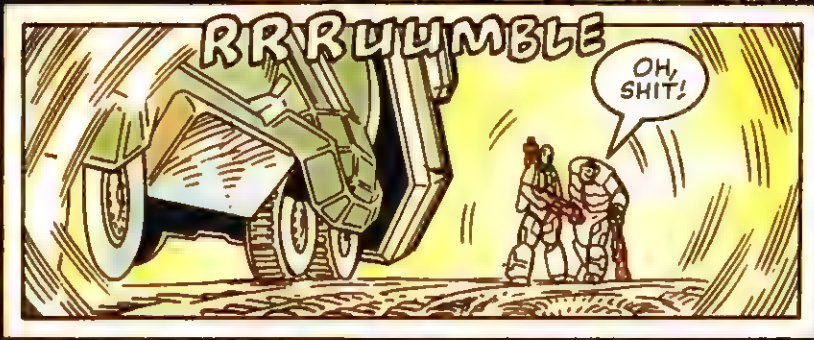
HENRIKSEN,
YOU LEAD
THE WAY.

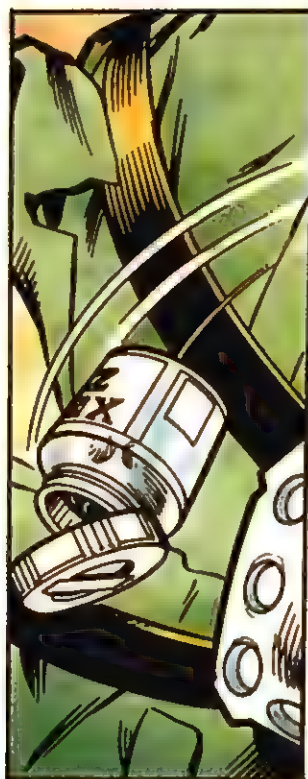
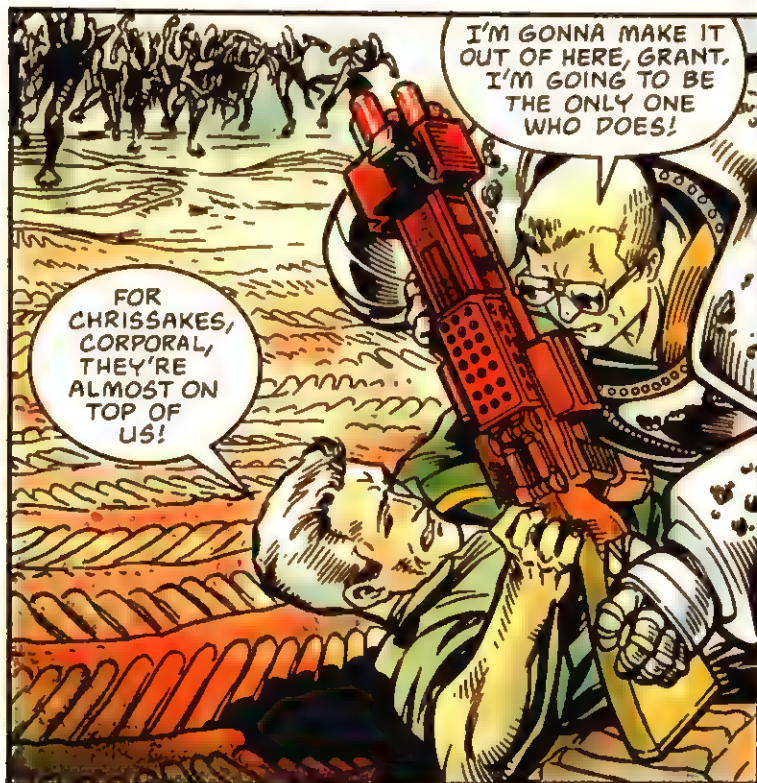


I STILL THINK
YOU SHOULD BE
WEARING MORE ARMOR,
AND WHAT ABOUT
OUR HELMETS?

FORGET THE
HELMETS. WE'VE
GOT ENOUGH WEIGHT TO
SLOW US DOWN
AS IT IS.

BESIDES, THE
CREATURES ARE
MILES FROM HERE.

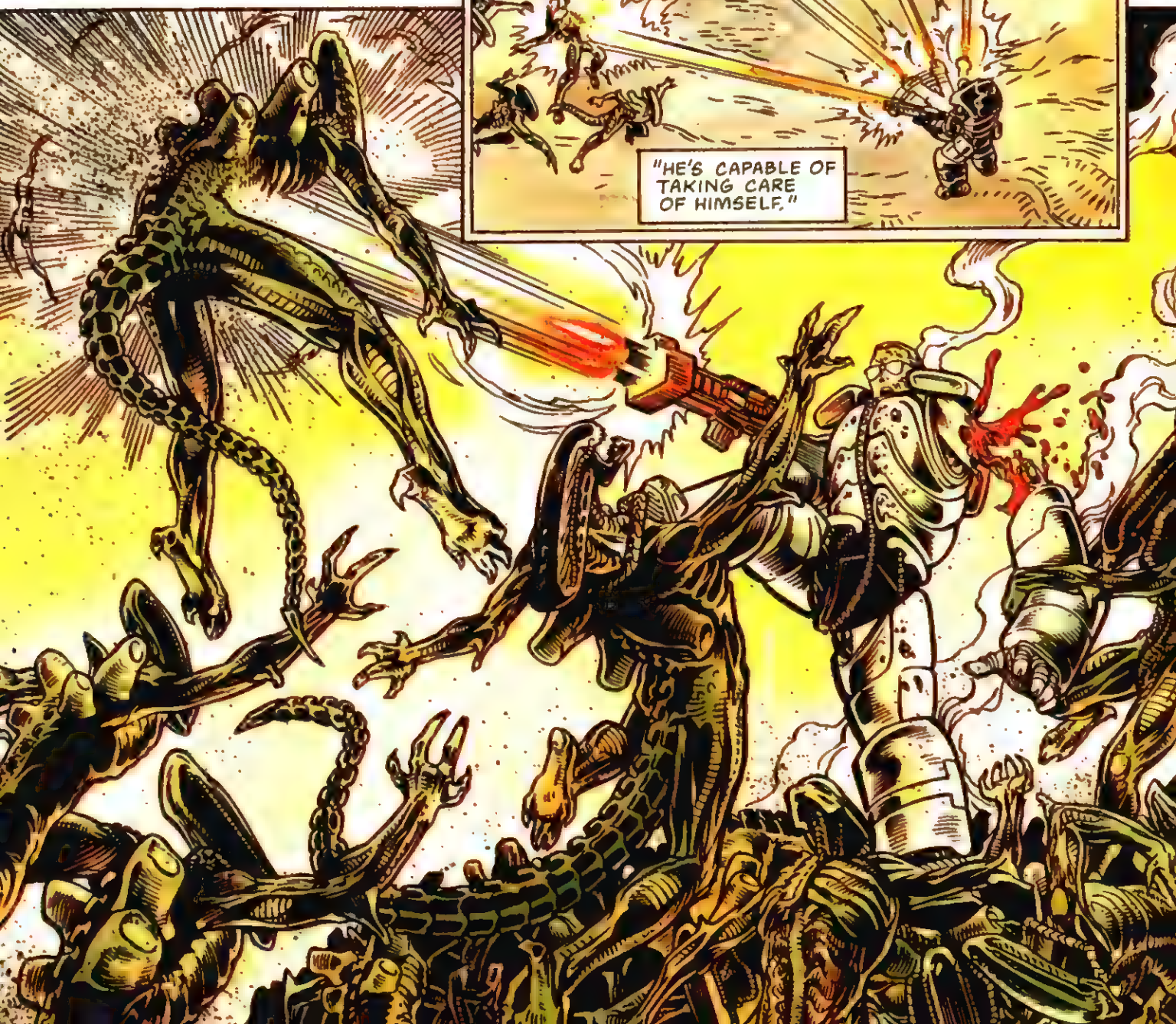
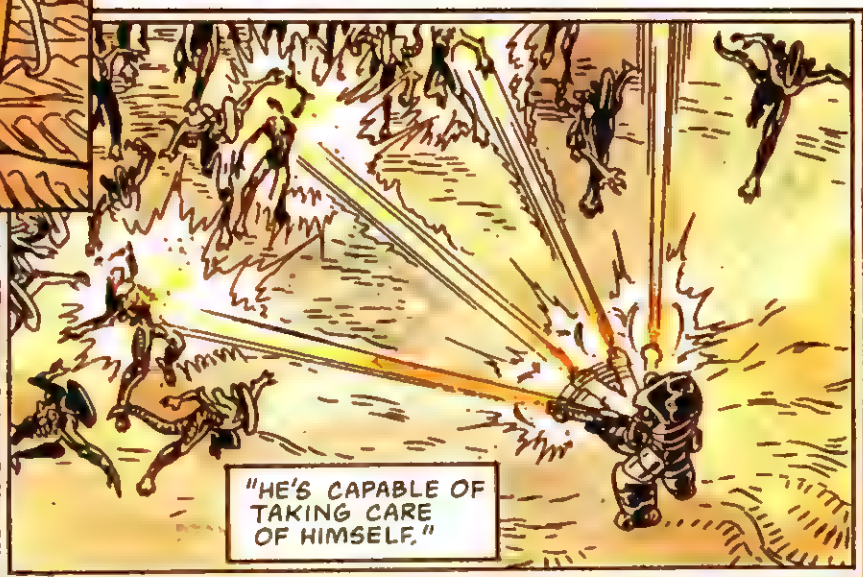
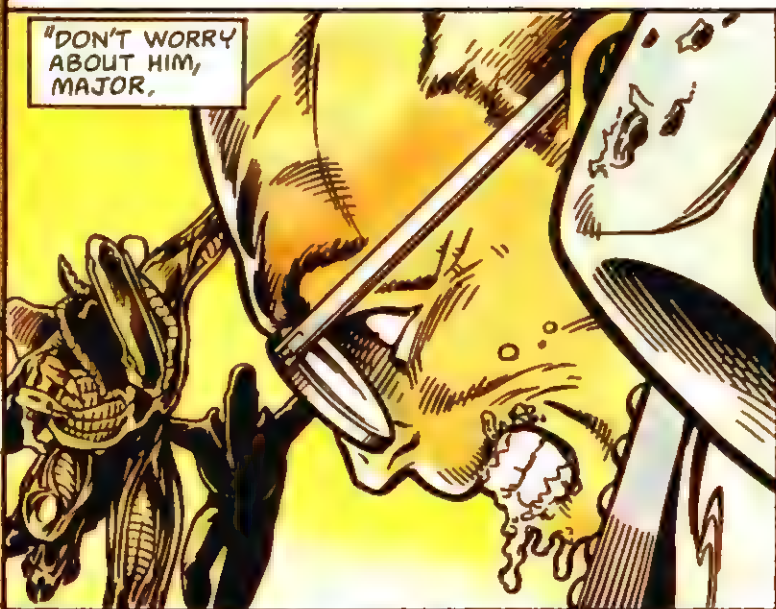


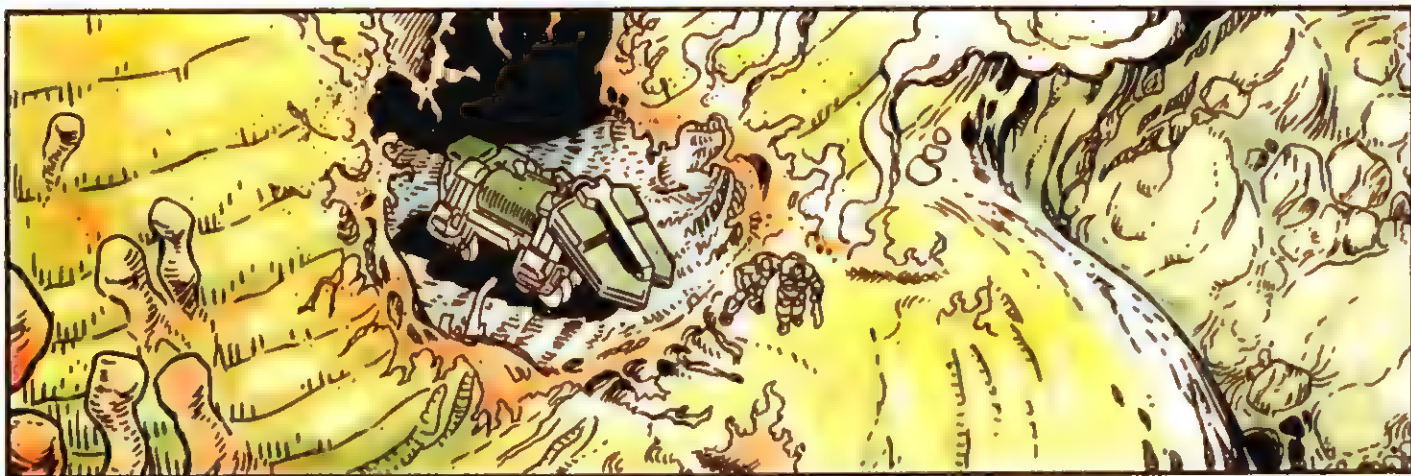
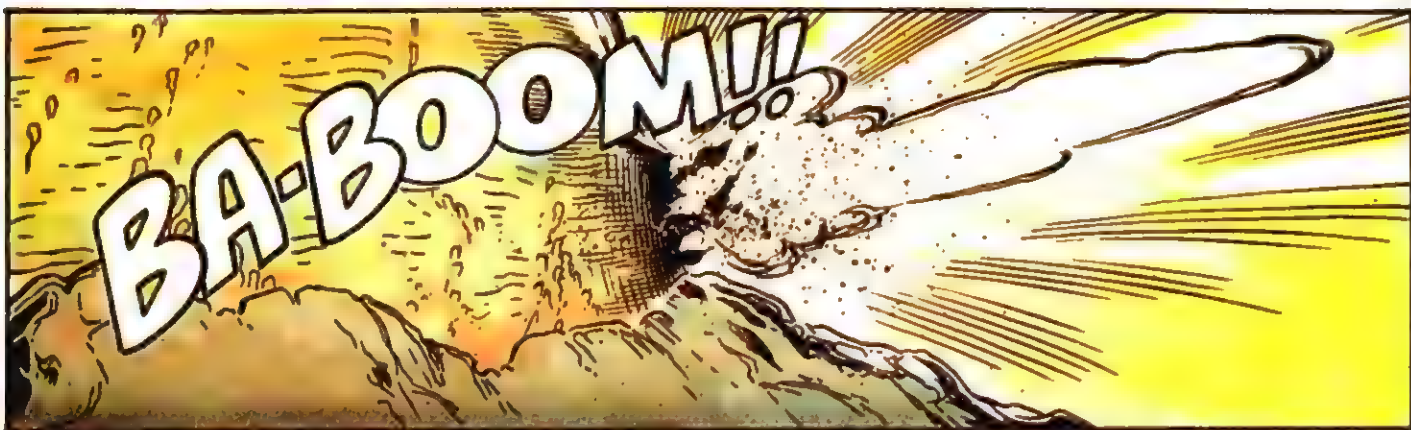


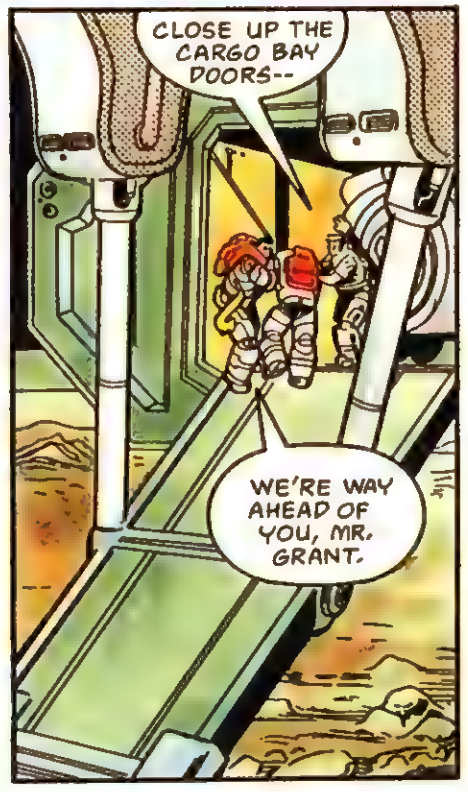
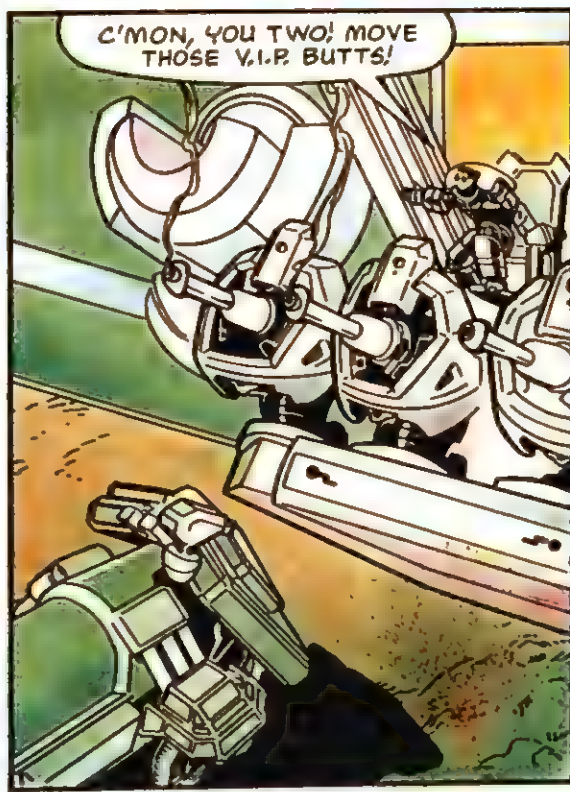
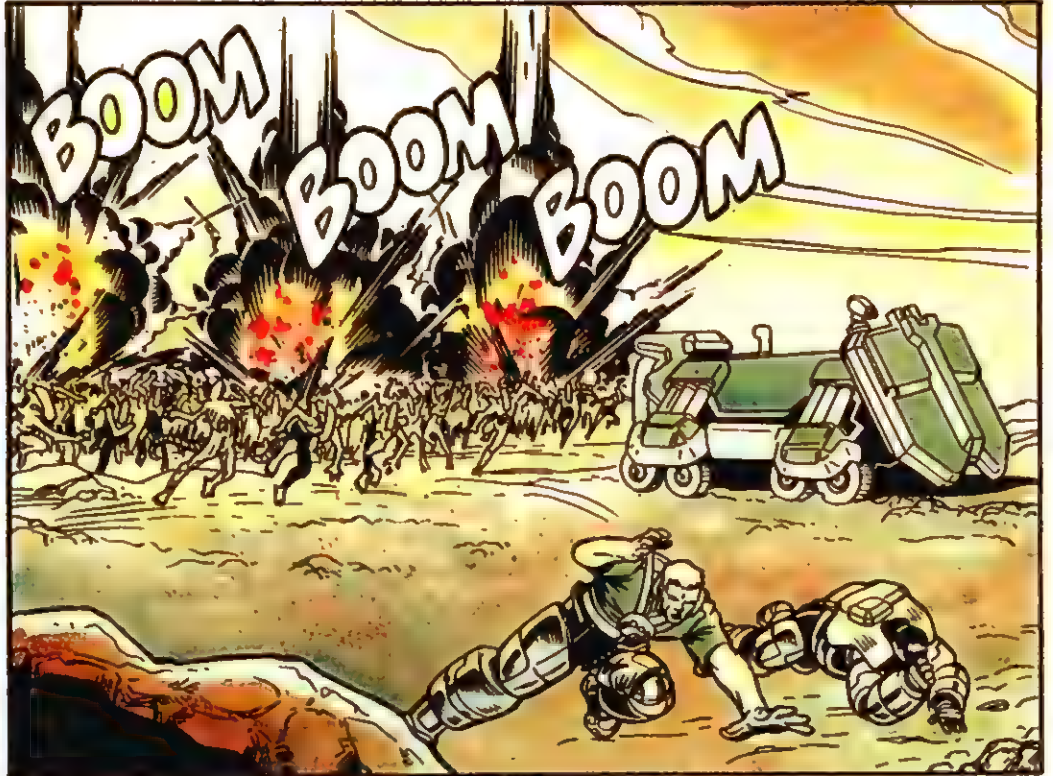
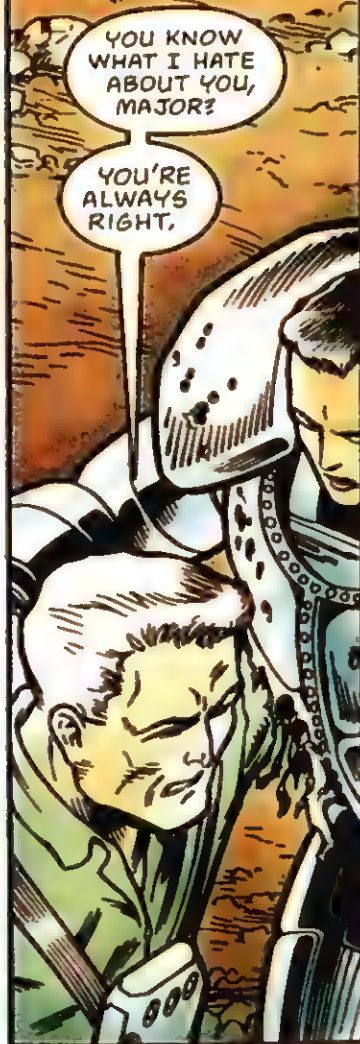
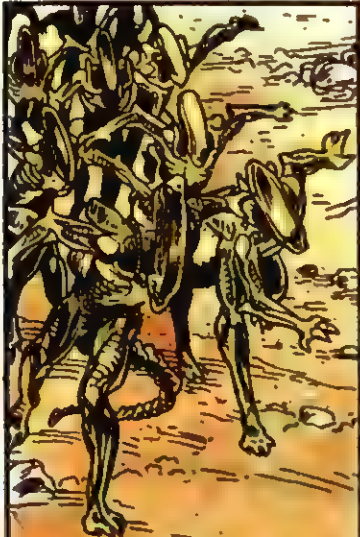
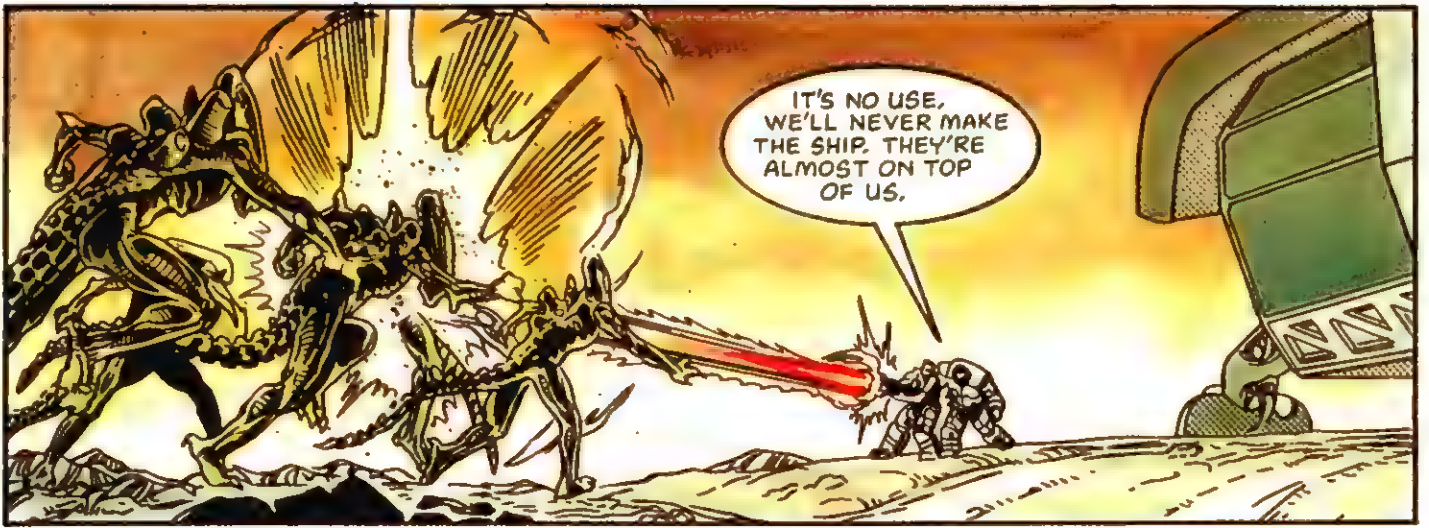
HELL, YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT TROUBLE NOW--

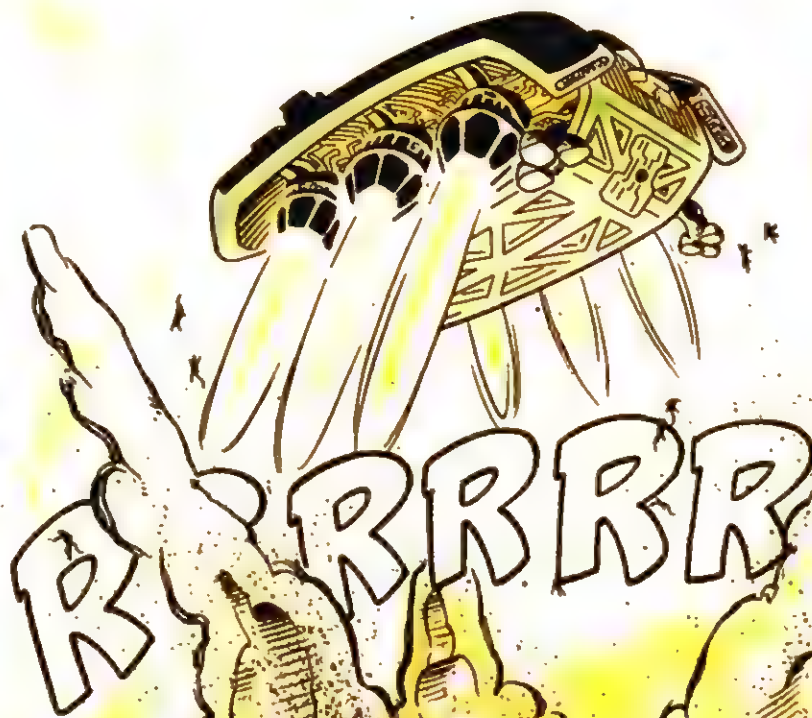
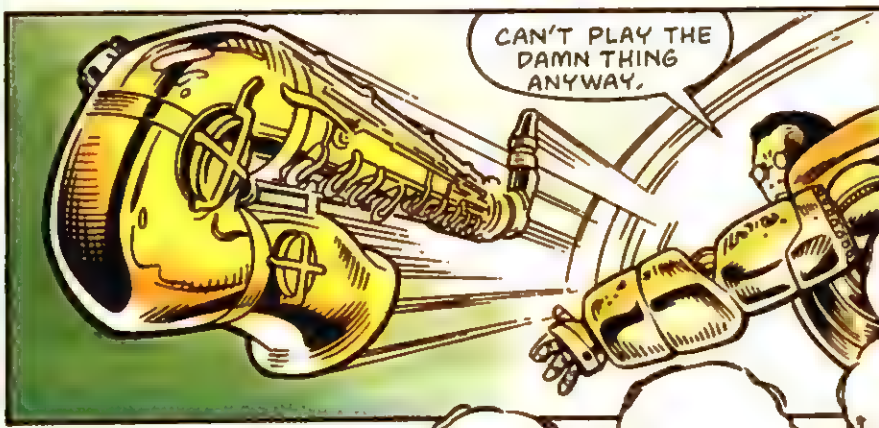
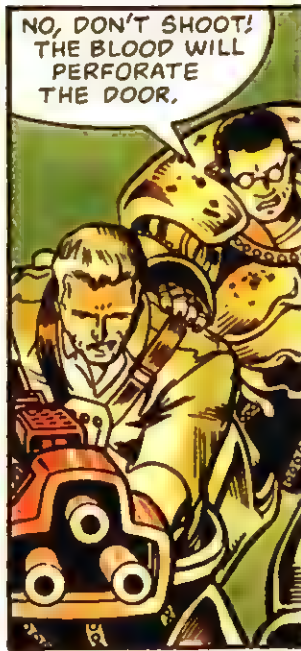
YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I TAKE ONE OF THOSE.











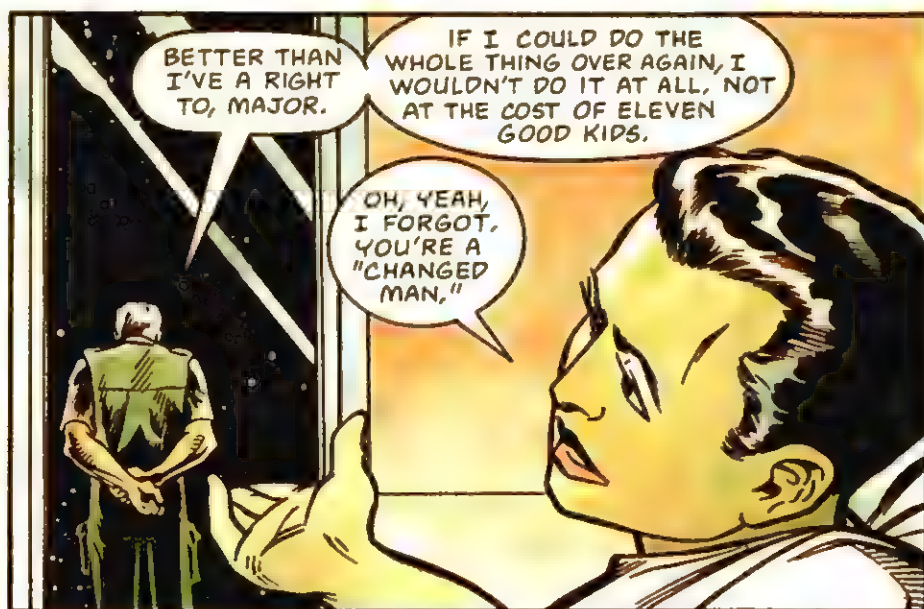


BACK ON THE MOTHER SHIP:

SO YOU'LL BE OKAY?

YEAH, JUST A HAIRLINE FRACTURE, FIVE WEEKS IN THE SLEEPER TUBE AND I CAN START PHYSICAL THERAPY ON EARTH.

I GUESS YOU'RE DOING PRETTY WELL YOURSELF.



BETTER THAN I'VE A RIGHT TO, MAJOR.

IF I COULD DO THE WHOLE THING OVER AGAIN, I WOULDN'T DO IT AT ALL, NOT AT THE COST OF ELEVEN GOOD KIDS.

OH, YEAH, I FORGOT, YOU'RE A "CHANGED MAN,"



YOU'RE VERY HARD TO WIN OVER, MAJOR LEE, WHICH IS WHY I'M GLAD YOU'RE ON MY SIDE.

IT'S BEEN A LONG HARD, HORRIBLE DAY, BUT I FEEL I'VE COME AWAY FROM ALL THIS A WISER, BETTER...PERSON.

SEE? YOU REALLY CAN LEARN SOMETHING NEW EVERY DAY.

"GOOD NIGHT, MAJOR,"



HARVEST



script
JERRY PROSSER

art
KELLEY JONES

color
LES DORSCHIED

lettering
CLEM ROBINS

title illustration
JOHN BOLTON





SHE WAS USED
TO THE DARK. IT HELD
NO SURPRISES.

RIPPLES OF DARKNESS
PUSHED AGAINST HER,
INVISIBLE STONES DROPPED
INTO A POOL OF INK.

SHE
WASN'T
ALONE.



SILENCE, COMPANION TO
DARKNESS, WAS NOT HER FRIEND.

SHE FELT AROUND HER
THE EMPTINESS OF THE
VACUUM...THE GRAVE.



SHE FOUND HERSELF
WHISPERING TO FILL
THE SILENCE.

WHERE
ARE YOU?
WHERE ARE
YOU?



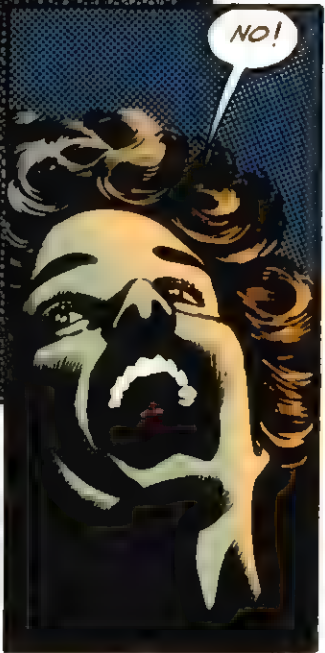
SHE COULD NEITHER SEE NOR HEAR
IT, BUT SHE COULD FEEL ITS PRESENCE.



NOW SHE CURSED
BOTH LIGHT AND
SOUND.

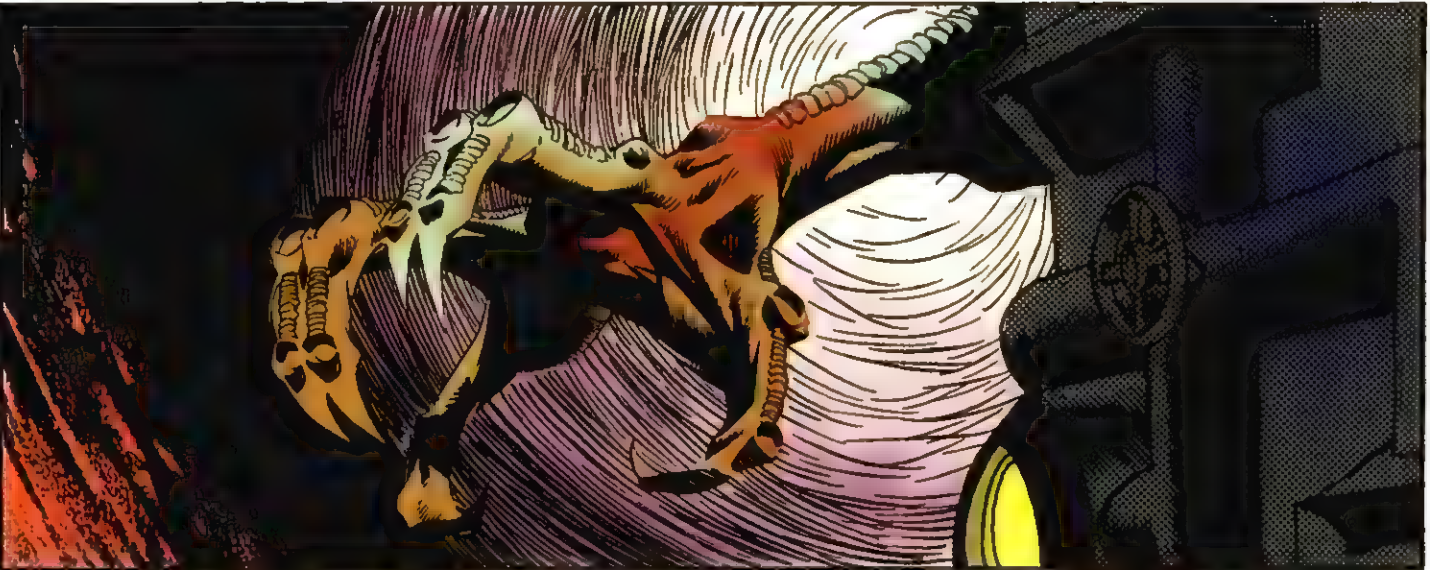
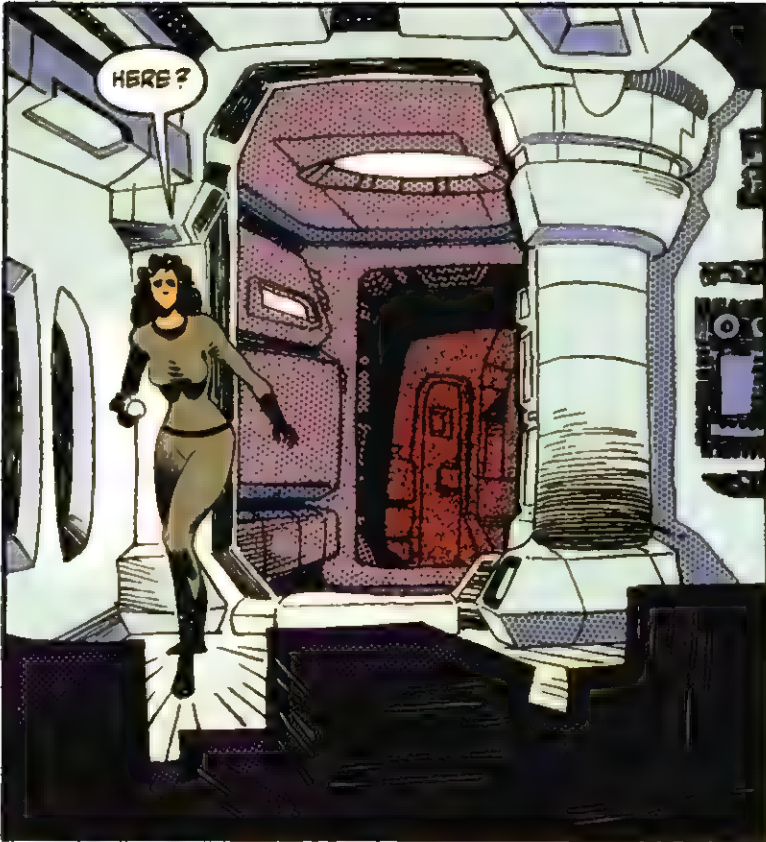
THE EYELESS FACE
CARED NOTHING FOR
SUCH SPECIALIZED
PERCEPTIONS.

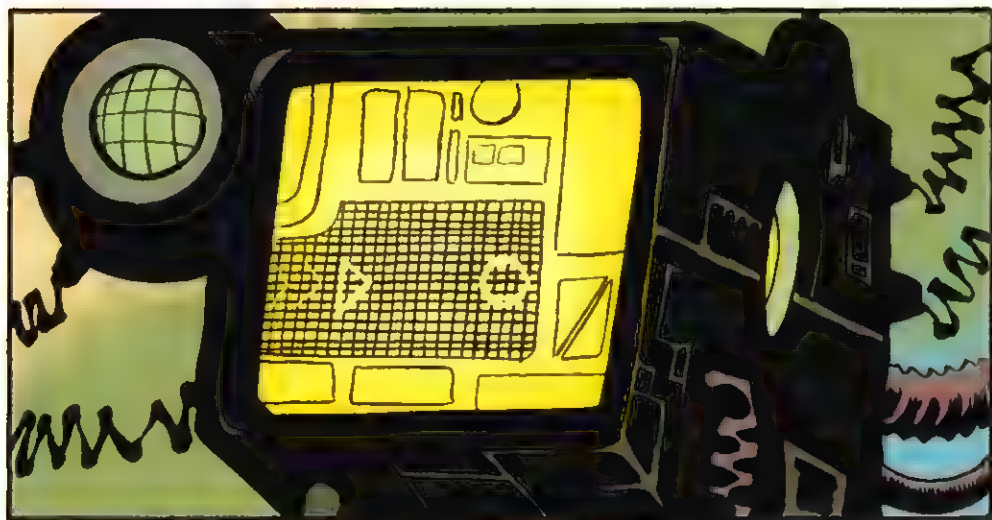
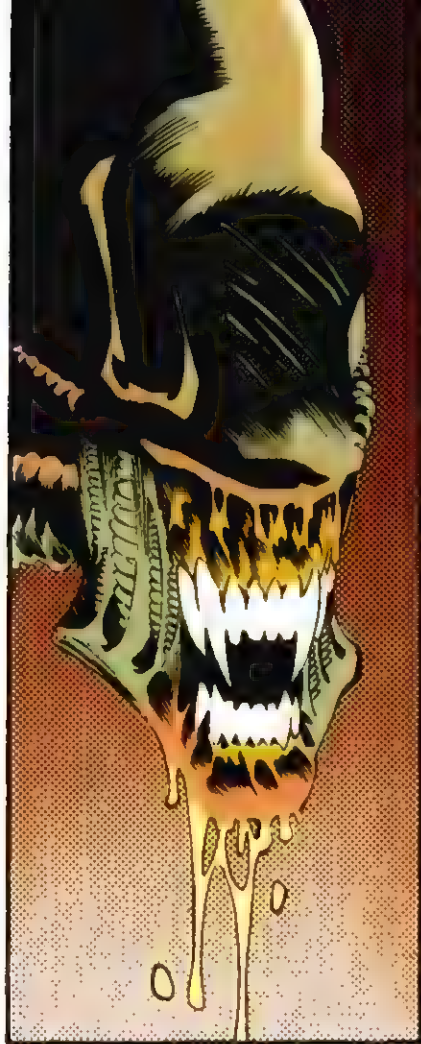
IT USED THE OLD
SENSES...VIBRATION,
ELECTRICITY, FEAR.











C'MON
..LET'S
GO.

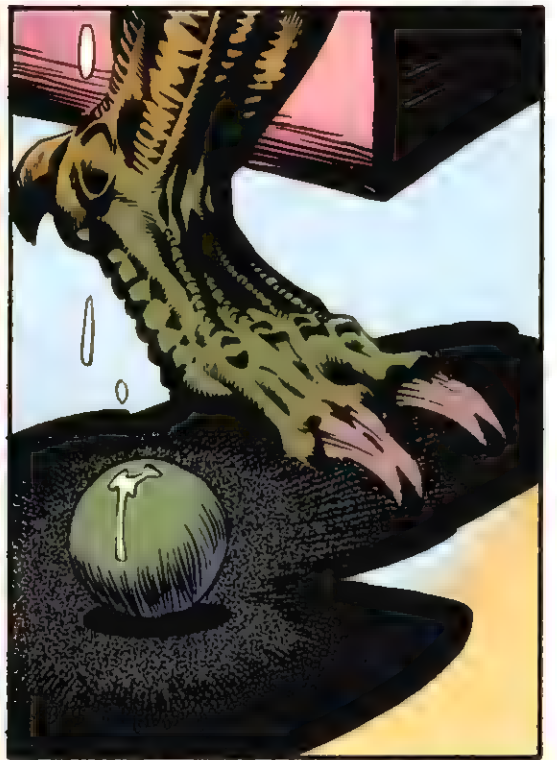
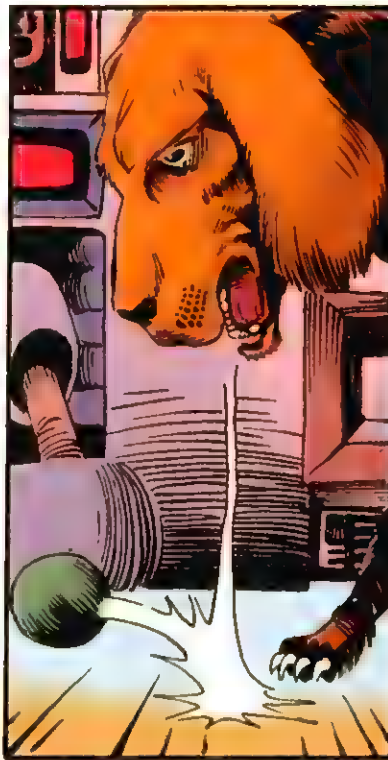
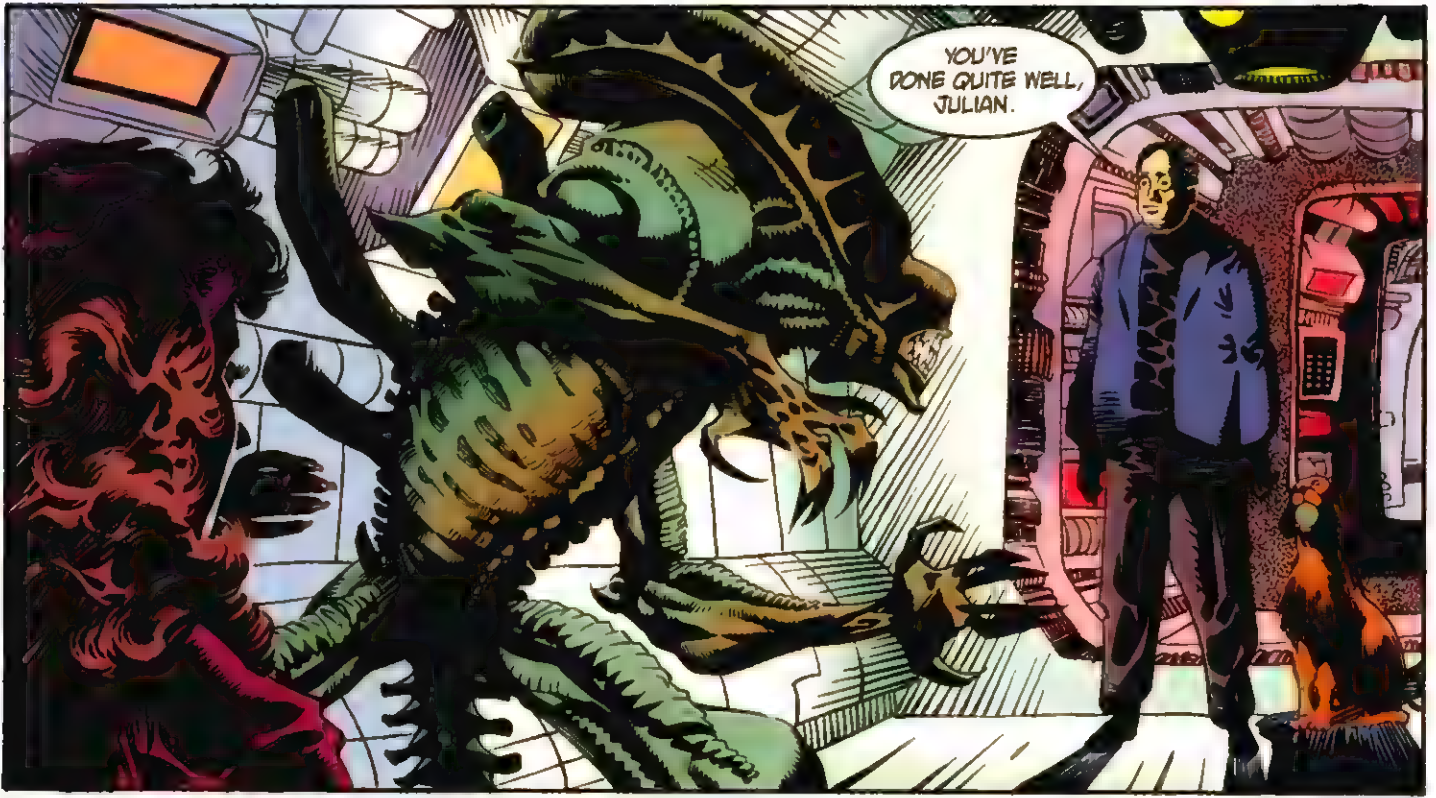


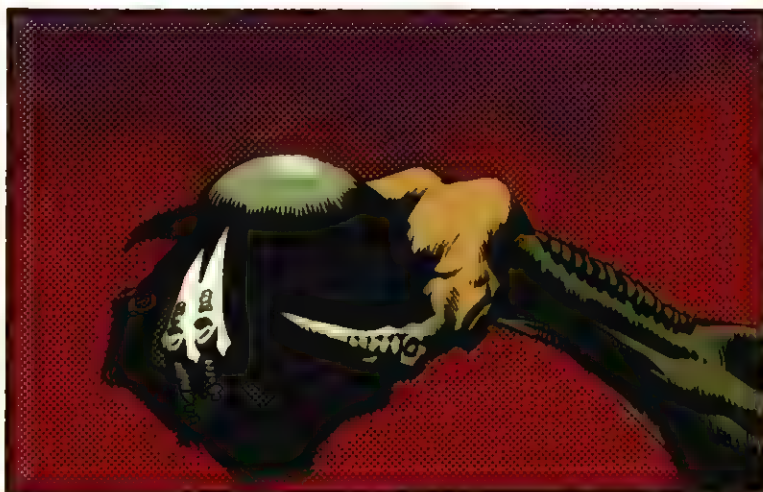
OOH, I
HATE THIS
PART...

PRIORITY
OVERRIDE. CODE
MYRMIDON.

CANCEL
PREDATION
FUNCTIONS.
RETURN TO
STANDARD
PROGRAM.

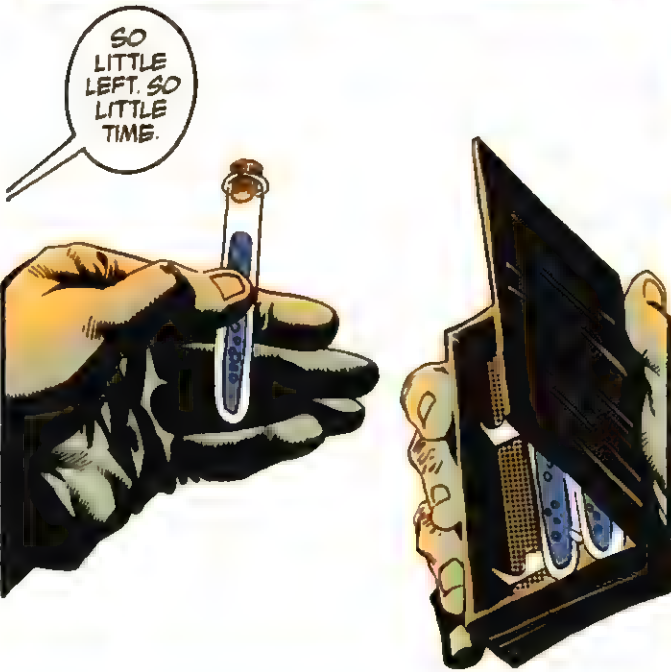




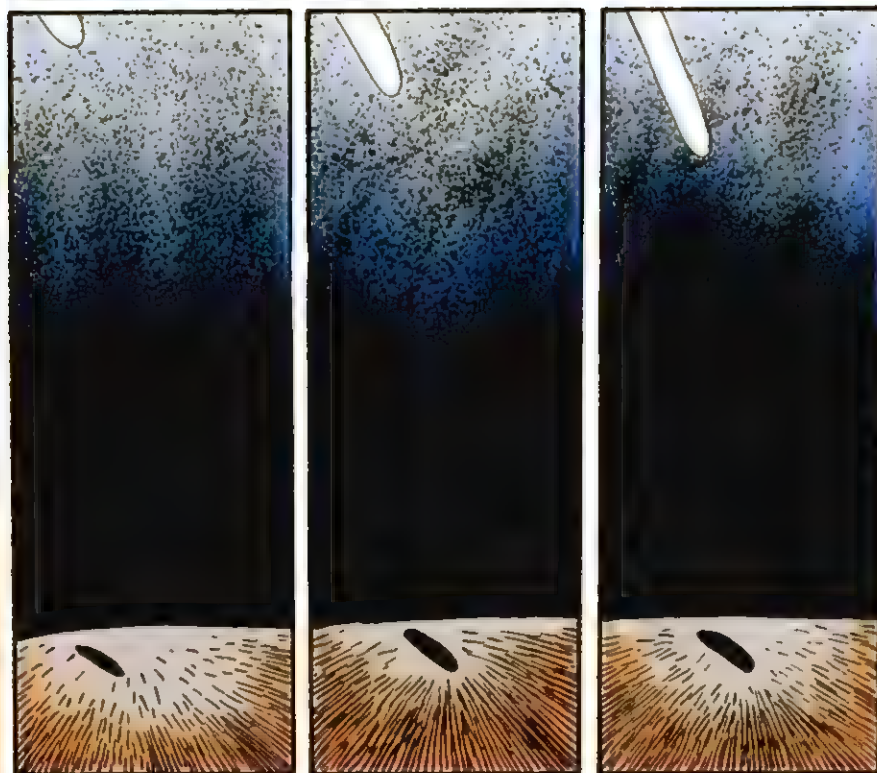
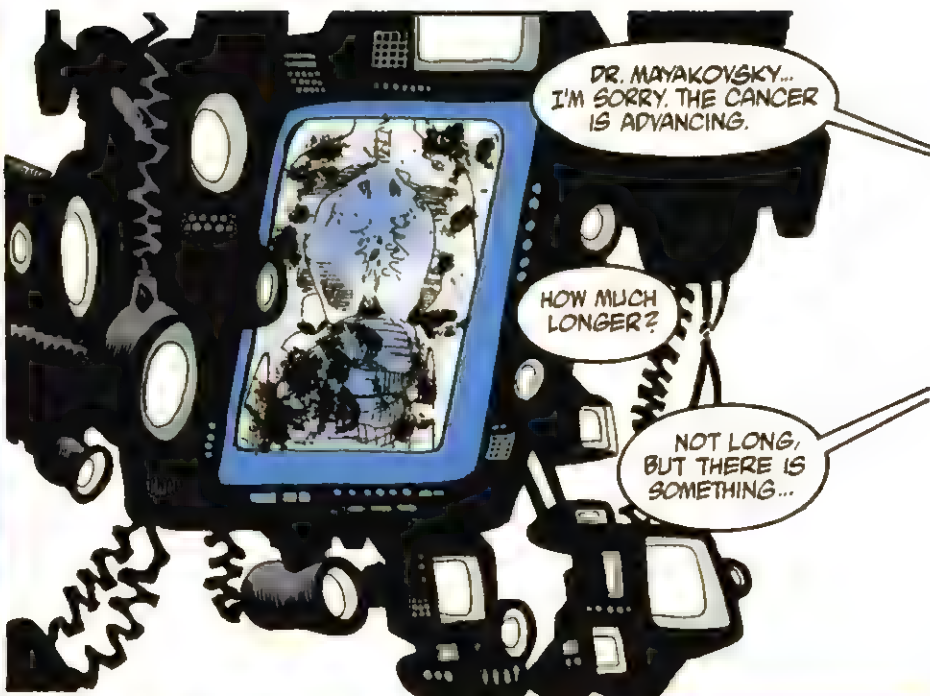


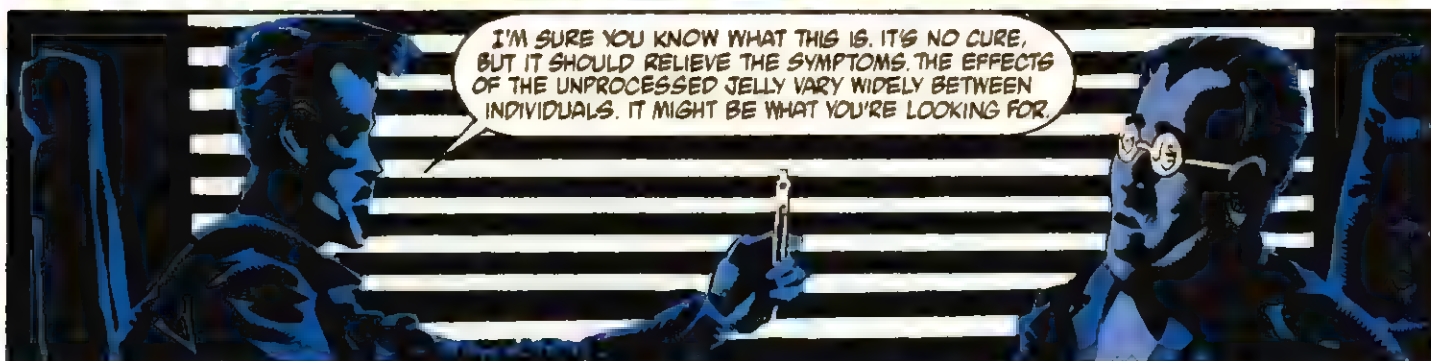






ALONE. OUTSIDE OF TIME. EVERY
EVENT CATALOGUED WITH THE
PRECISION OF A HOLOGRAM: ANY
PORTION CONTAINING THE WHOLE.





I'M SURE YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS. IT'S NO CURE, BUT IT SHOULD RELIEVE THE SYMPTOMS. THE EFFECTS OF THE UNPROCESSED JELLY VARY WIDELY BETWEEN INDIVIDUALS. IT MIGHT BE WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.



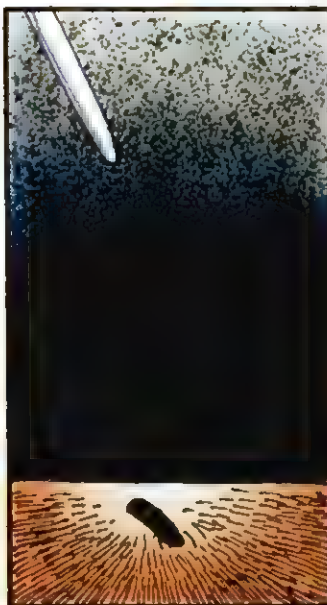
DR. MAYAKOVSKY? MY NAME IS JULIAN LISH. MAY I COME IN? I THINK WE HAVE SOMETHING TO DISCUSS.



THE ALIEN QUEEN MOTHER'S ROYAL JELLY IS THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER CONSCIOUSNESS-ALTERING SUBSTANCE IN EXISTENCE.

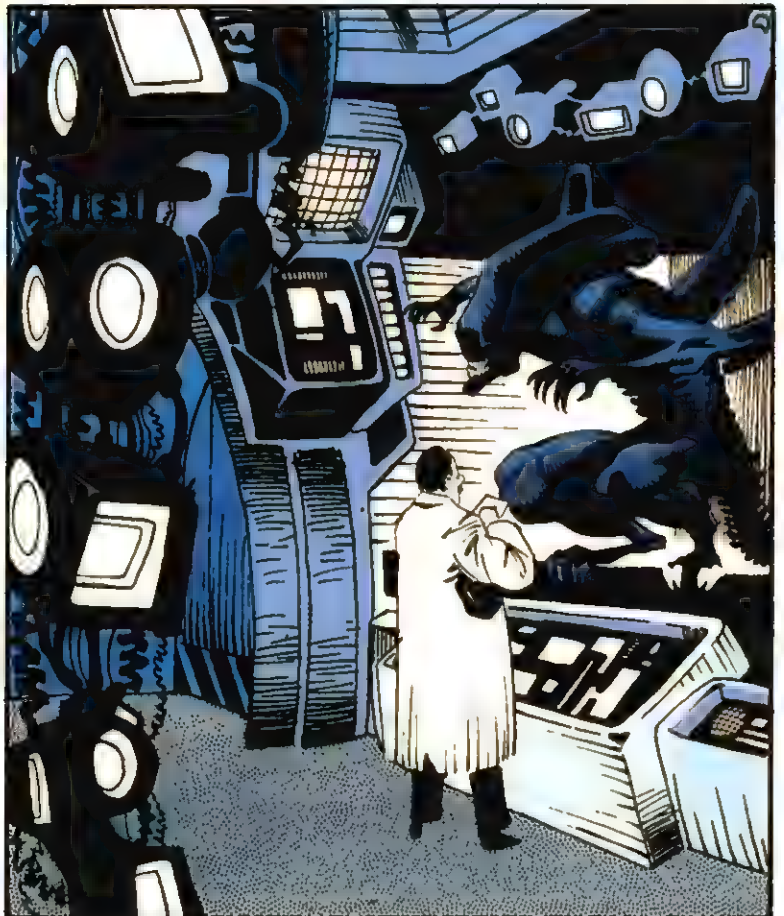
IT GIVES SOME AN INTENSE FEELING OF WELL-BEING AND COMPETENCE. OTHERS EXPERIENCE LEVELS OF THEIR OWN BEING NOT NORMALLY PERCEIVED. STILL OTHERS HAVE AN ORGASM THAT SEEMS TO GO ON FOREVER.

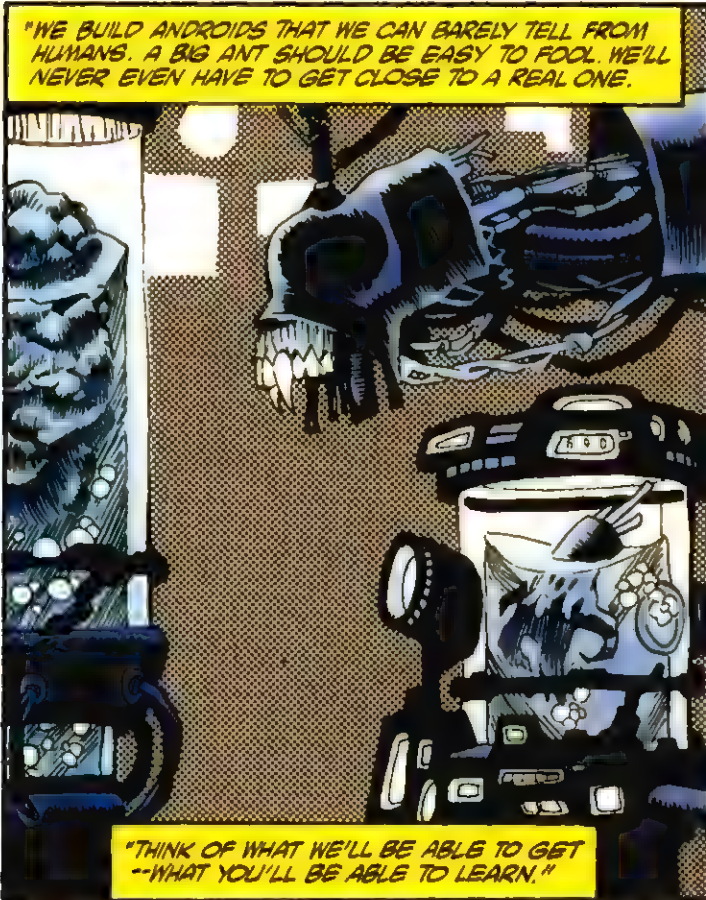
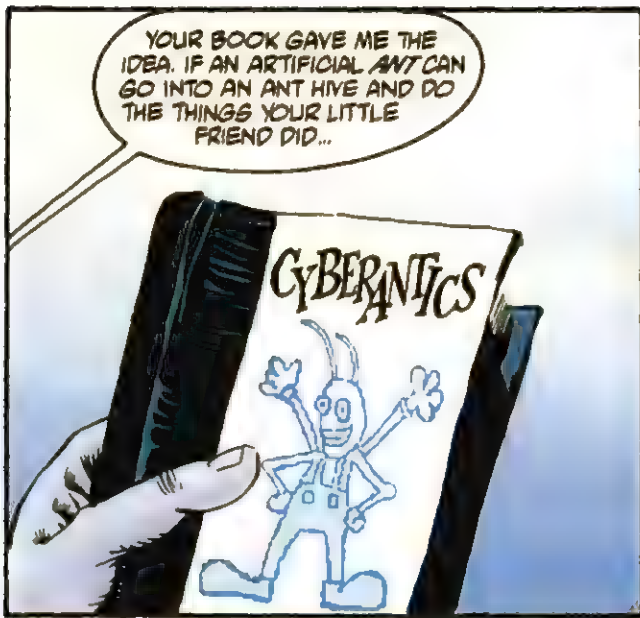
I'M SURE YOU'RE AWARE OF XENO-ZIP. YOU NEED THIS --THE RAW STUFF.

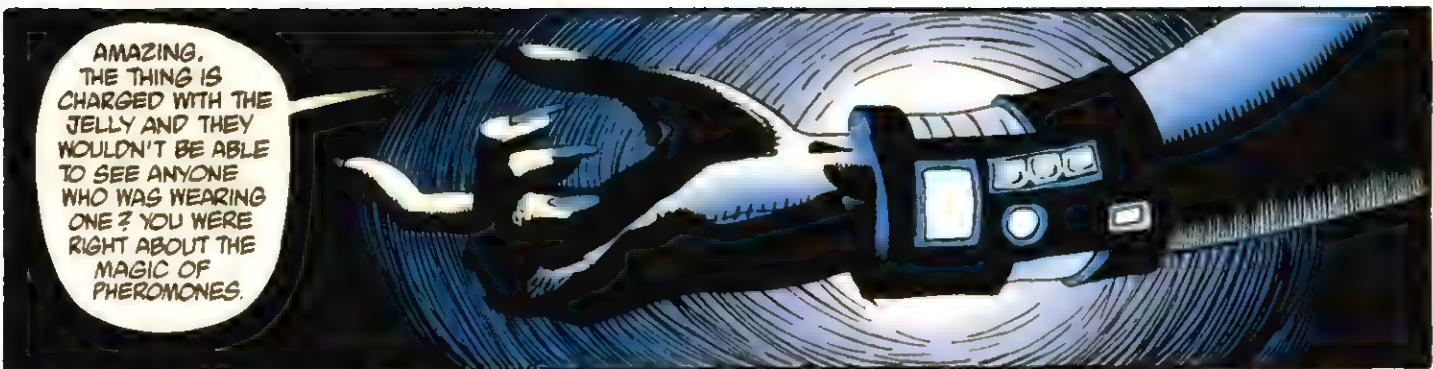




HE REMEMBERS EVERYTHING ABOUT THAT NIGHT...HER EYES, HER SMILE, THE WAY HE FELT, AND THE PLAN. IT SEEMS TO BE HAPPENING ALL OVER AGAIN...AND AGAIN...







AMAZING.
THE THING IS
CHARGED WITH THE
JELLY AND THEY
WOULDN'T BE ABLE
TO SEE ANYONE
WHO WAS WEARING
ONE? YOU WERE
RIGHT ABOUT THE
MAGIC OF
PHEROMONES.



LET'S CALL
HIM NORBERT,
AFTER THE
SCIENTIST
YOU TOLD ME
ABOUT.

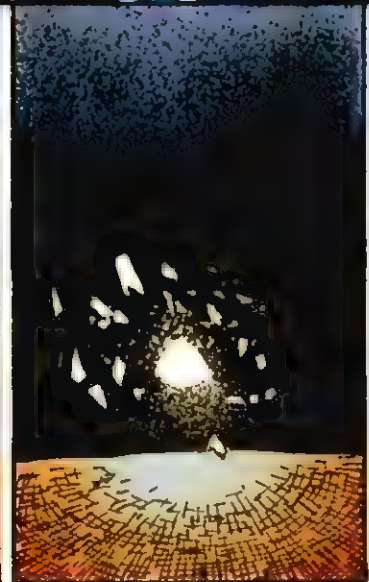
I DON'T
THINK
SO.

STAN, I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO SAY...
THANK YOU, I
LOVE IT.

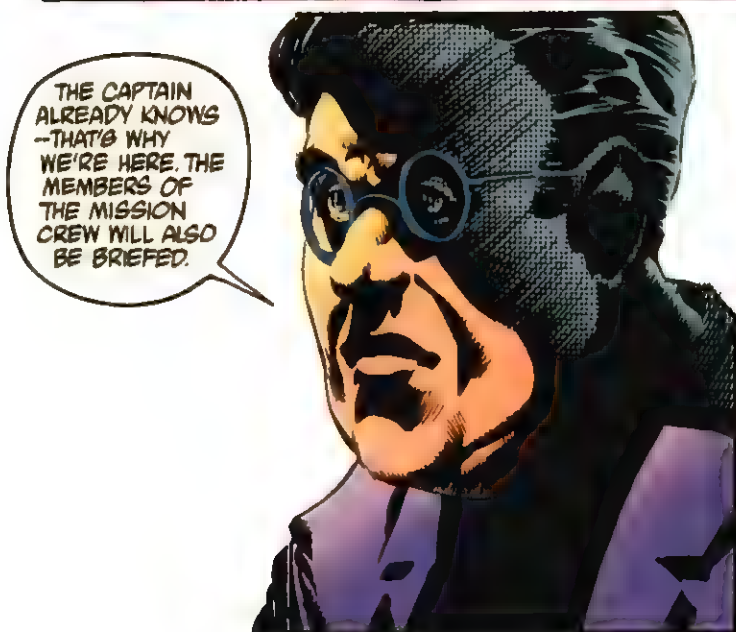
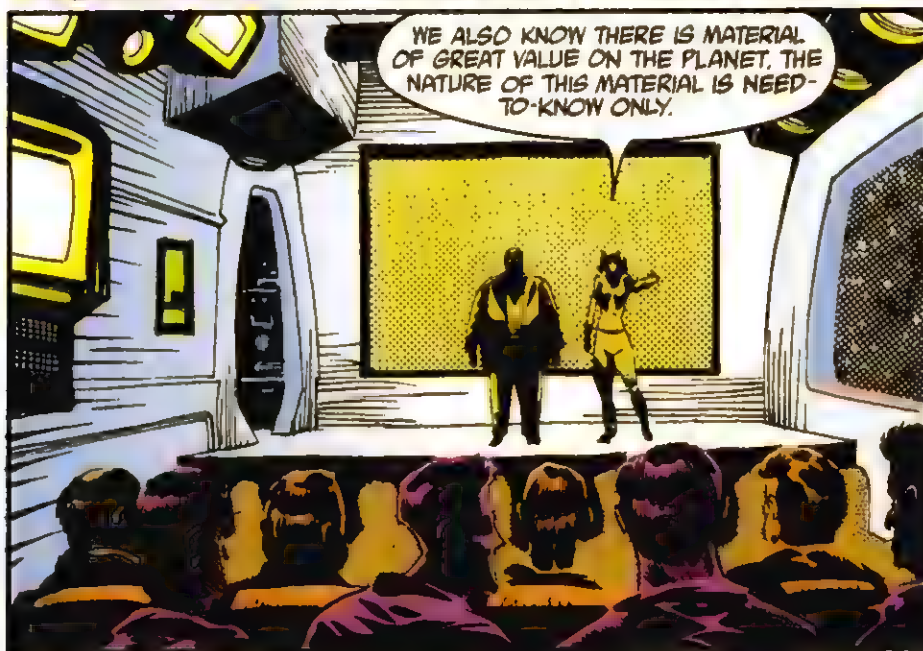


HE FEELS THE
SHUDDER IN HIS
CHEST ONCE
MORE. IT SEEMS
TO LAST LONGER
THAN HIS OWN SHY
ADOLESCENCE.

THE BLUE
SUBSTANCE
ENCASES HIS
FEELINGS LIKE
AMBER. HE
CAN PULL
THEM
FROM HIS
MEMORY AND
EXAMINE
THEM--
EXPERIENCE
THEM--
FOREVER.













WE'RE GETTING SOME STRANGE SIGNALS AND CAN'T SEEM TO GET A FIX. I'M NOT SURE OF THEIR POINT OF ORIGIN, OR EVEN IF IT'S NOT SOME NATURALLY OCCURRING PHENOMENON.

BUT, GIVEN OUR LOCATION, IT COULD BE SOME SORT OF PROXIMITY ALARM.

ANY OTHER SHIPS IN THE SECTOR?

NO, ALTHOUGH THERE SEEMS TO BE QUITE A BIT OF DEBRIS.

IF IT IS AN ALARM, LET'S GET GOING BEFORE ANYONE COMES. IF IT ISN'T, WHAT'S THE USE OF WAITING?

THE SOONER WE'VE RETURNED FROM THE SURFACE, THE BETTER OFF EVERYONE WILL BE.

WELL...WE'VE LOCATED YOUR SITE, AT ANY RATE. THE SURFACE IS PRETTY BARREN...

SO THEIR NEST STICKS UP LIKE A SORE THUMB.

THE WEATHER'S BAD AND LIKELY TO GET WORSE, SO WE'VE GOT ANOTHER REASON TO MOVE FAST. THE COMPUTER'S PROJECTIONS GIVE US 12 HOURS BEFORE CONDITIONS PUT THE PLATFORM AT RISK.

I'M GLAD I'M NOT GOING DOWN THERE.



"HOBAN, THIS IS LISH. WE'VE CLEARED THE BAY AND ARE ON AN APPROACH VECTOR TO THE SURFACE."

"PLANET HAS A HEAVY RADIATION BELT--NO TIME FOR SIGHTSEEING."



"GILL, KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE HULL IONIZATION."



"YOU DON'T LOOK VERY GOOD, STAN."



"HOBAN, WE'RE ON OUR FINAL APPROACH."



SEE? WHAT DID I TELL YOU, STAN? A WALK IN THE PARK.



GGGGGGGGGGGG



CONTACT WITH ATMOSPHERE...NOW.

THE PROFILE LOOKS
NOMINAL, GILL.
ESTABLISH BRAKING
SEQUENCE.



YOUR SYSTEM SHOWS
THE WEATHER IS
WORSE THAN WE
ANTICIPATED.
COMPENSATE
BRAKING TO
ACCOMMODATE.

YOU'RE ALMOST
IN POSITION. DON'T TAKE
TOO LONG MAKING US
ALL RICH.





ANYTHING LEFT?

DOLOMITE'S LOG. CAPTAIN'S ENTRY. FOLLOWING THE LAUNCH OF THE MISSION PLATFORM, I'VE DECIDED TO EXAMINE SOME OF THE DEBRIS WE NOTICED IN ORBIT. UNDER CLOSER SCRUTINY, WE'VE DISCOVERED THE REMAINS OF A SHIP.

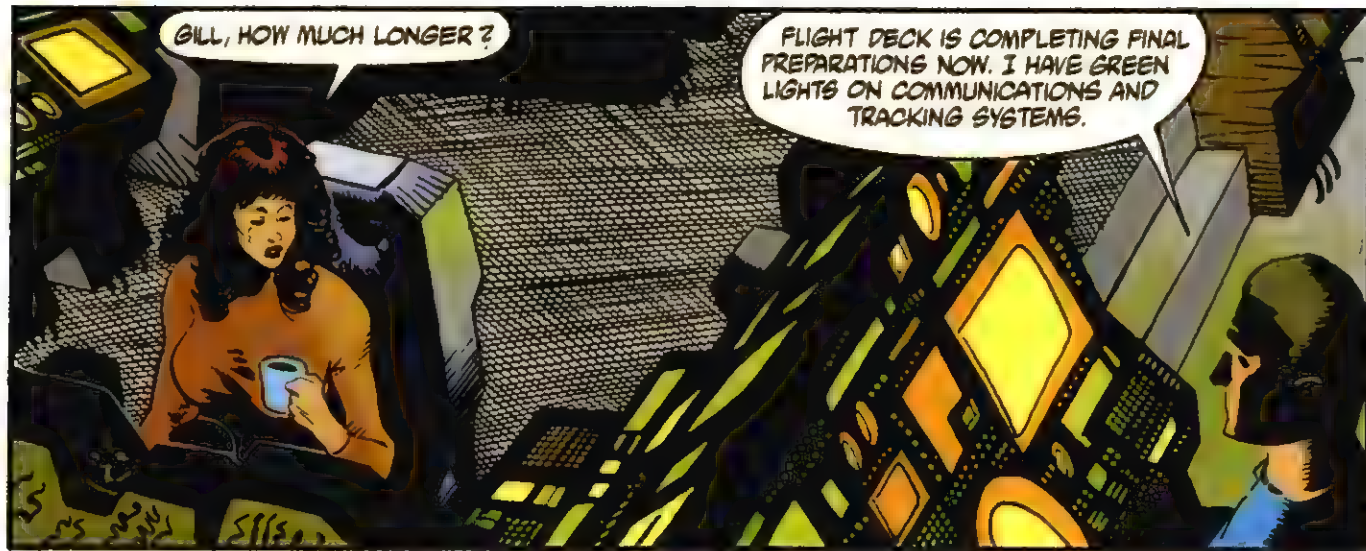
TWO MEN HAVE GONE ON BOARD TO LOOK FOR ONE OF THE SHIP'S BLACK BOXES. I HOPE TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED AND IF IT WILL AFFECT OUR MISSION.

WE'RE GETTING CLOSE. I'VE GOT IT ON A LOCATOR. IT'S JUST THAT...WHAT IF ONE OF THOSE THINGS...?

TAKE IT EASY. DON'T GET SPOOKED.

I'VE GOT THE RECORDER.

GET THAT THING BACK HERE ON THE DOUBLE! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT SHIP.



GILL, HOW MUCH LONGER?

FLIGHT DECK IS COMPLETING FINAL PREPARATIONS NOW. I HAVE GREEN LIGHTS ON COMMUNICATIONS AND TRACKING SYSTEMS.



STAN'LL WANT TO GO OVER SOME LAST-MINUTE DETAILS, I'M SURE.

WILL YOU LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS THING...



THE HIVE IS ALMOST 1000 METERS HIGH. PRETTY IMPRESSIVE ON A PLANET WHERE THE HIGHEST NATURALLY-OCCURRING "PEAK" IS ONLY 350 METERS.

THE WEATHER IS OBSCURING THE IMAGING SYSTEM. I HOPE NORBERT DOESN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE.

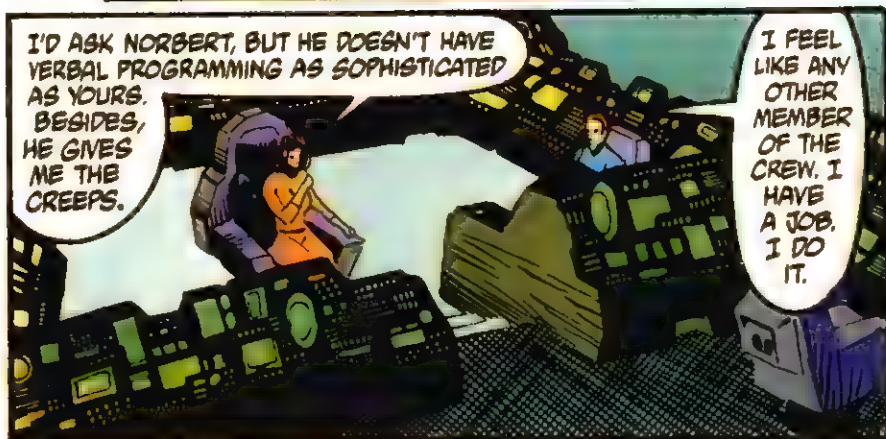


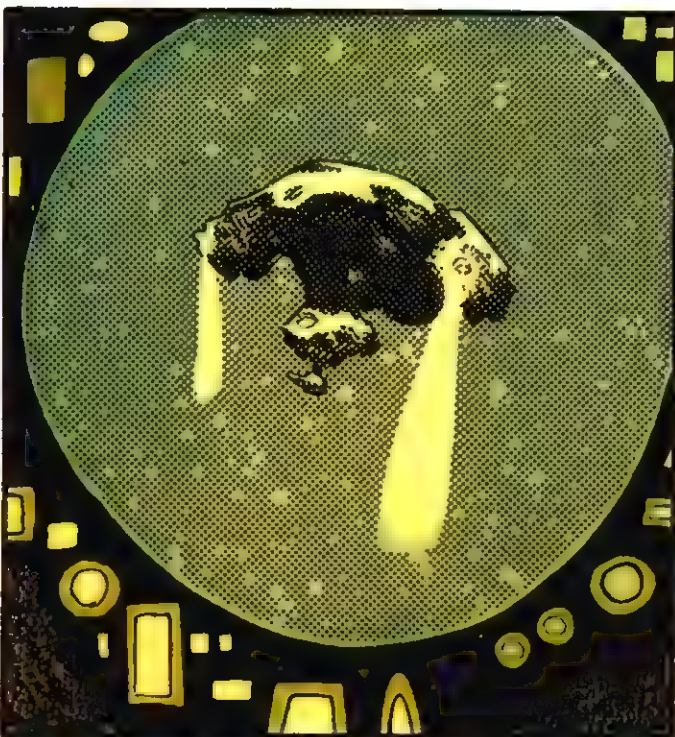
YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT ELSE MIGHT BE DOWN THERE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

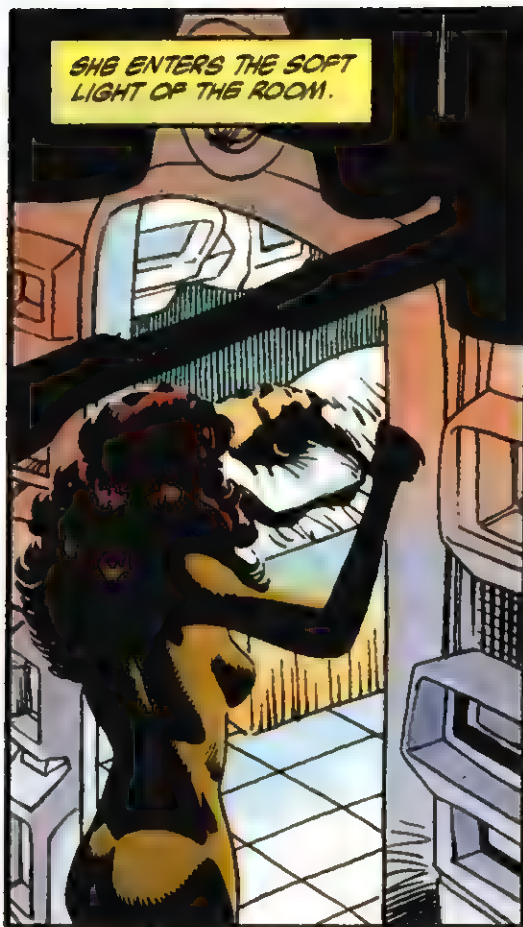
SORRY, NO TIME. MAYBE YOU CAN GET NORBERT TO PLAY WITH YOU BEFORE YOU LEAVE.







SHE ENTERS THE SOFT
LIGHT OF THE ROOM.



BY THE LOOK ON HIS FACE, SHE CAN TELL HE IS OUTSIDE OF
TIME. A SOLITARY IMMORTAL MADE OF WAX.

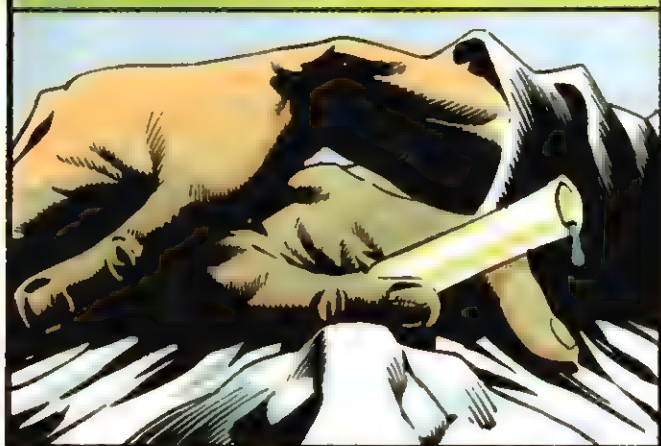
SHE MUSES
ON THE
VALUE OF AN
ETERNITY
CONSISTING
ONLY OF
SOLIPSISM
AND MEMORY.



HOW MUCH TIME
DO THEY HAVE LEFT?



CAN SHE EVEN THINK IN SUCH TERMS, AS HE MOVES
IN FROZEN TIME—LIKE THE RUNNER IN ZENO'S
FIRST PARADOX? THE FINISH LINE DRAWS CLOSER,
YET NO CLOSER, THROUGH AN INFINITE SERIES OF
DIVISIONS OF THE DISTANCE.

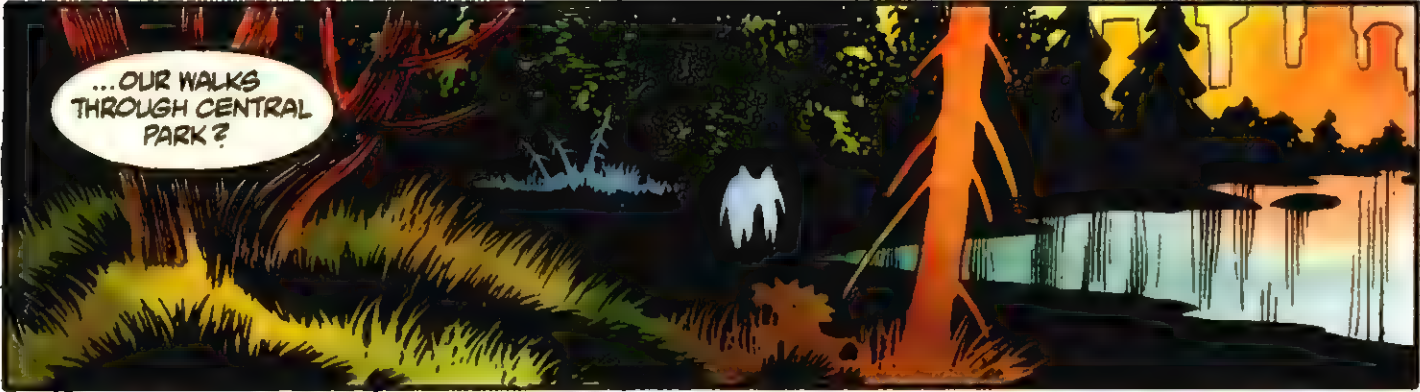


HOW CAN THE RACE END WHEN
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO BEGIN?



STAN? WHAT ARE
YOU DREAMING ABOUT?
AM I WITH YOU?

WHAT...



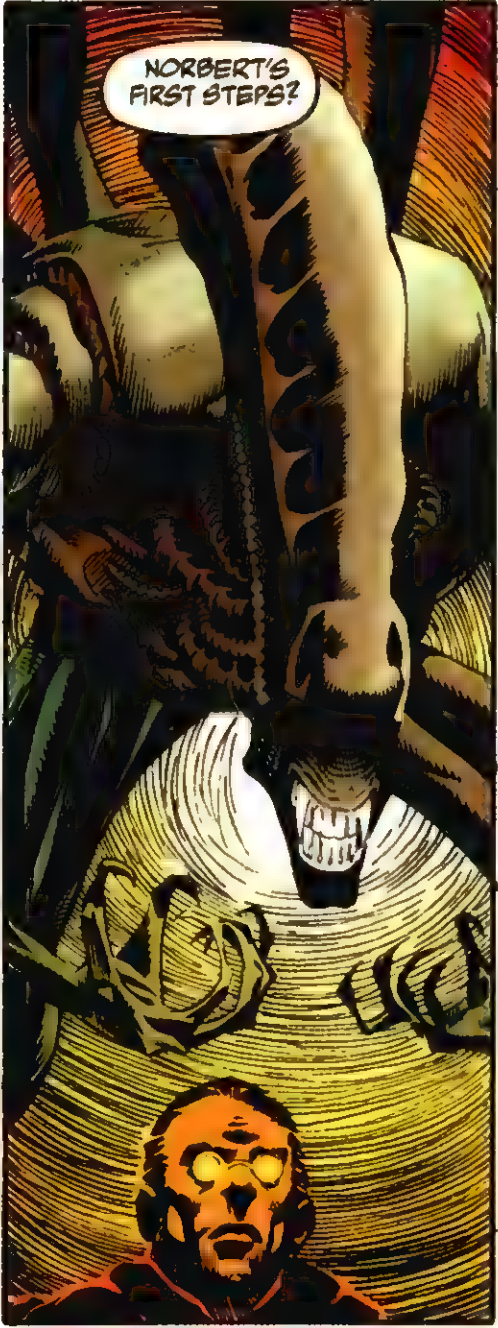
...OUR WALKS
THROUGH CENTRAL
PARK?



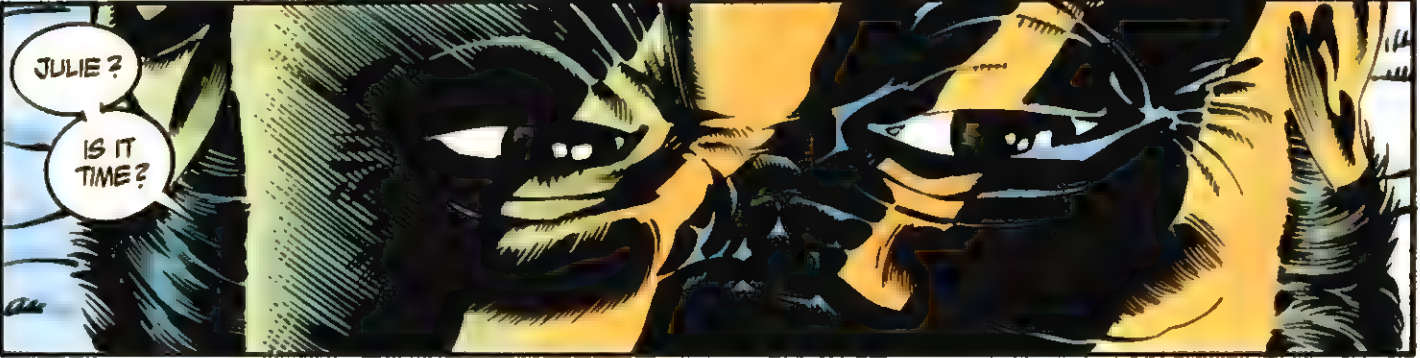
READING TO
CHILDREN IN THE
LIBRARY?



MAKING
LOVE?



NORBERT'S
FIRST STEPS?

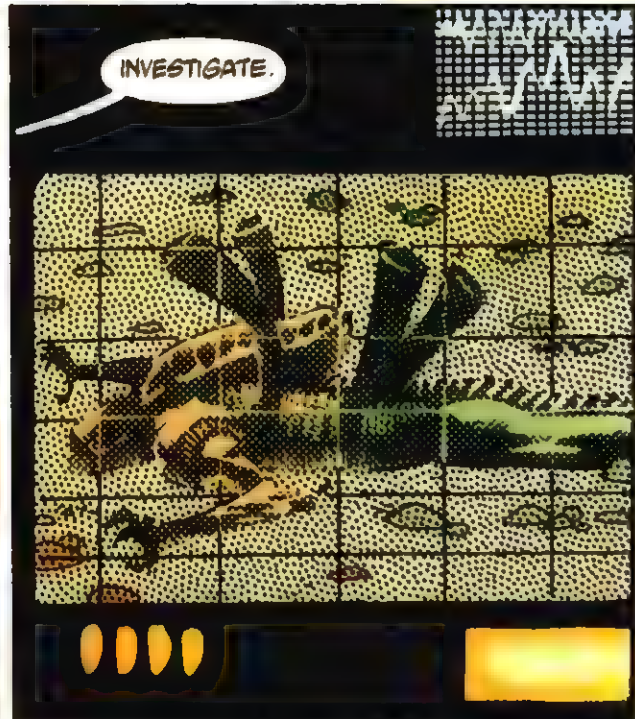
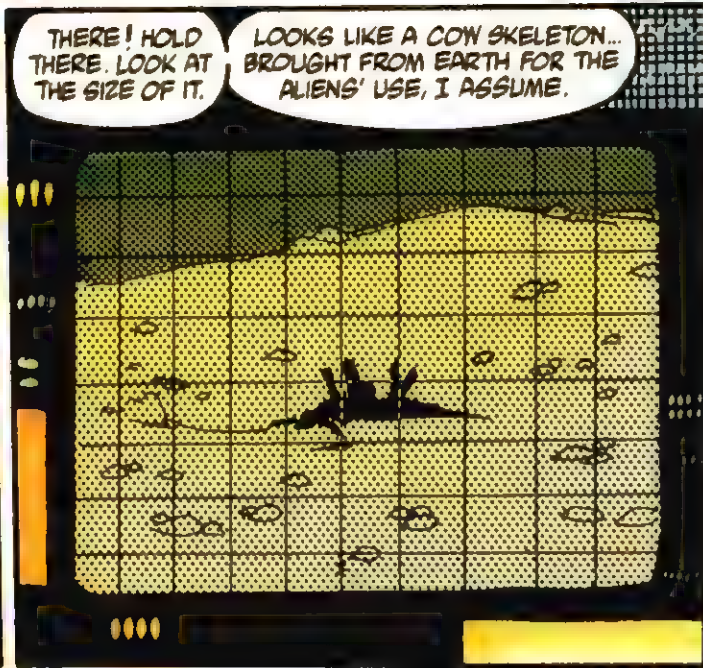


JULIE?

IS IT
TIME?

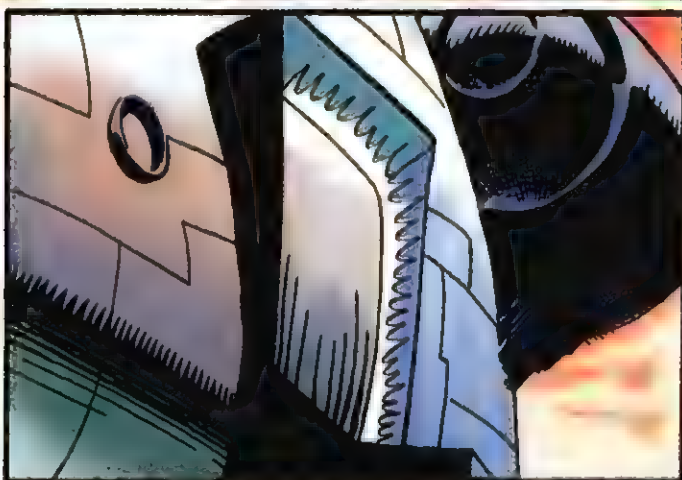
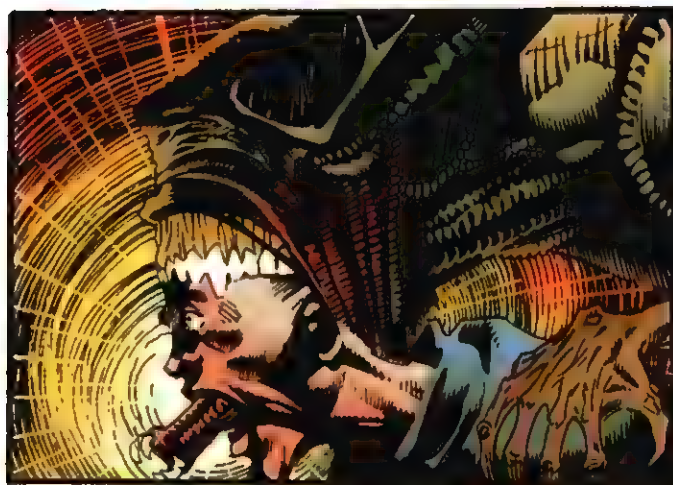










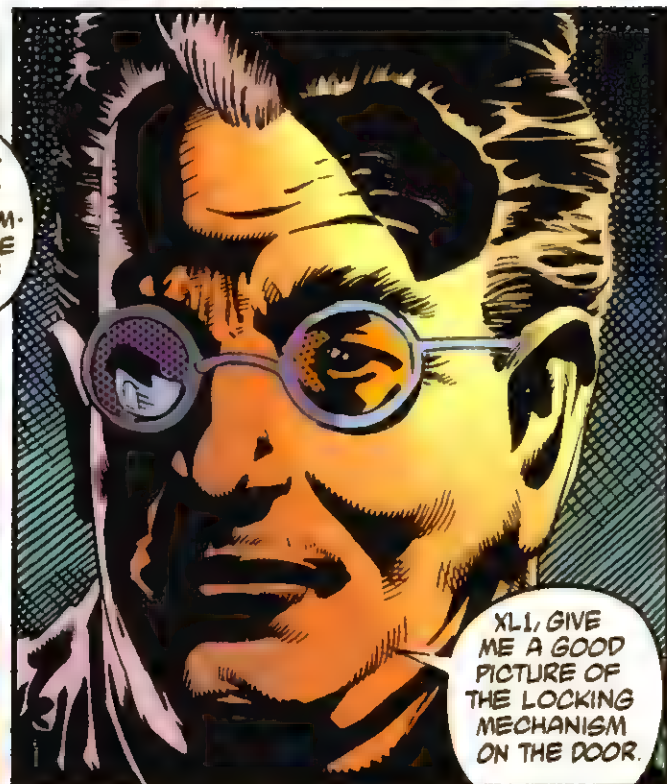




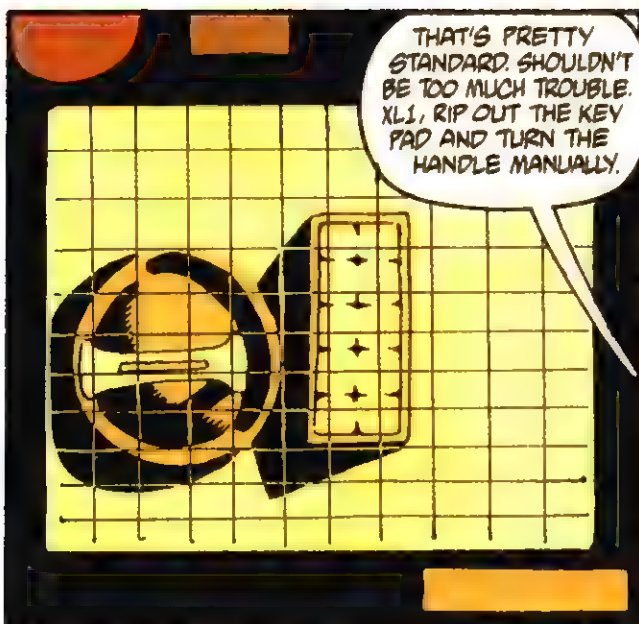
JULIE, PLEASE TAKE GILL OUT OF THE ROOM. HIS BEHAVIORAL PROGRAMMING MAY GIVE HIM AN EMBOLISM IF HE OBSERVES ANY MORE.

HE MAY BE COMPELLED TO ACT. I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO DO ANYTHING FOOLISH.

GILL, SOME-DAY YOU AND I MUST HAVE A LITTLE TALK ABOUT YOUR PROGRAMMING. IT SHOULD MAKE YOU A LITTLE LESS PREDICTABLE.



XL1, GIVE ME A GOOD PICTURE OF THE LOCKING MECHANISM ON THE DOOR.



THAT'S PRETTY STANDARD. SHOULDN'T BE TOO MUCH TROUBLE. XL1, RIP OUT THE KEY PAD AND TURN THE HANDLE MANUALLY.



WHAT IS HE DOING AWAKE?

HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?

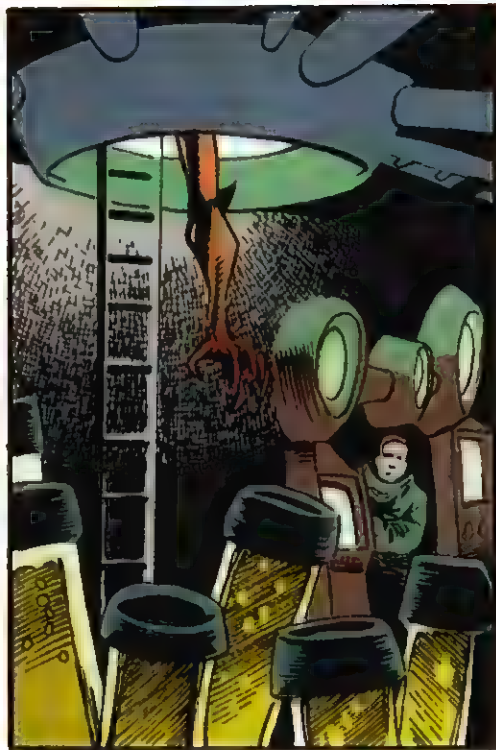
HOW SOON TO THE RENDEZVOUS WITH LANCET?

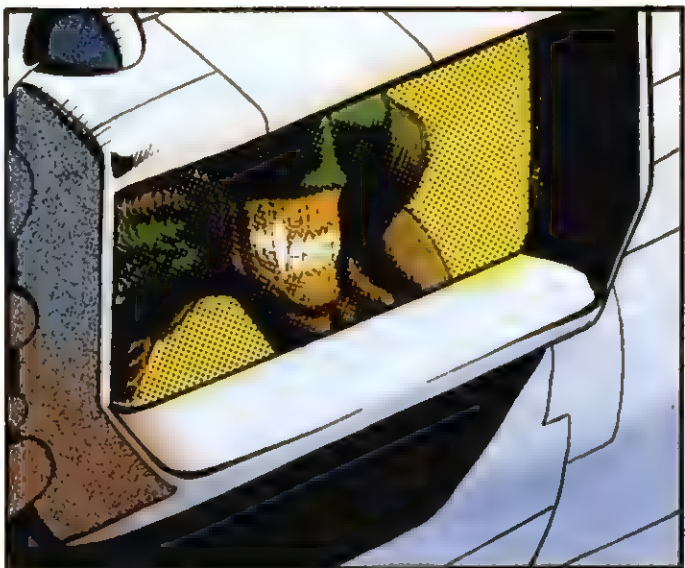
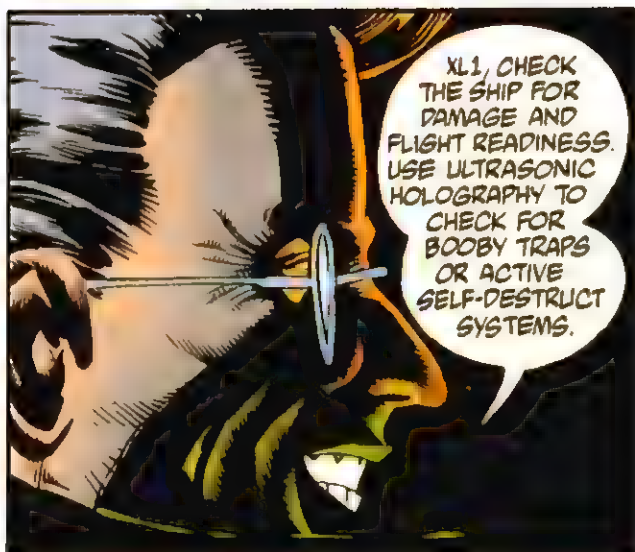
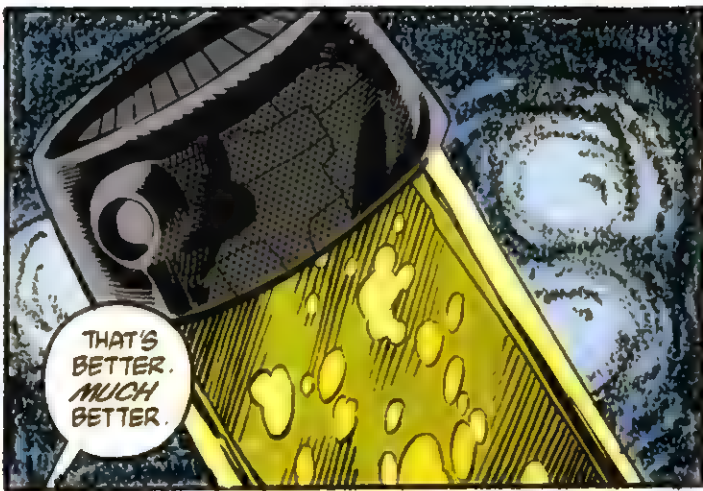


NOT SOON ENOUGH.



FIRE!



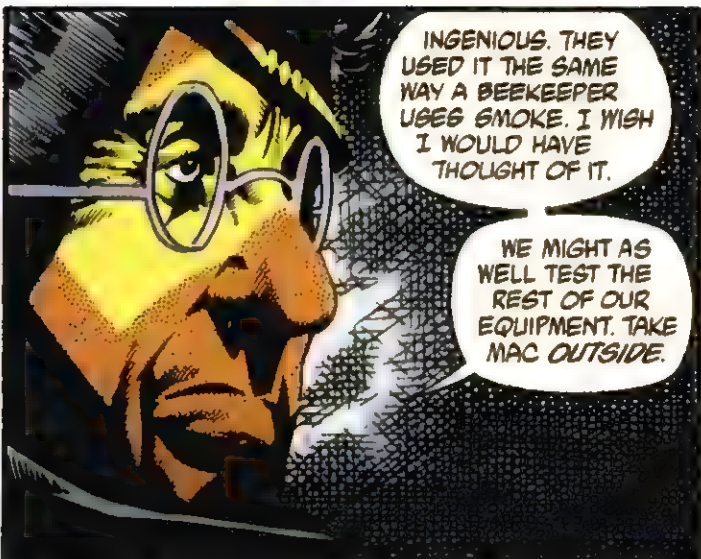


WELL, NOW WE KNOW WHAT IT DID. IT LOOKS LIKE THE CREW WAS USING SOME SORT OF INFRASONIC SUPPRESSION SYSTEM...



INGENIOUS. THEY USED IT THE SAME WAY A BEEKEEPER USES SMOKE. I WISH I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF IT.

WE MIGHT AS WELL TEST THE REST OF OUR EQUIPMENT. TAKE MAC OUTSIDE.



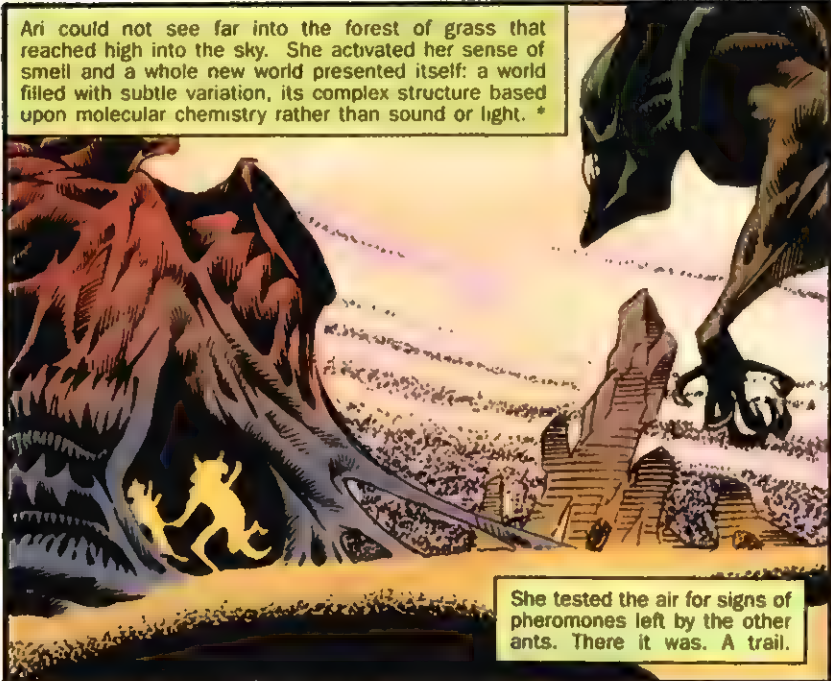
SORRY. BOY.





KEEP CLOSE TABS ON THEM. SINCE OUR WORK'S BEEN DONE FOR US, WE'VE GOT SOME TIME FOR RESEARCH.

ACTIVATE YOUR TRACKING SYSTEM. I WANT A TRAIL LEFT THAT WE CAN FOLLOW LATER.



Ari could not see far into the forest of grass that reached high into the sky. She activated her sense of smell and a whole new world presented itself: a world filled with subtle variation, its complex structure based upon molecular chemistry rather than sound or light. *

She tested the air for signs of pheromones left by the other ants. There it was. A trail.



Ari followed the trail until she reached a nest of ants.

She stood and watched them for some time. They moved in and out of the hive with such determination and precision.

What a commotion!



Ants came into the clearing carrying food. Others rushed to assist them with their burdens.



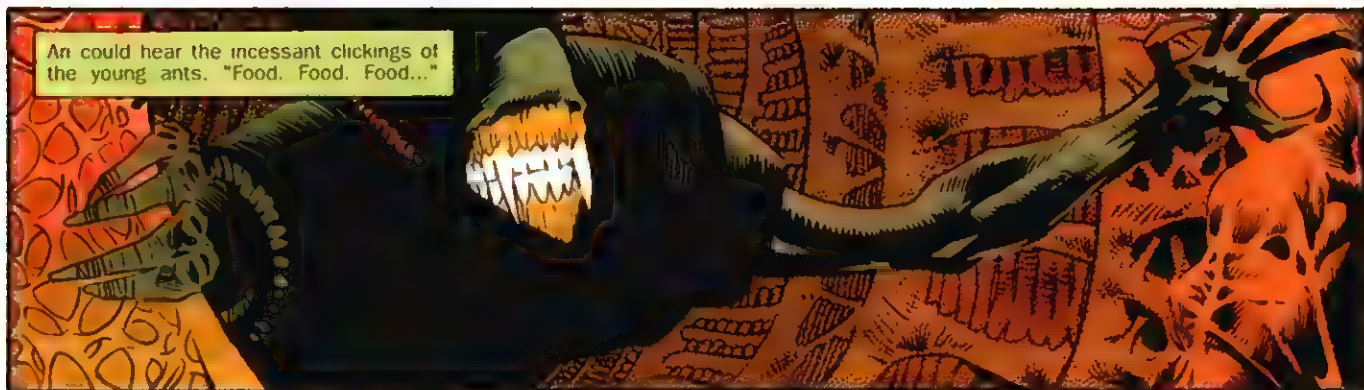


The hive was filled with activity

Ari could hear all the ants moving around her. Some were carrying food to storage areas.



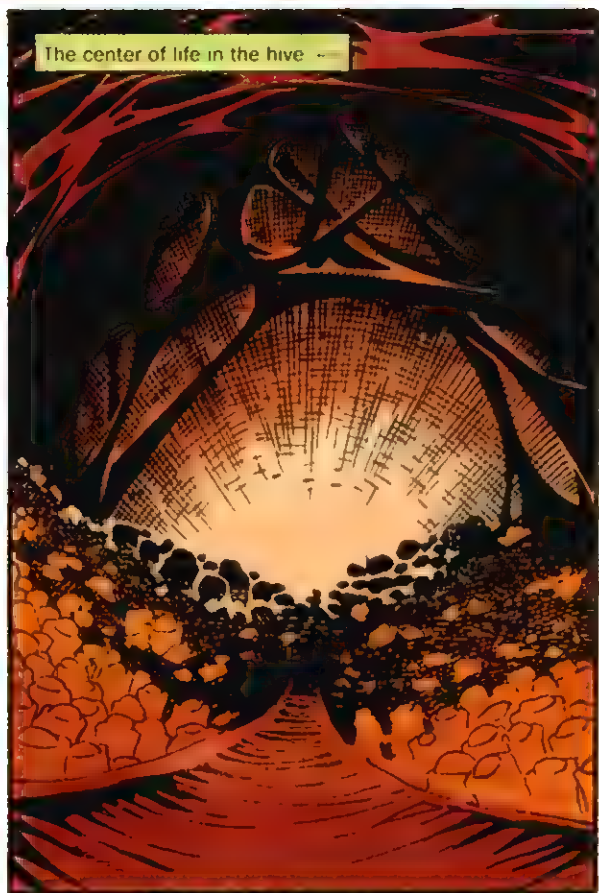
Others were attending to the eggs and larvae.



An could hear the incessant clickings of the young ants. "Food. Food. Food..."



She followed the sound to proceed with the next phase of her program



The center of life in the hive --

the Queen



THERE'S
THE GRAND
OLD LADY
HERSELF.

XL1, ADVANCE
AND ACTIVATE
RECOGNITION
PROGRAMMING.

Ari understood that her next action
was to enter the nest



As she moved closer, a guard approached her. It did
not recognize her scent and took a defensive posture







Ari ran through the nest as fast as her six legs could carry her.



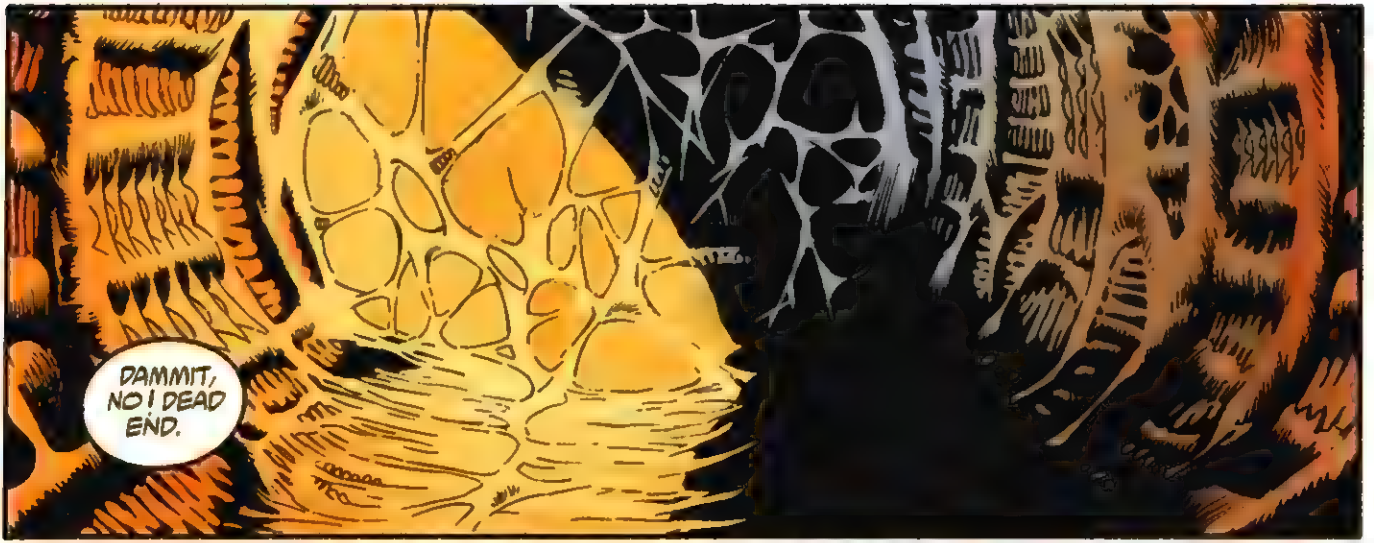
The wave of the glistening black bodies moved ahead with the precision of a military regime on the parade grounds. A million-legged phalanx.



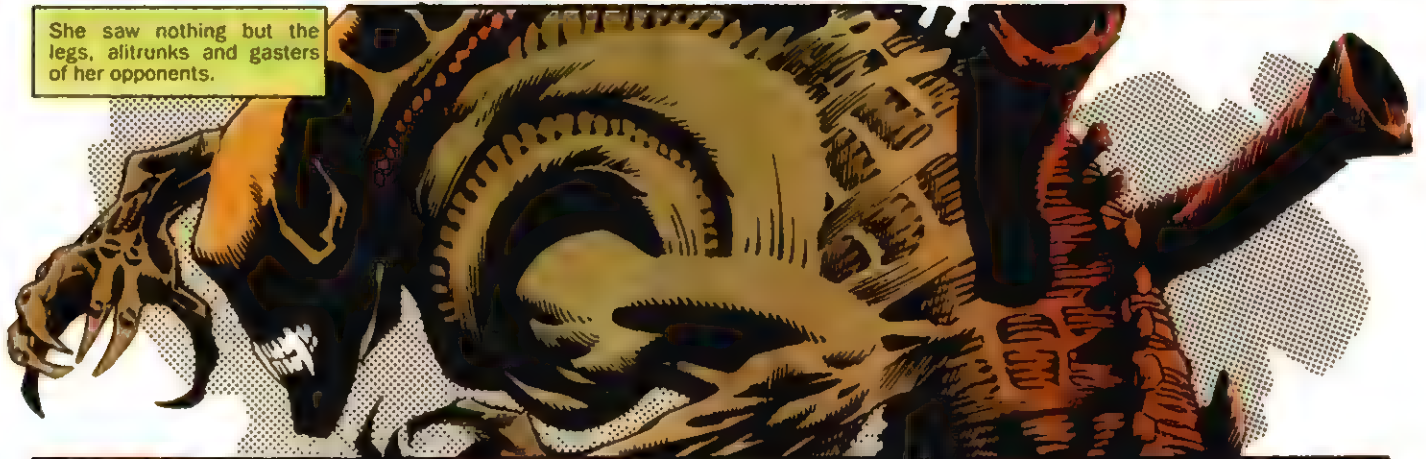
The desire to reach their destination coursed through black, chitinous bodies.



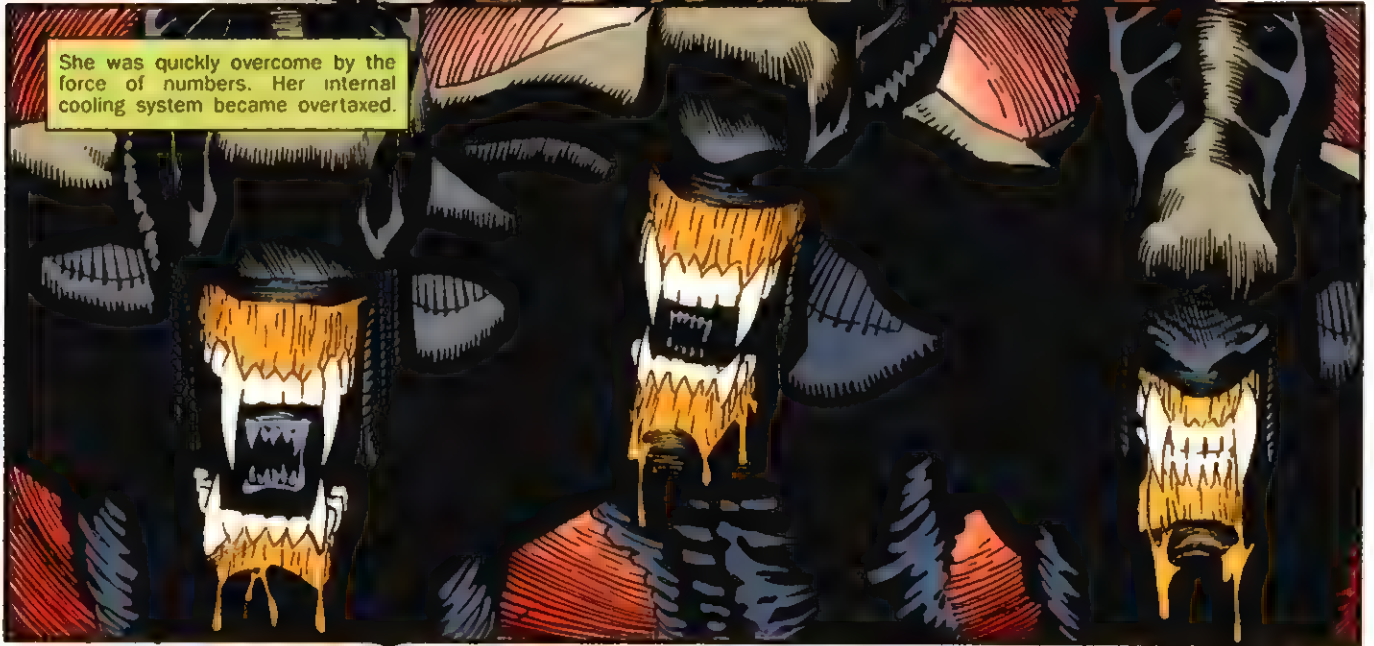
Mandibles snapped and ground in anticipation.



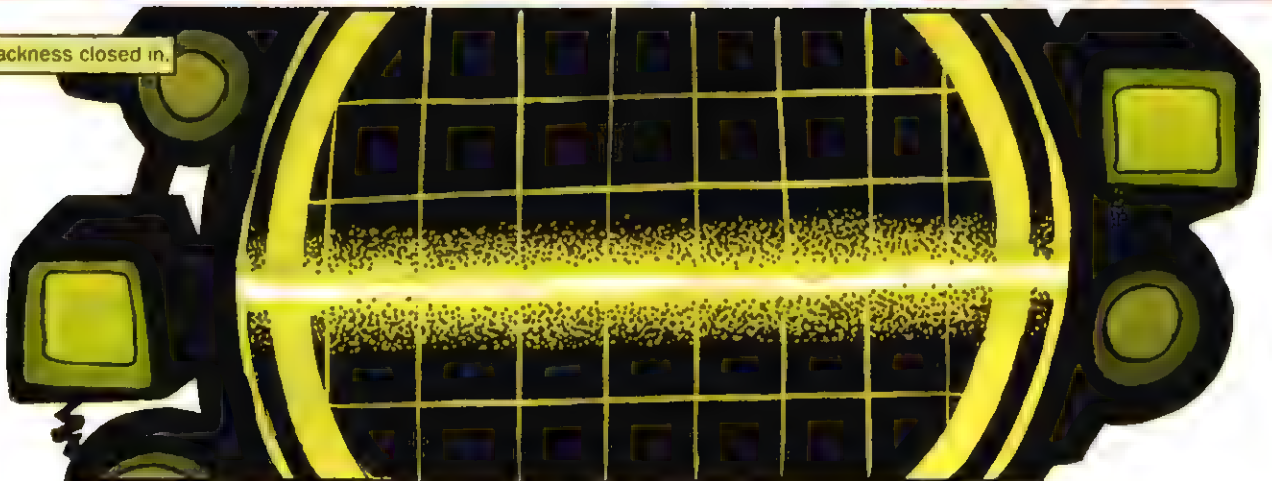
She saw nothing but the
legs, alitrunks and gasters
of her opponents.



She was quickly overcome by the
force of numbers. Her internal
cooling system became overtaxed.



Blackness closed in.



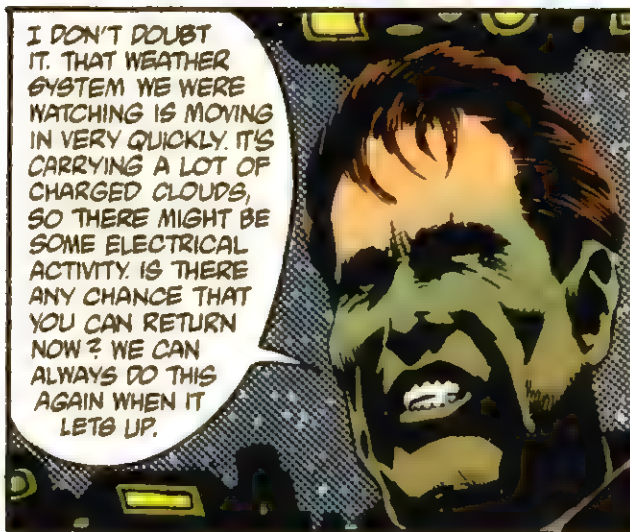


DAMN! WHY THE HELL DID I SEND HIM INSIDE? WE HAD EVERYTHING WE CAME FOR.

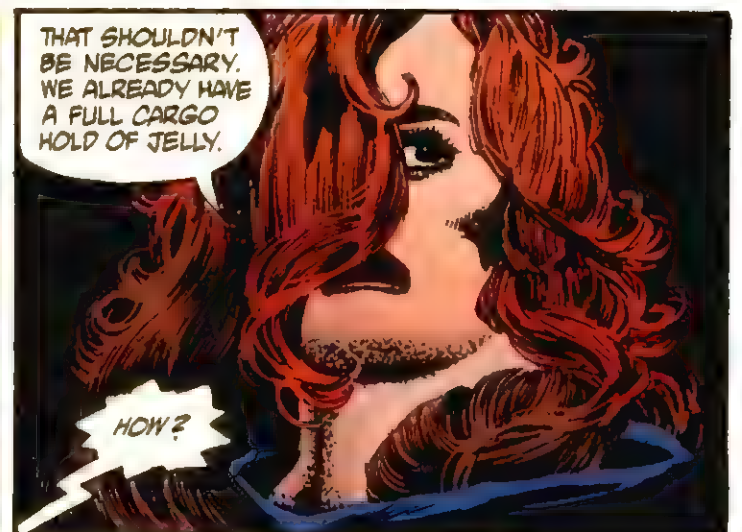
GILL, DO YOU COPY? THIS IS HOBAN.



I'M RECEIVING YOU, SIR, BUT THE SIGNAL IS WEAK.

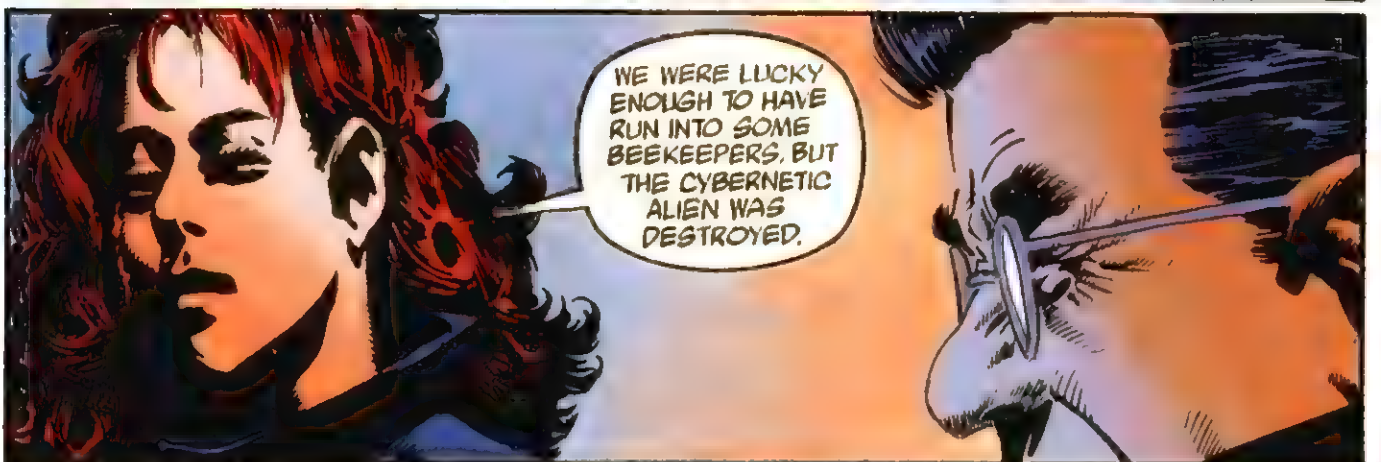


I DON'T DOUBT IT. THAT WEATHER SYSTEM WE WERE WATCHING IS MOVING IN VERY QUICKLY. IT'S CARRYING A LOT OF CHARGED CLOUDS, SO THERE MIGHT BE SOME ELECTRICAL ACTIVITY. IS THERE ANY CHANCE THAT YOU CAN RETURN NOW? WE CAN ALWAYS DO THIS AGAIN WHEN IT LETS UP.



THAT SHOULDN'T BE NECESSARY. WE ALREADY HAVE A FULL CARGO HOLD OF JELLY.

HOW?



WE WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE RUN INTO SOME BEEKEEPERS, BUT THE CYBERNETIC ALIEN WAS DESTROYED.



I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT THAT, BUT I'M GLAD YOU CAN GET OUT OF THERE.



IT SHOULDN'T TAKE US LONG TO GET A MAN DOWN THERE. THEN WE CAN JUST LIFT OFF AND BOTH HEAD INTO ORBIT TOGETHER FOR A PICKUP.



HOBAN THINKS WE SHOULD GO.



I HEARD.

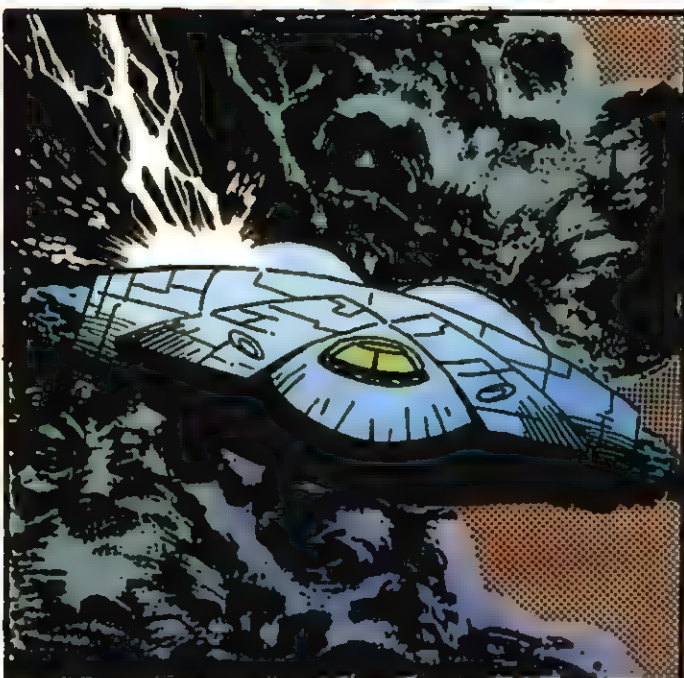


I SHOULDN'T FEEL BAD--HE WAS DOING WHAT HE WAS DESIGNED TO DO. WE SHOULD ALL BE SO LUCKY.

I'M SORRY ABOUT NORBERT... I MEAN, XL 1.



ARI, I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU.







SUNSET ON AG 454. THE DAILY ACTIVITY CYCLE OF THE HIVE REACHES ITS PEAK.

TWO HUMANS AND AN ANDROID AWAIT THE COMING NIGHT.

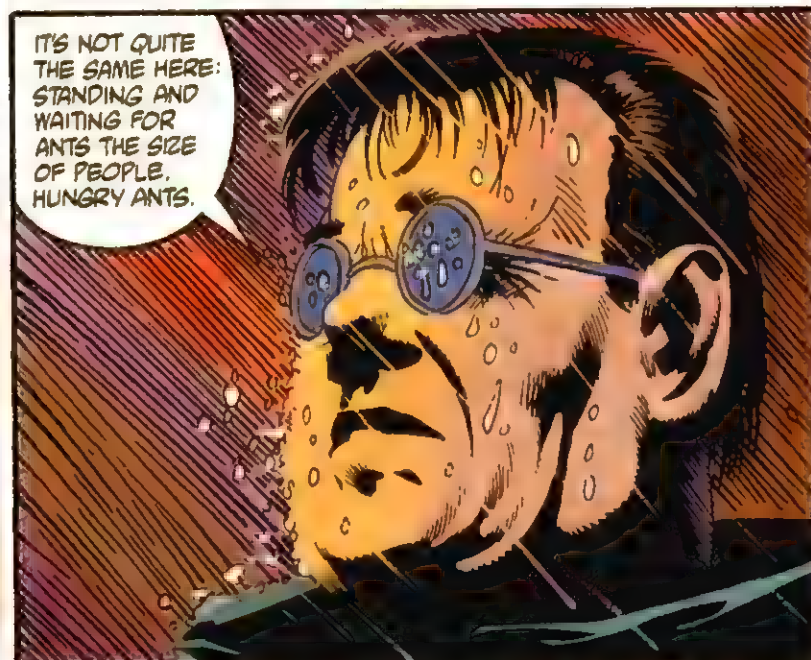
JESUS, STAN, WHAT A RIDE. ARE YOU OKAY?

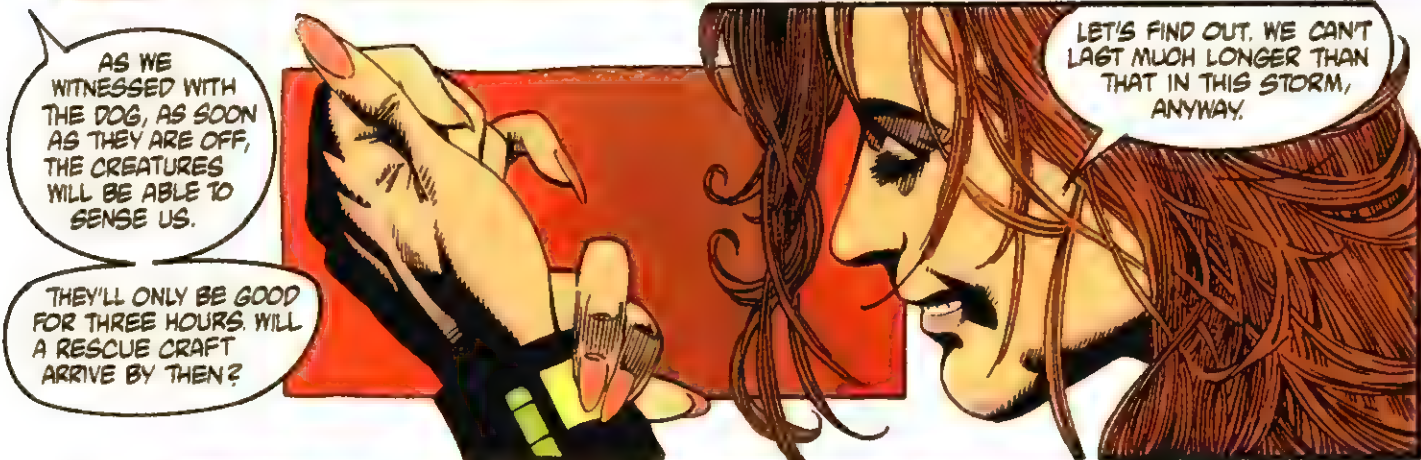
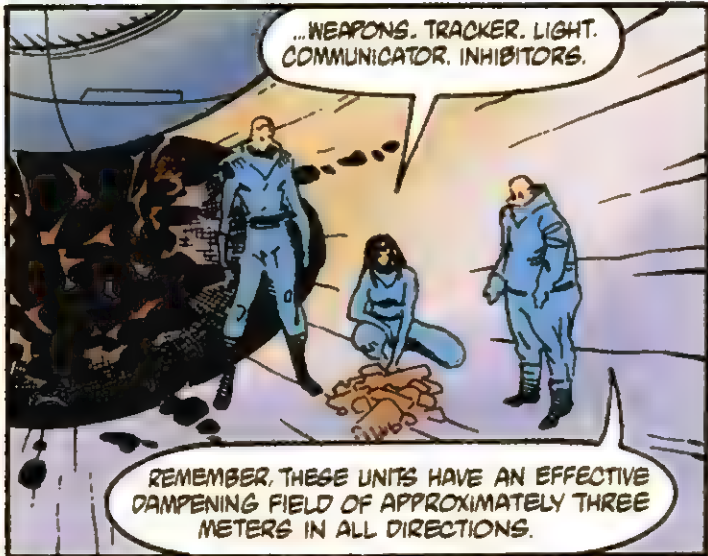
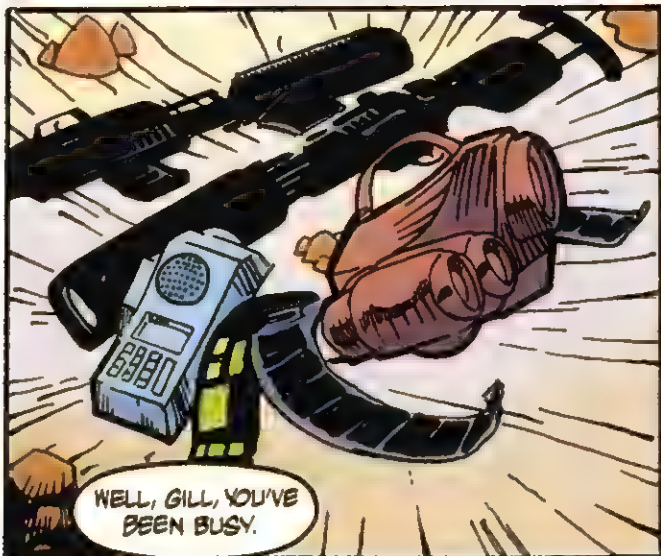
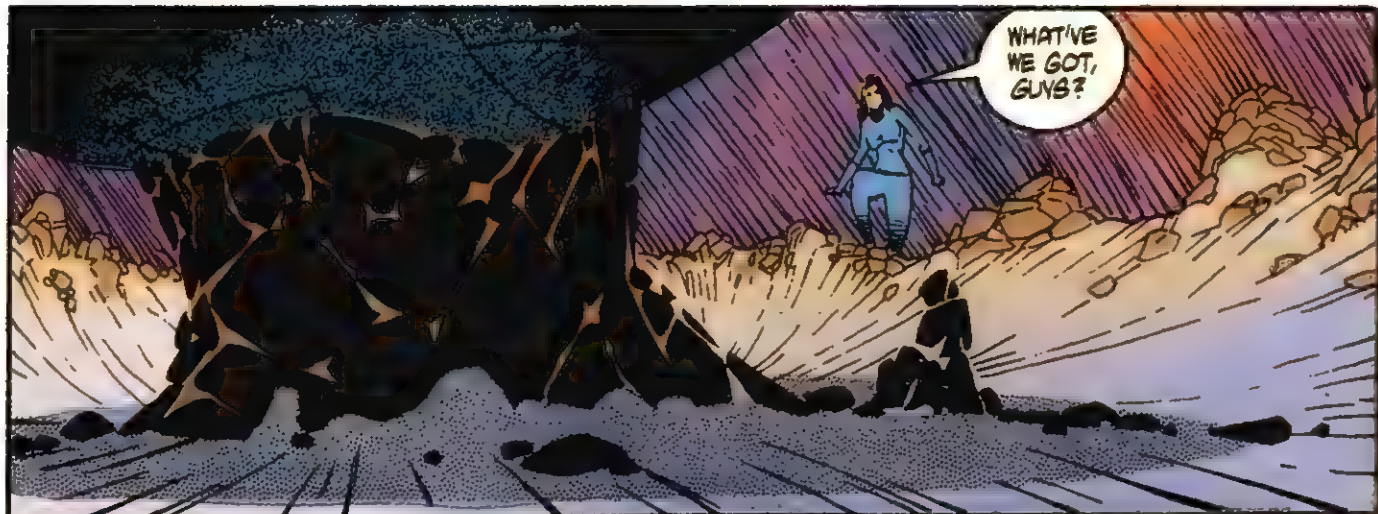
I THINK SO.

GILL?

BETTER THAN IF I'D STAYED BEHIND.

FOR NOW, AT LEAST.







IT'LL TAKE A COUPLE OF HOURS. WHAT'S YOUR SITUATION?



WE CAN'T MAKE IT THAT LONG. I DON'T THINK ANYONE ELSE MADE IT OFF THE PLATFORM.

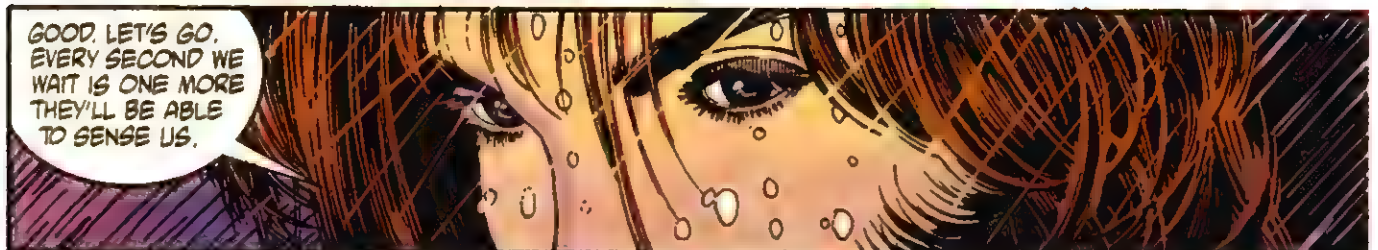
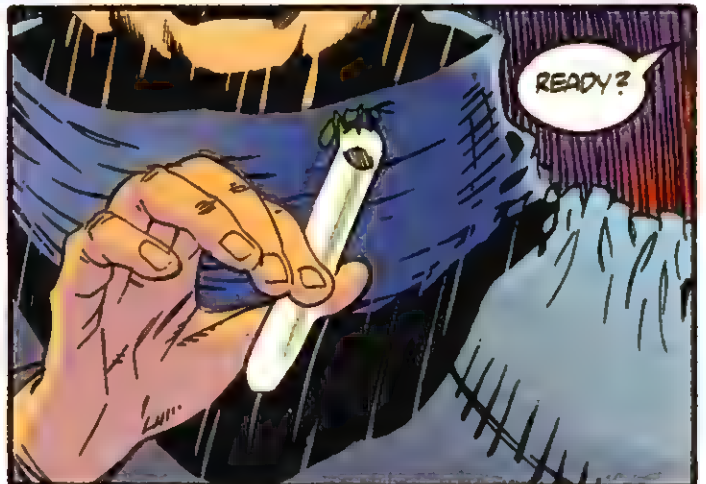
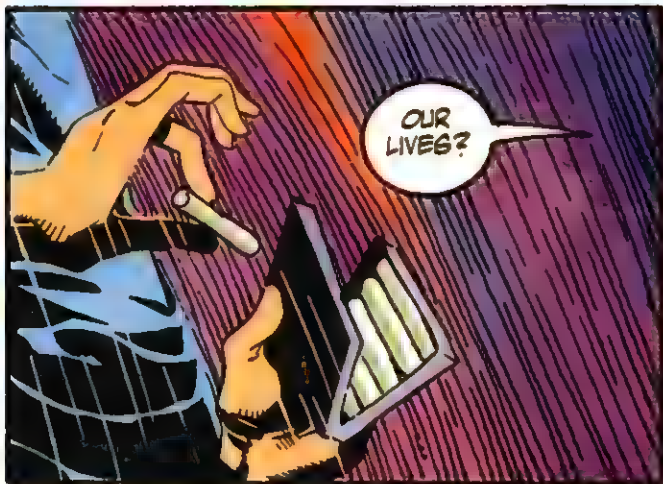
WHAT WAS THAT, JULIAN? I DIDN'T COPY.

I'LL GET BACK TO YOU WITH OUR PLANS, HOBAN. WE DON'T HAVE MANY CHOICES.



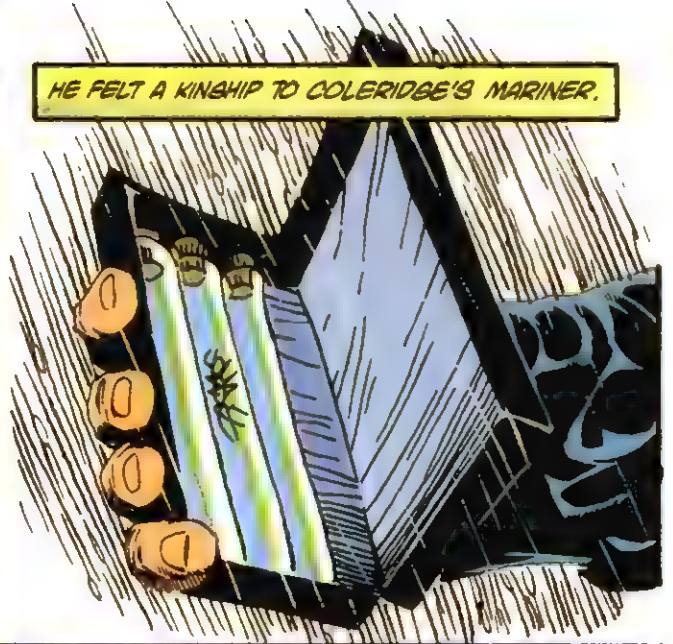
WE GO INSIDE.

THEY CAN'T SEE US. WE CAN GET OUT OF THE STORM AND TRAVEL THROUGH THE HIVE. WE HAVE THE LOCATOR AND WILL BE ABLE TO PICK UP XL1'S PATH OUT OF THE HIVE. THAT WILL LEAD US BACK TO THE LANDER XL1 FOUND. THEN, WE'LL FLY THE LANDER BACK TO THE DOLOMITE. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

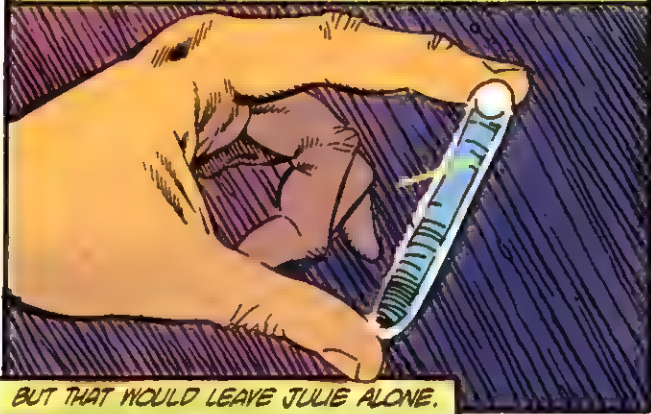




HE FELT A KINSHIP TO COLERIDGE'S MARINER.

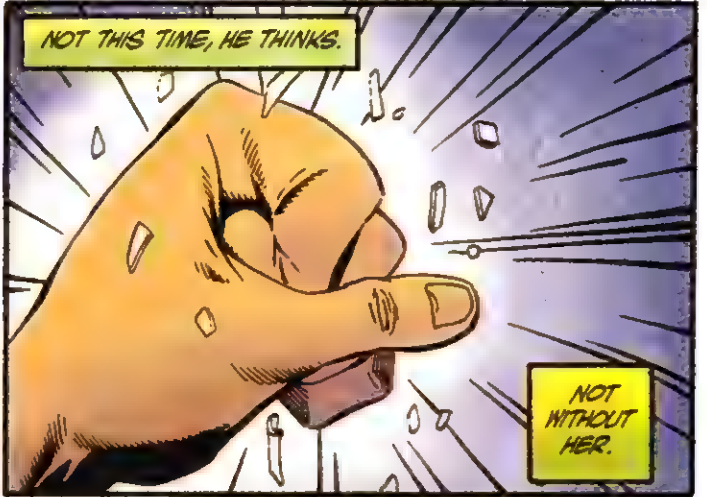


SURROUNDED BY WATER--ALL OF IT UNDRINKABLE--
HE WANTED TO ESCAPE INTO THAT TIMELESS OCEAN.

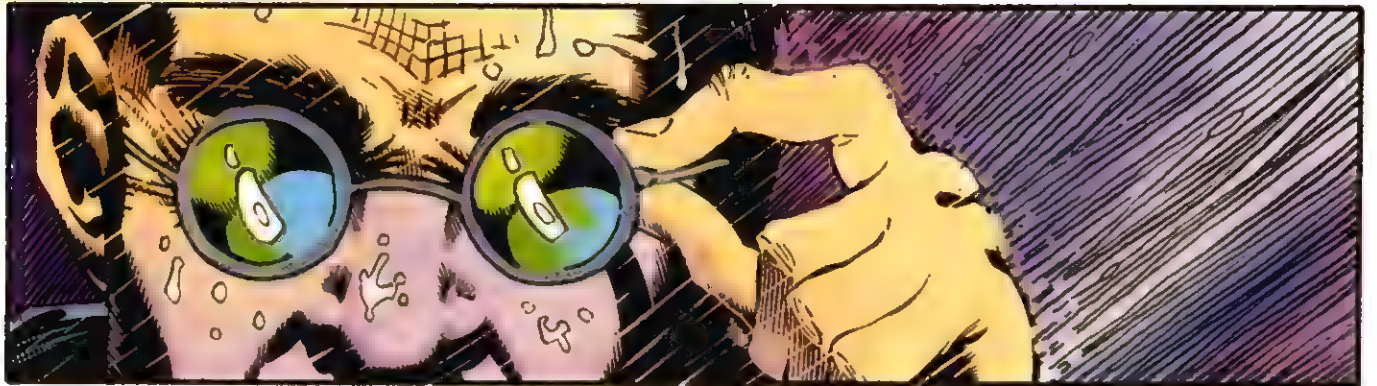


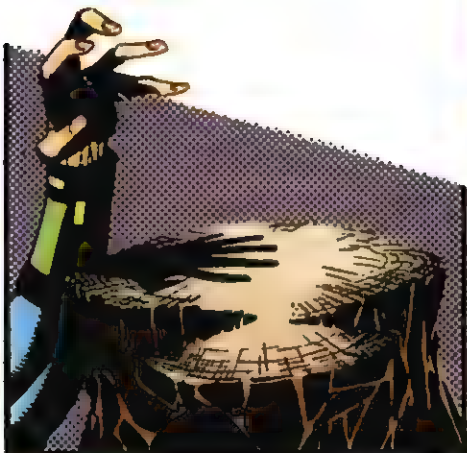
BUT THAT WOULD LEAVE JULIE ALONE.

NOT THIS TIME, HE THINKS.

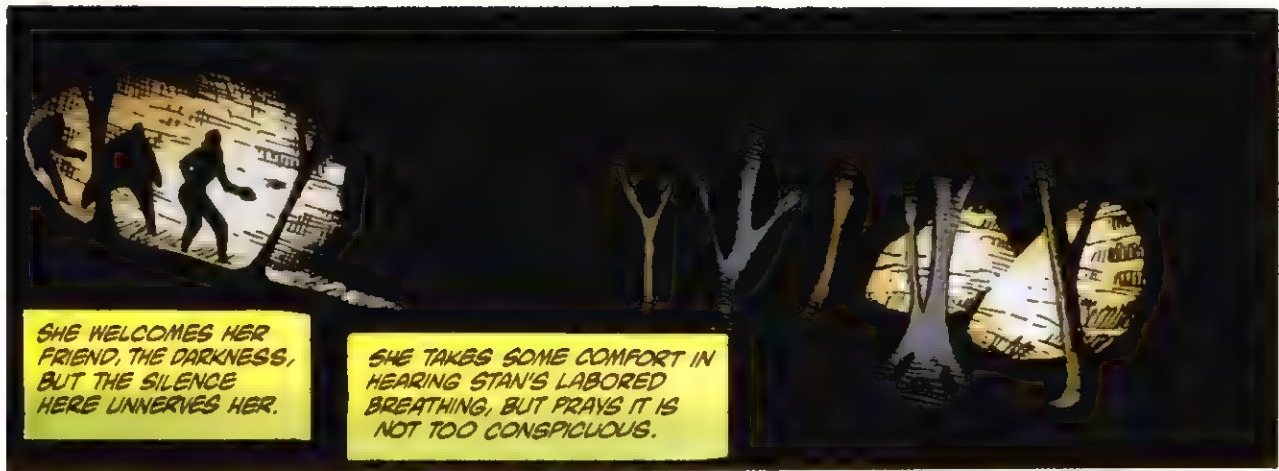


NOT
WITHOUT
HER.









SHE WELCOMES HER FRIEND, THE DARKNESS, BUT THE SILENCE HERE UNNERVES HER.

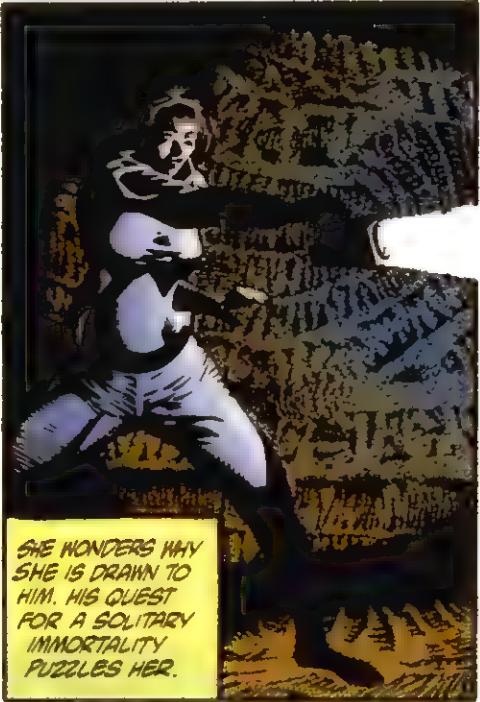
SHE TAKES SOME COMFORT IN HEARING STAN'S LABORED BREATHING, BUT PRAYS IT IS NOT TOO CONSPICUOUS.



SHE HAS NO DOUBTS ABOUT GILL'S FUNCTIONING, BUT STAN IS ANOTHER MATTER.



A SCHOLARLY LIFESTYLE DIDN'T GIVE HIM MUCH PREPARATION FOR THIS.



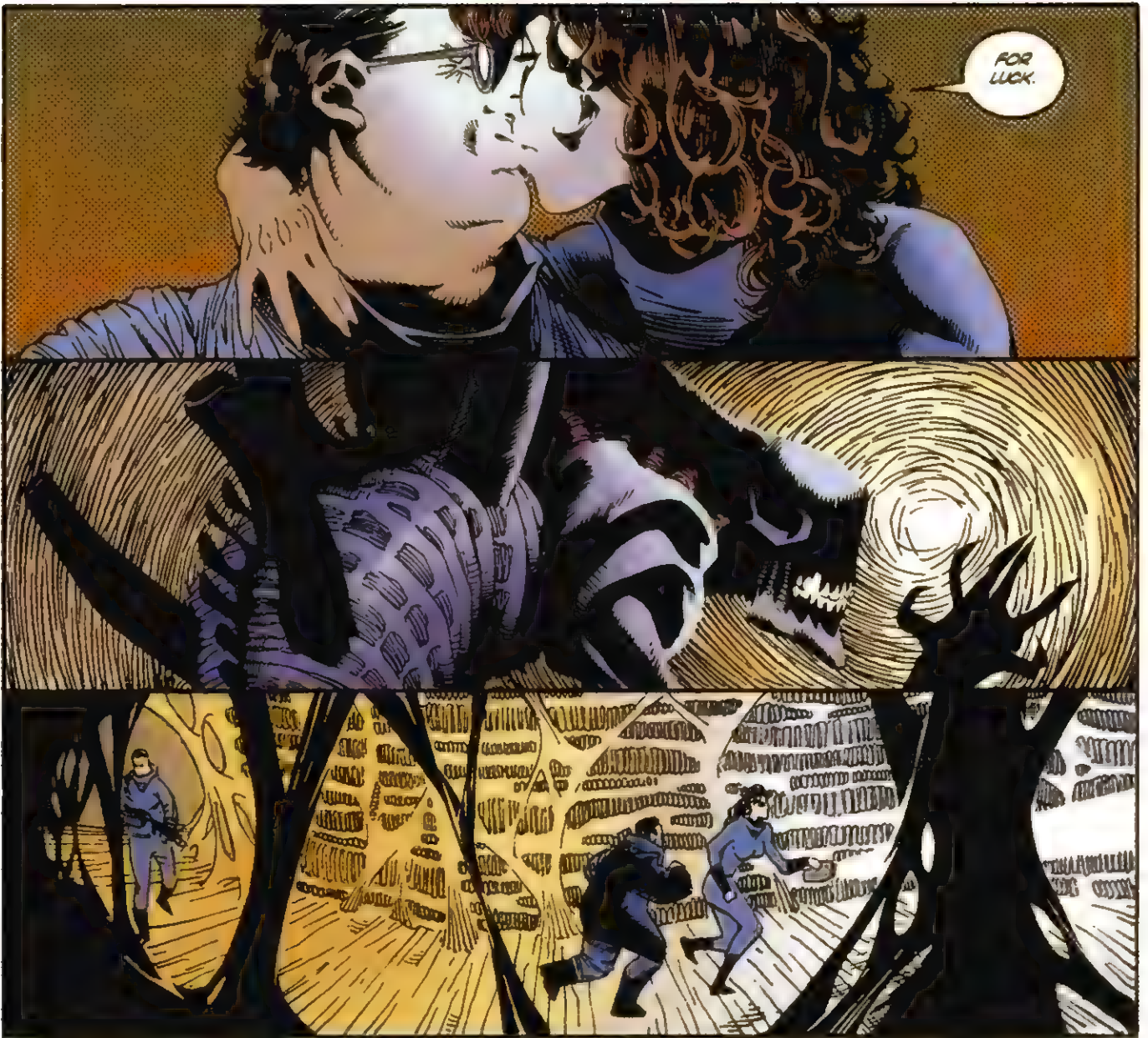
SHE WONDERES WHY SHE IS DRAWN TO HIM. HIS QUEST FOR A SOLITARY IMMORTALITY PUZZLES HER.

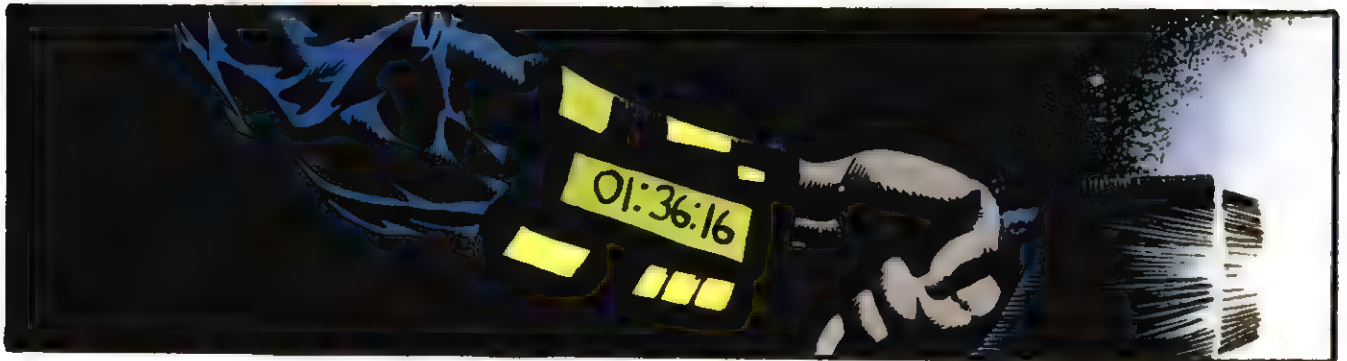
HIS SOJOURNS AWAY FROM HER, AWAY FROM TIME, LEAVE HER UPSET AND LONELY. HIS DEPARTURE LEAVES A VACUUM THAT TOO SUDDENLY SNAPS CLOSED.



WHAT IS LEFT FOR HER BESIDES THE MEMORY OF HIS PASSING...

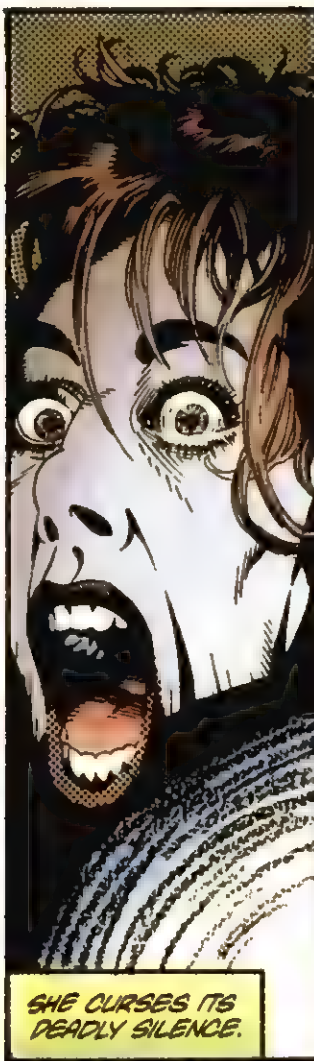
...AND EMPTINESS?







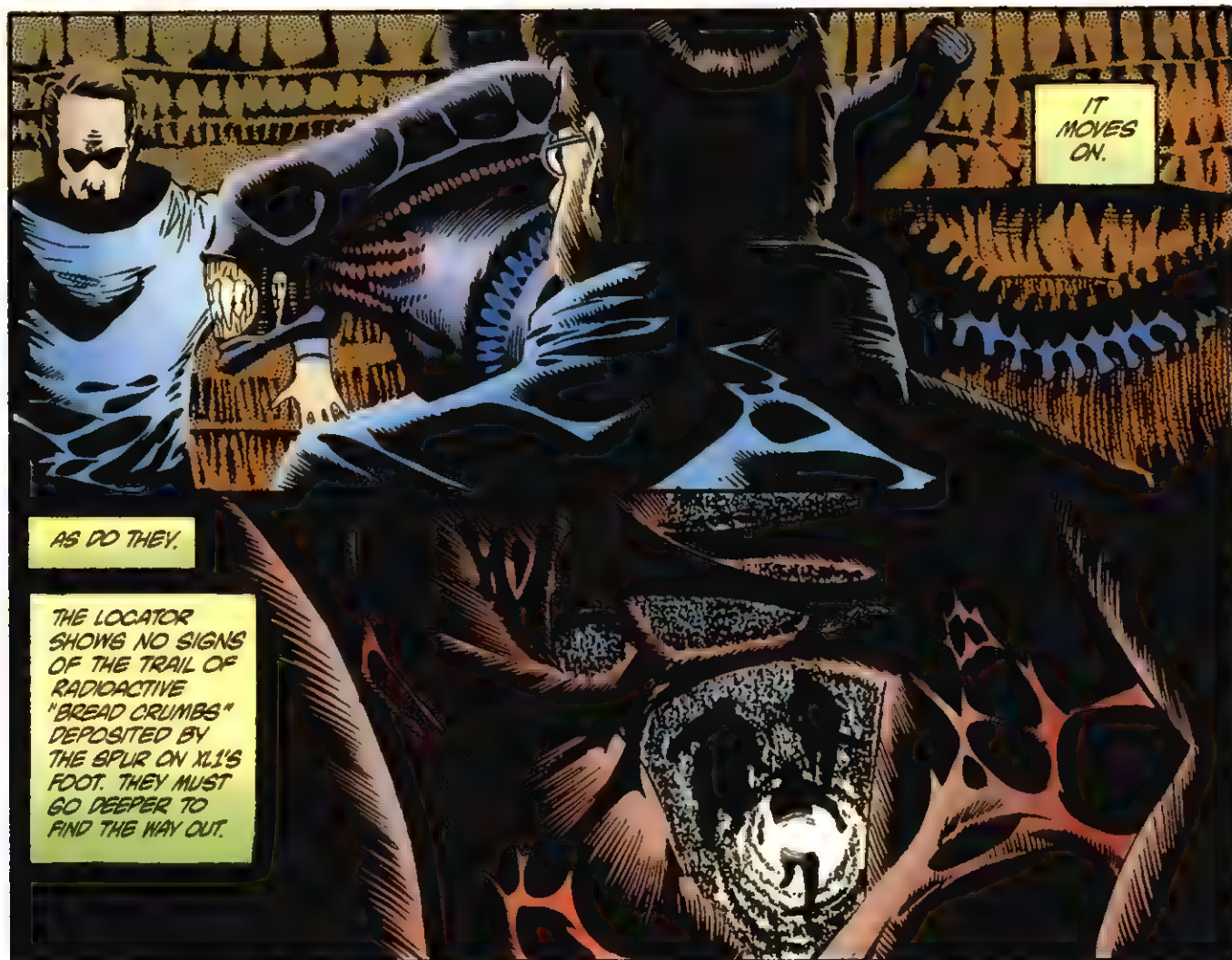
IT FLOWS
OUT OF THE
DARKNESS.



SHE CURSES ITS
DEADLY SILENCE.



THE CREATURE SENSES SOME-
THING NOT USUALLY FOUND IN
THIS LEVEL OF THE NEST, BUT
CANNOT DETERMINE THE SOURCE.

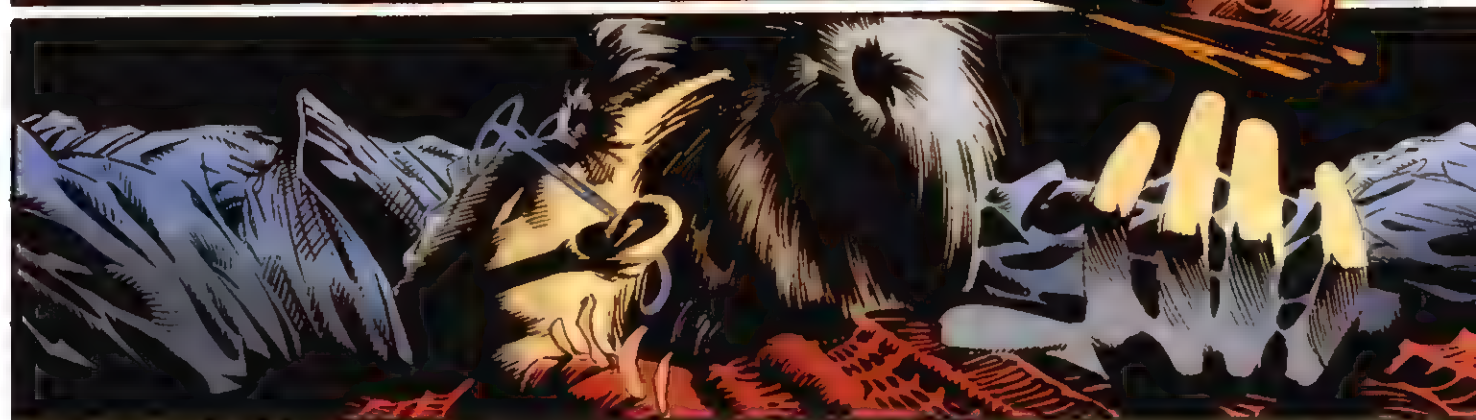


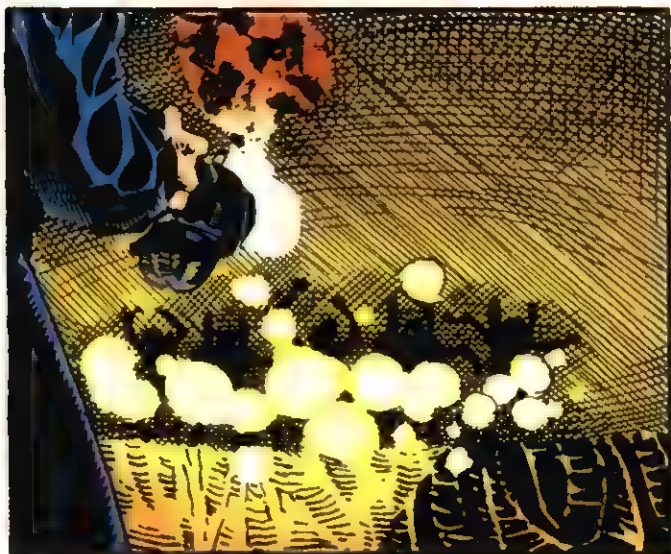
IT
MOVES
ON.

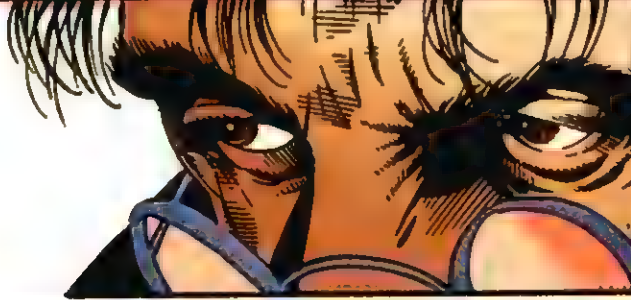
AS DO THEY.

THE LOCATOR
SHOWS NO SIGNS
OF THE TRAIL OF
RADIOACTIVE
"BREAD CRUMBS"
DEPOSITED BY
THE SPUR ON XLI'S
FOOT. THEY MUST
GO DEEPER TO
FIND THE WAY OUT.





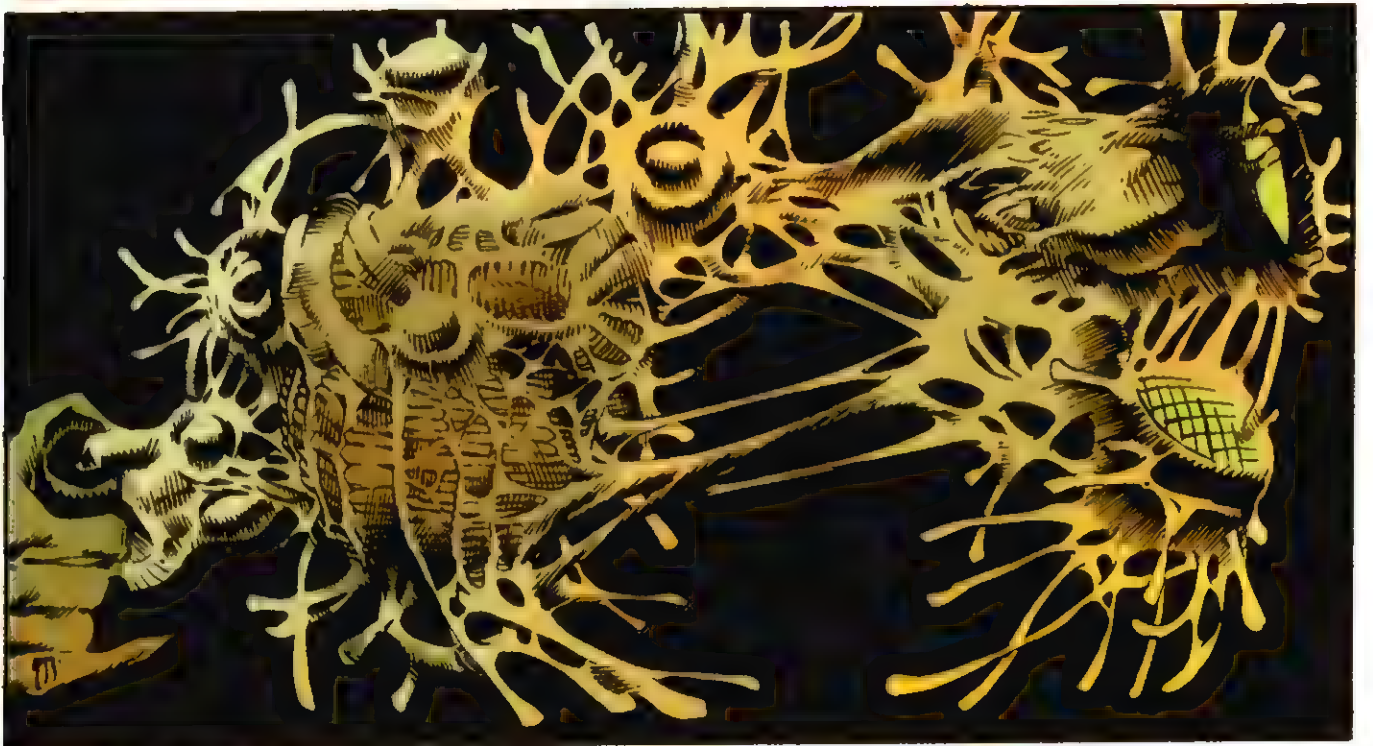




MAYAKOVSKY'S HEART POUNDS. HOWEVER, HE FEELS NO PAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME. SO CLOSE TO DEATH. SO GLAD TO BE ALIVE.

ALONE, HE THINKS OF JULIE'S SOFT VOICE...UNTIL HE HEARS SOMETHING ELSE.





When asked why an ant needed to be equipped with a miniaturized cold plasma laser, Mayakovsky answered: "I'd want one."

From *Cyberantics* by Stanislaw Mayakovsky.







I FEEL A DRAFT.

STAN,
WHERE'S
NORBERT?

THIS COULD BE A
"CHIMNEY" TO HELP
REGULATE THE INTERNAL
HEAT AND HUMIDITY OF
THE HIVE. IF SO, IT WILL
TAKE US TO THE
EXTERIOR.



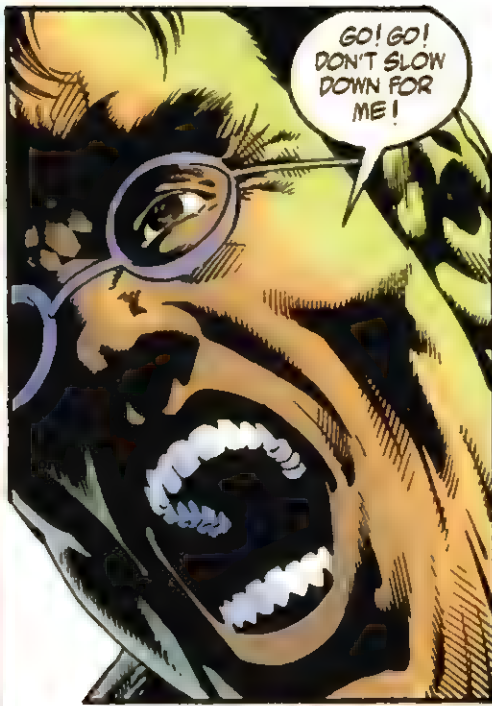
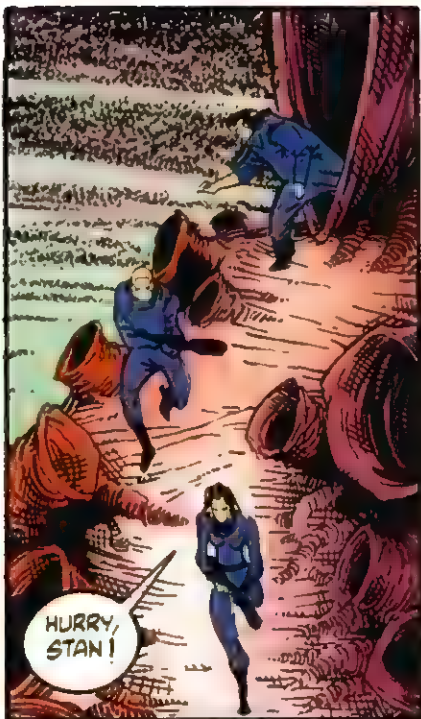
HE'S
DOING THE
BEST HE
CAN. HE'S
BROKEN.

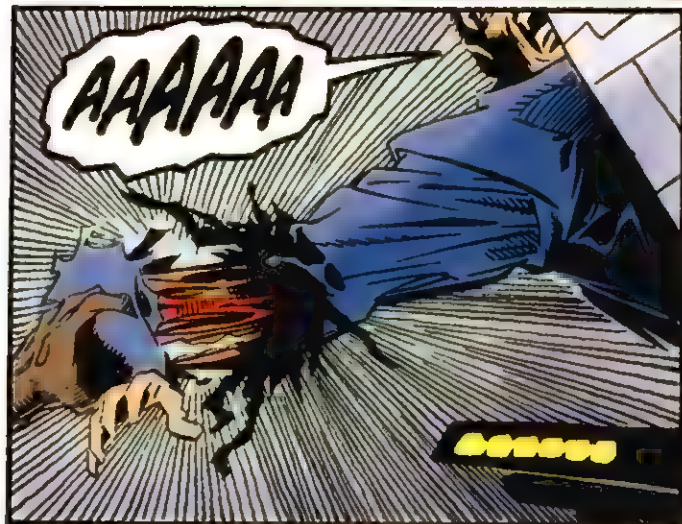
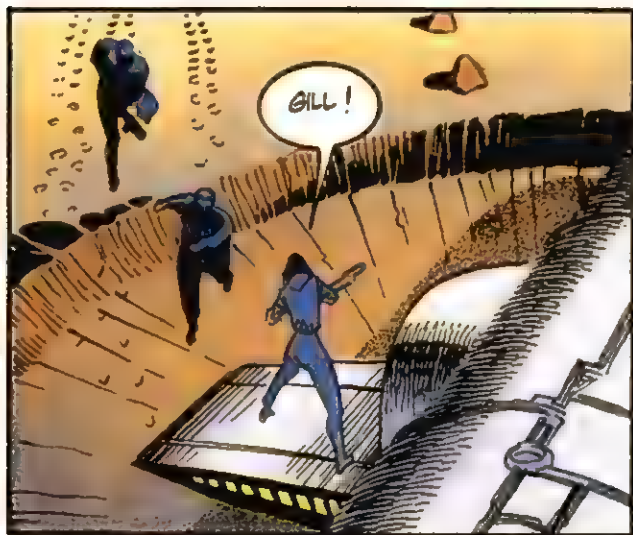


THEY'RE
COMING
CLOSER.

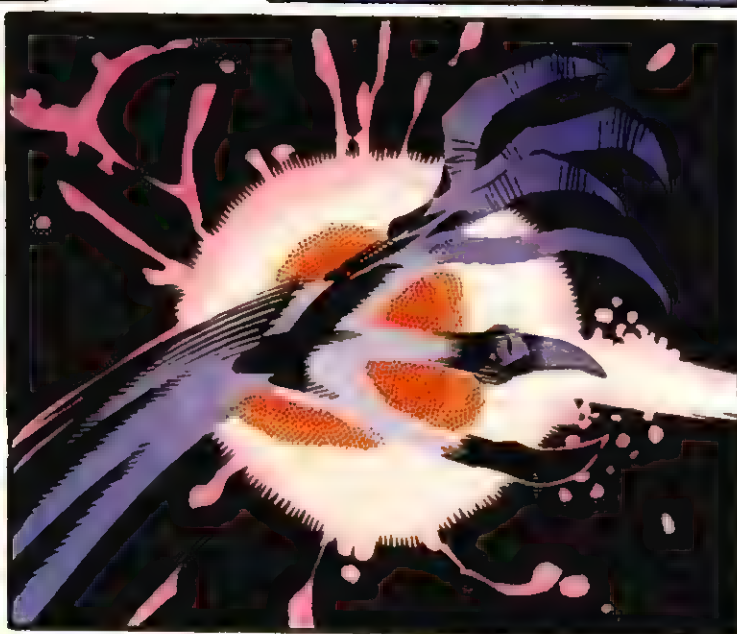
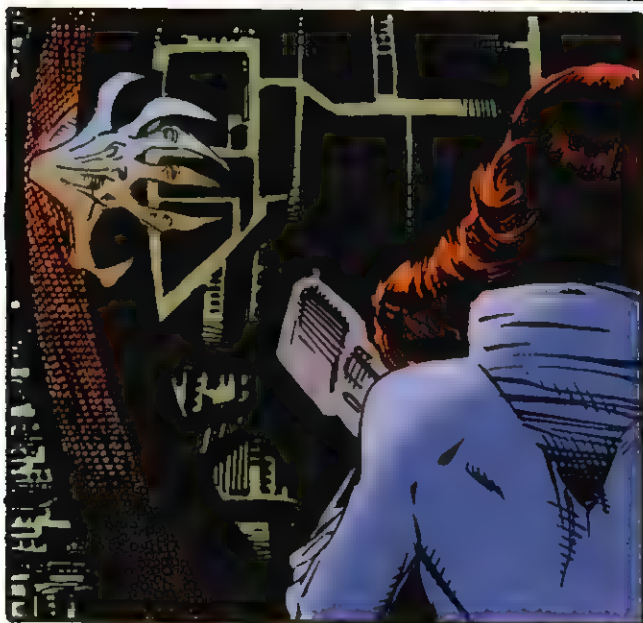
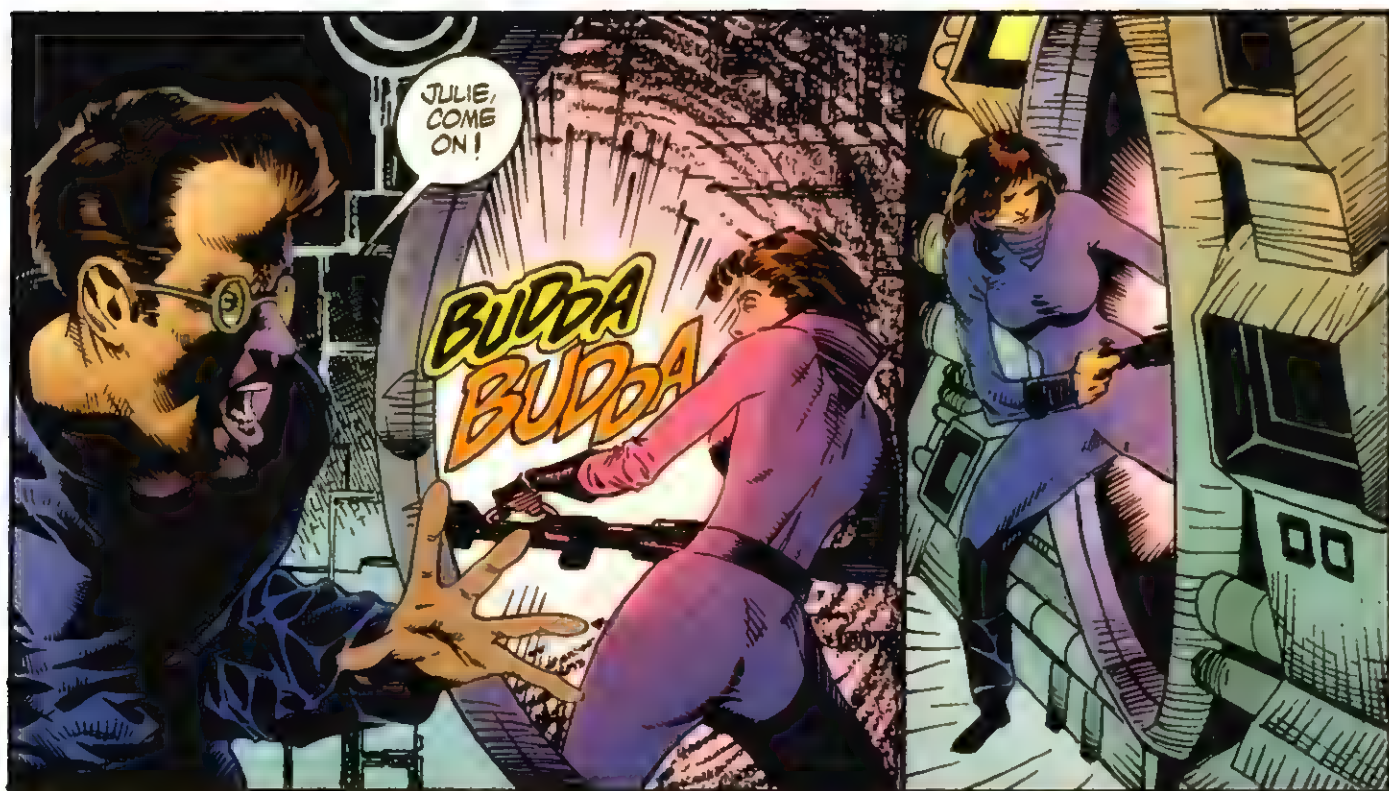
WHERE'S
THAT LIGHT
COMING
FROM?















THEY'VE SET UP THEIR PERIMETER DEFENSES. I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE LONG TO WAIT FOR VISITORS.

HOW IS SHE?



NOT GOOD, BUT SHE SEEMS TO HAVE STABILIZED.

GILL, DO YOU HAVE ANY DATA ON ANCIENT GREECE?



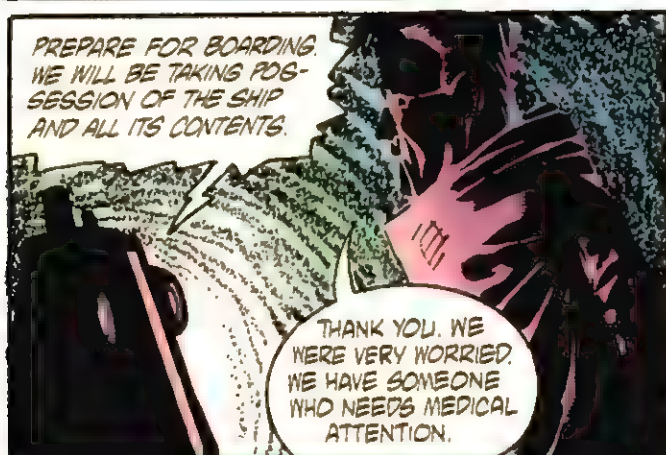
NO.

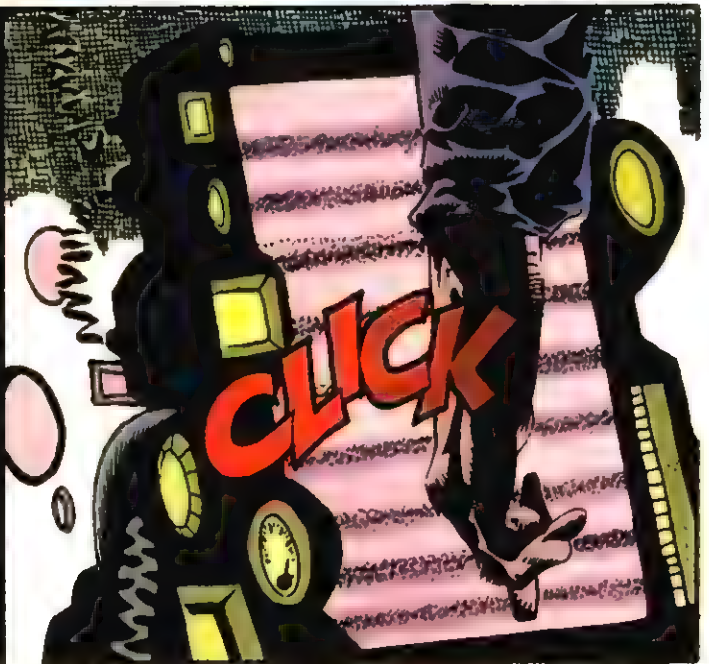
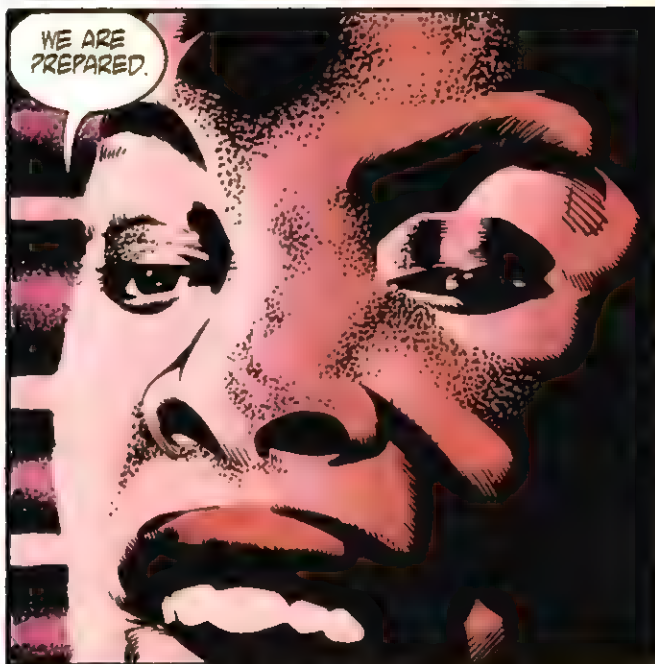
A SHAME. THERE ARE SOME BENEFITS TO A CLASSICAL EDUCATION. I THINK YOU AND I SHOULD HAVE THAT LITTLE TALK. NOW.

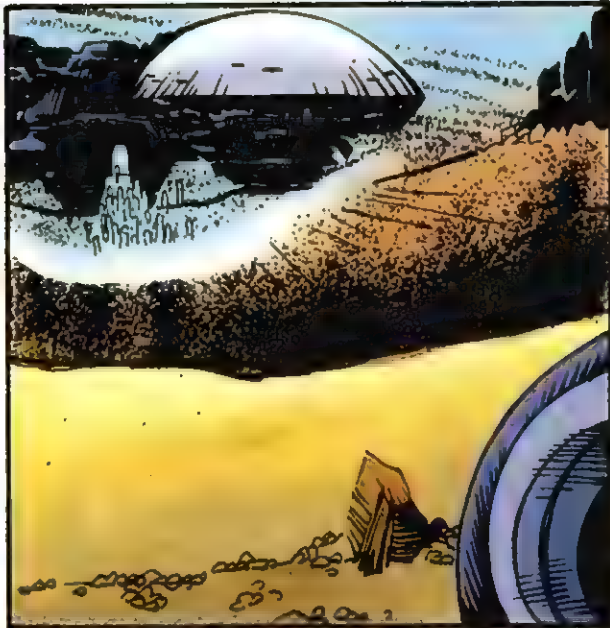














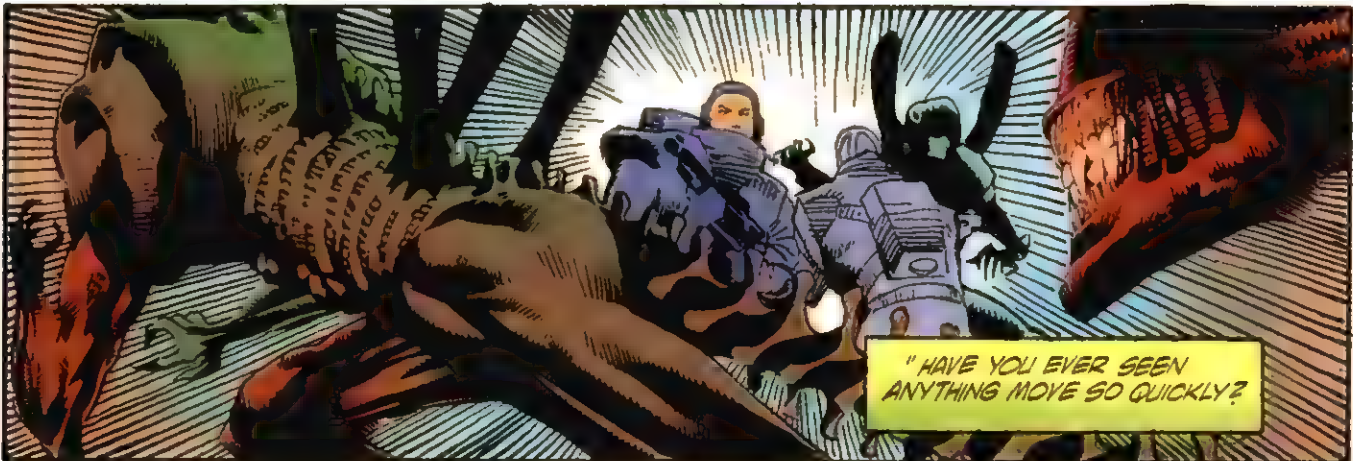
"HERE THEY COME."



"GILL, THAT IS THE APERTURE THROUGH THE FIELD. DO YOU SEE IT?"



"CLASSIC STRATEGY. POTTER DIDN'T ANTICIPATE THEIR CLEVERNESS."



"HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING MOVE SO QUICKLY?"

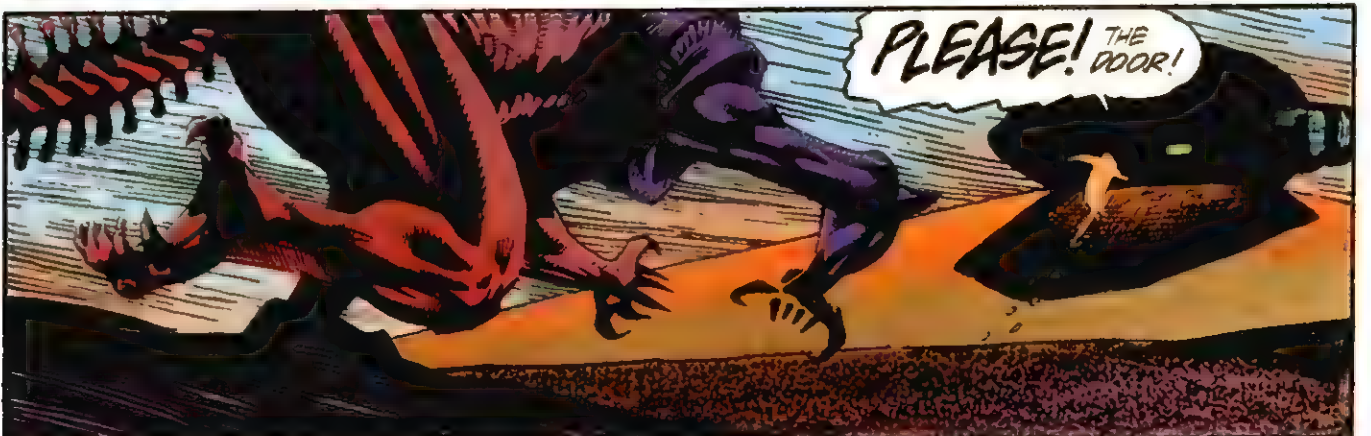
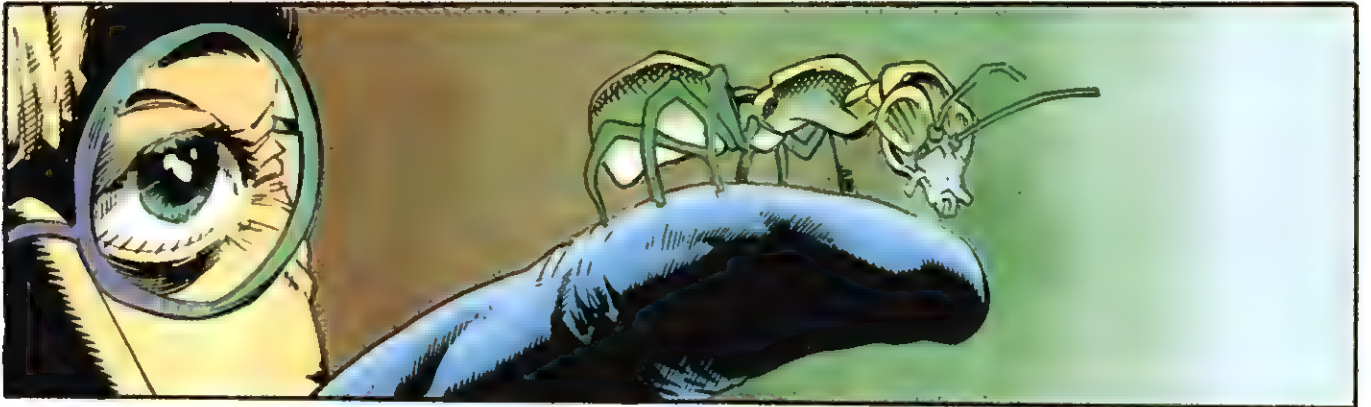


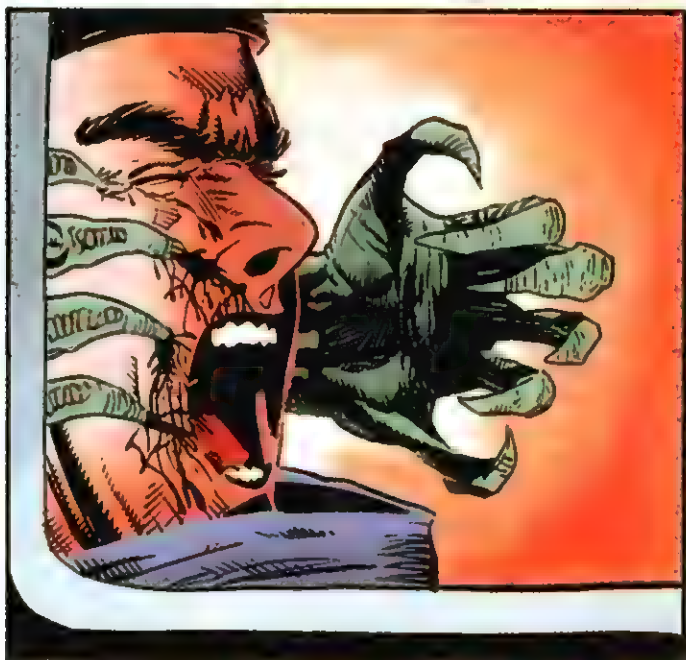
"THEY'LL NEVER EVEN KNOW WHAT HIT THEM."



IT'S OVER QUICKLY FOR MOST.









MAYAKOVSKY! GODDAMN IT!
THOSE THINGS ARE KILLING
MY MEN!



IT LOOKS LIKE THE CAPTAIN'S
ANGRY. I THINK HE FINALLY SEES
THE IRONY OF OUR SITUATION.

YES, CAPTAIN.
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING
YOUR CALL.



WE HAVE SOME
PRESSING ISSUES
THAT WE NEED TO
DISCUSS. I
HAVE A PLAN.

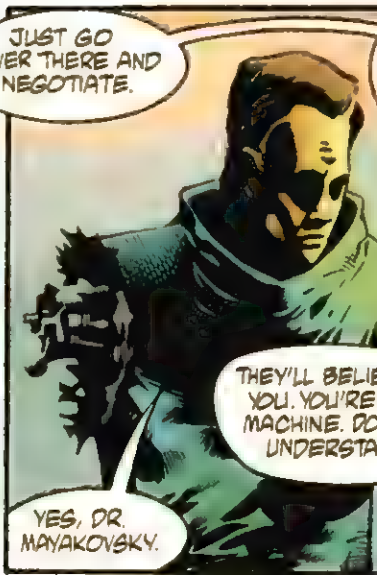


I HAVE A FEELING
I WON'T BE SEEING
YOU AGAIN.





I'VE MANAGED TO RECHARGE THIS UNIT WITH SOME JELLY.



JUST GO OVER THERE AND NEGOTIATE.



TELL THEM THAT I WILL DESTROY THIS SHIP AND ITS CARGO.

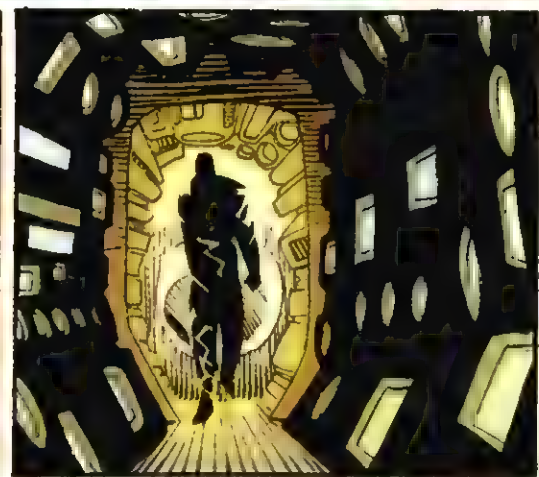


TELL THEM I'VE GOT LITTLE TIME TO LIVE, SO I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE.

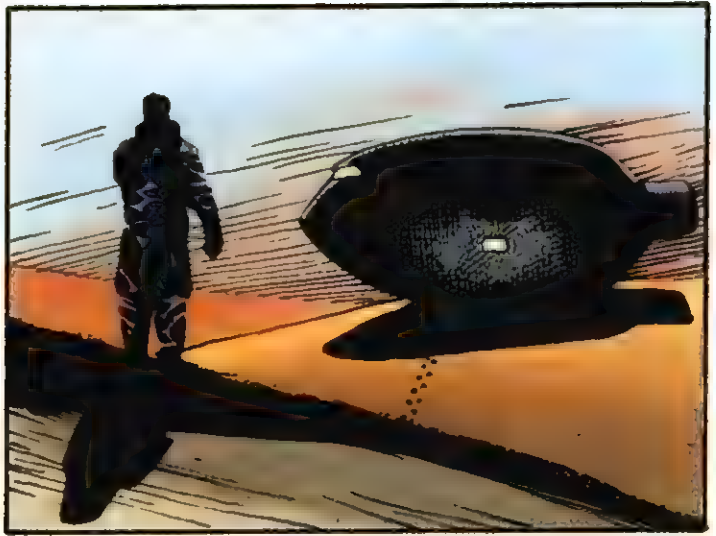


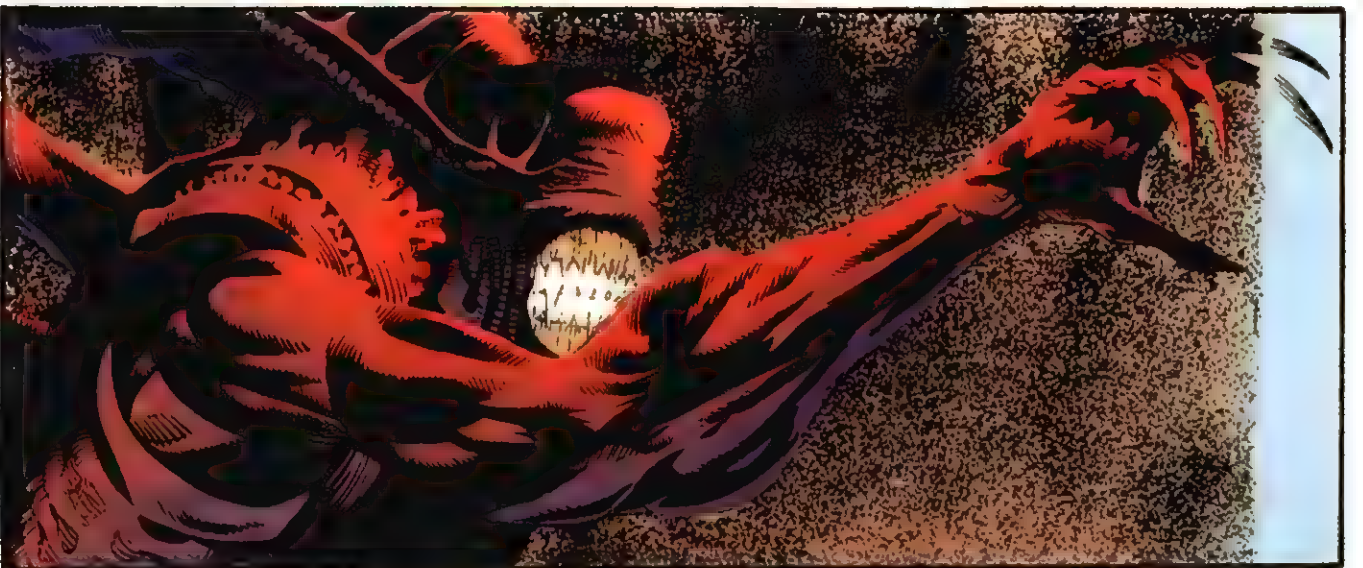
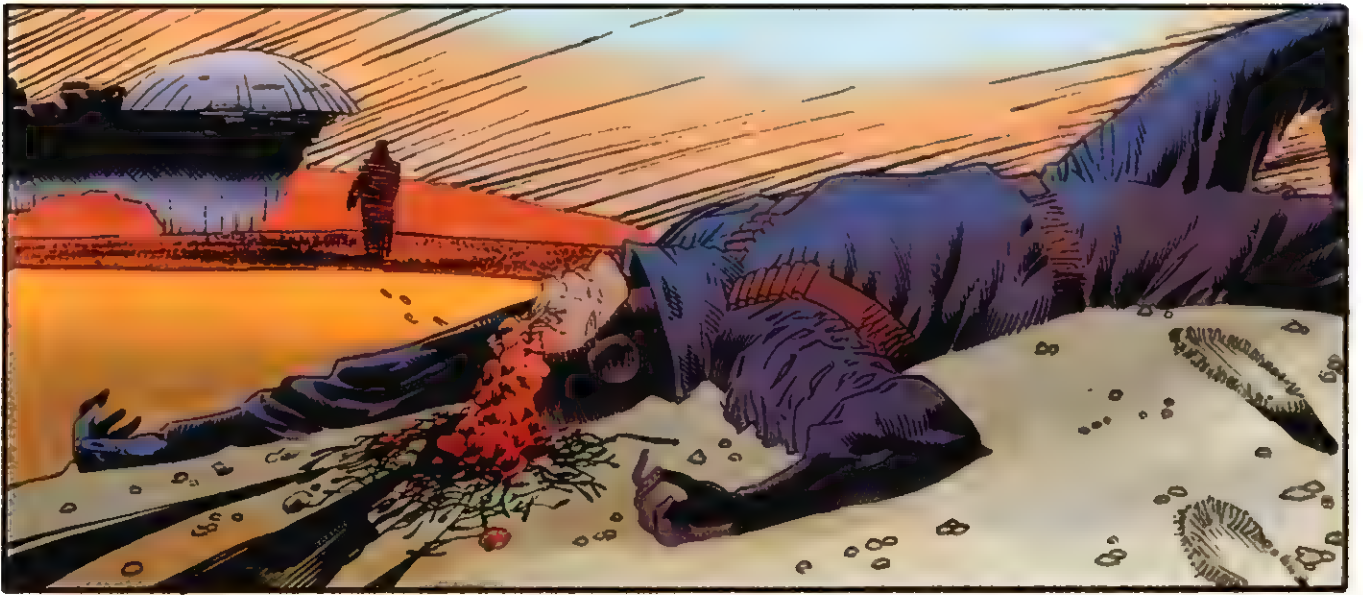
BUY US SOME TIME AND I'LL TRY TO GET SOMETHING WORKED OUT WITH HOBAN TO GET US OUT OF HERE.

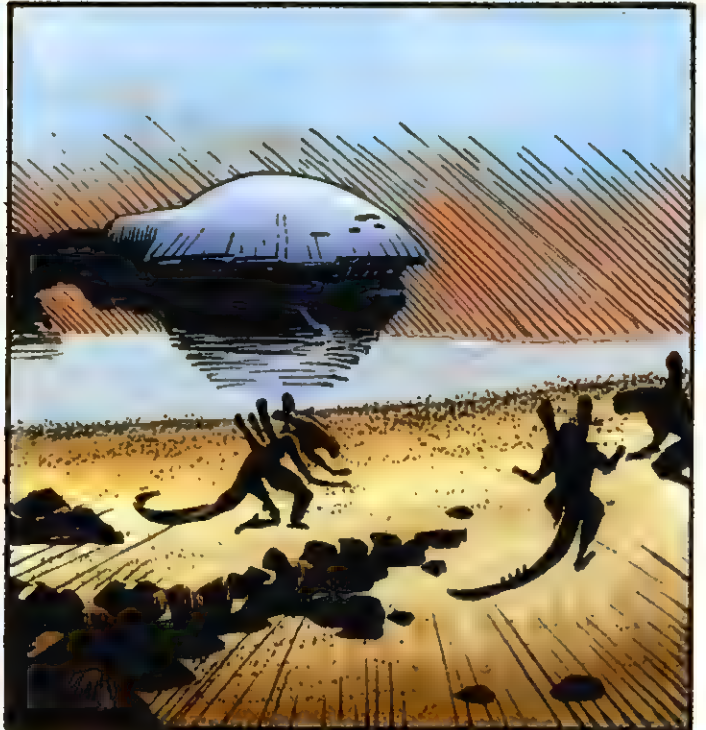
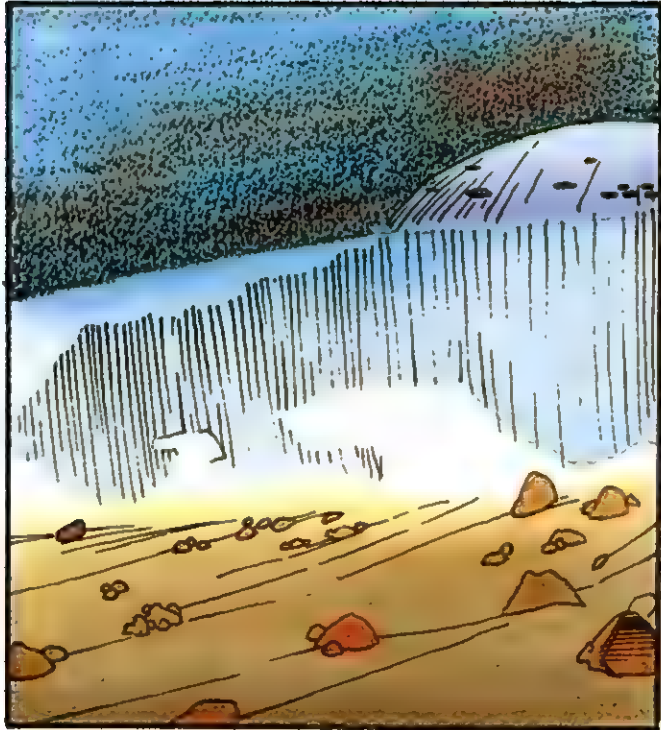
PLEASE TAKE CARE OF JULIE..

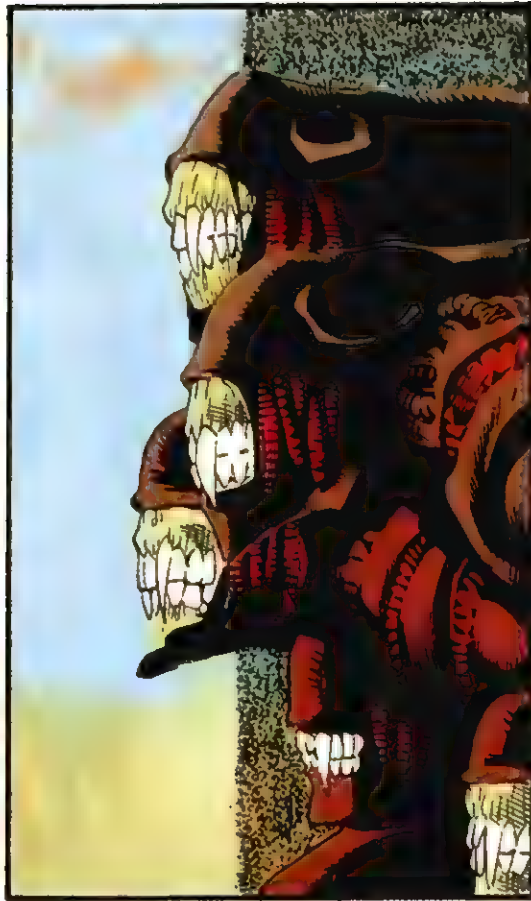
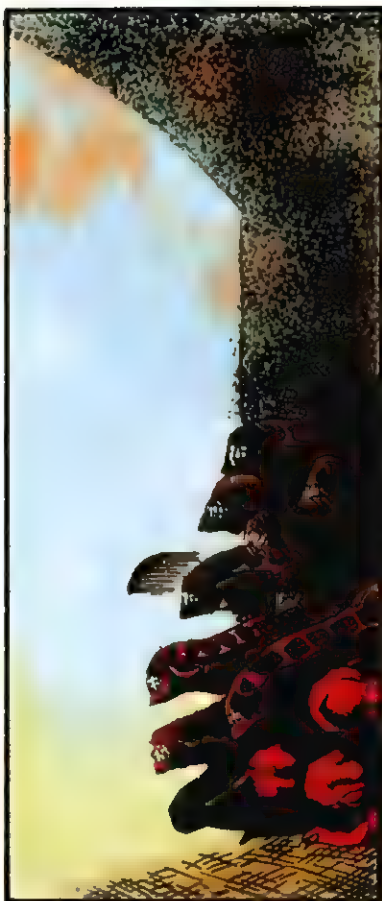


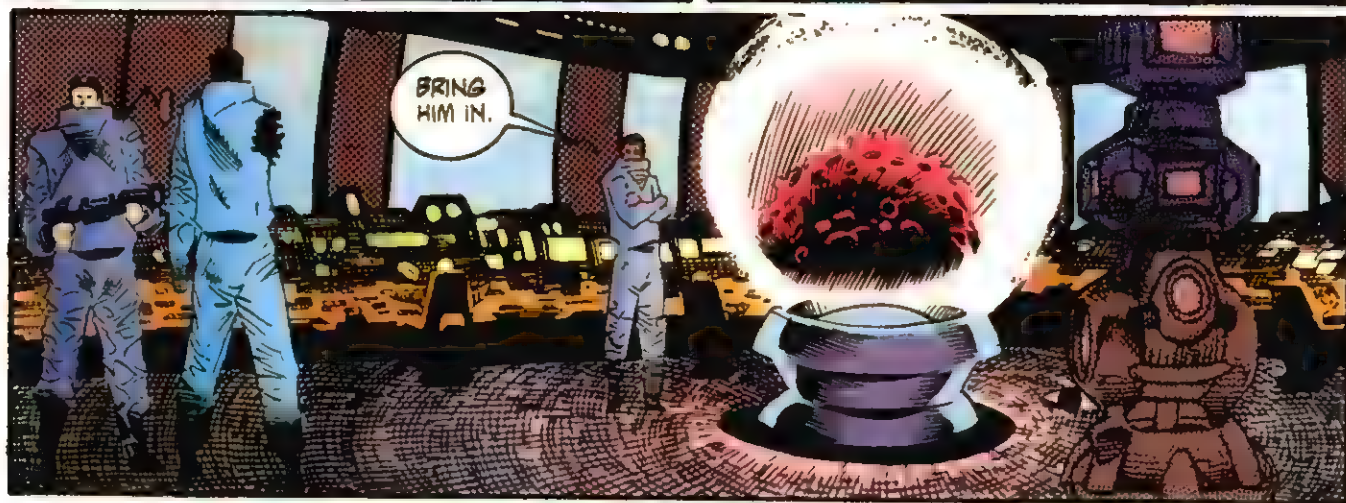
SHE'LL BE FINE, GILL. I PROMISE.

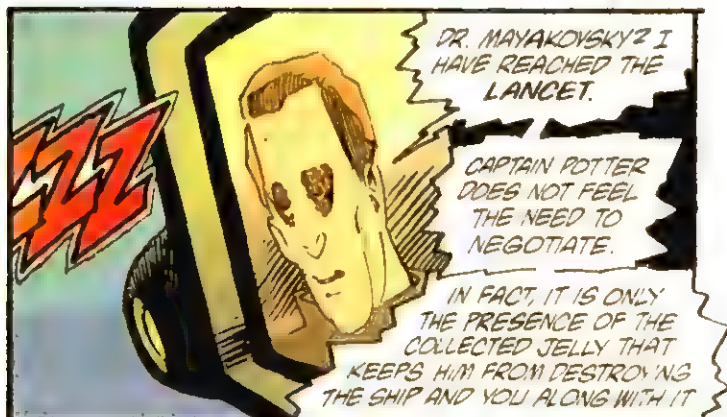
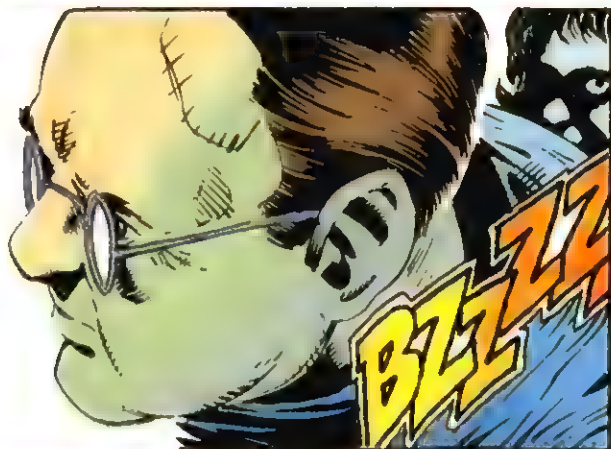


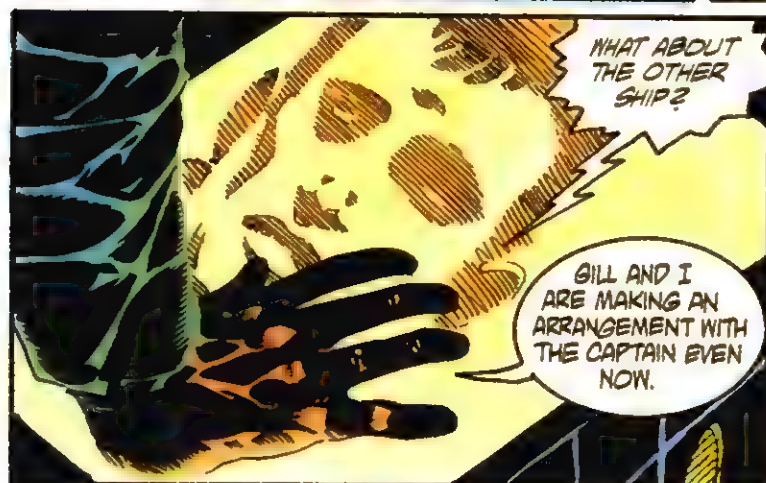
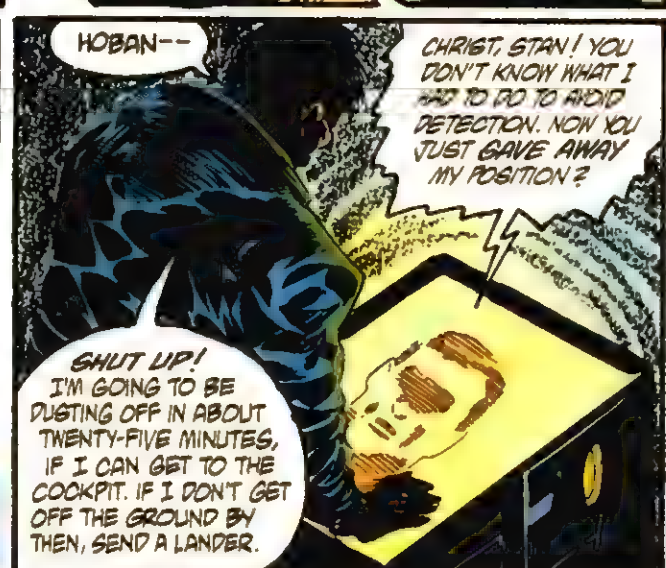
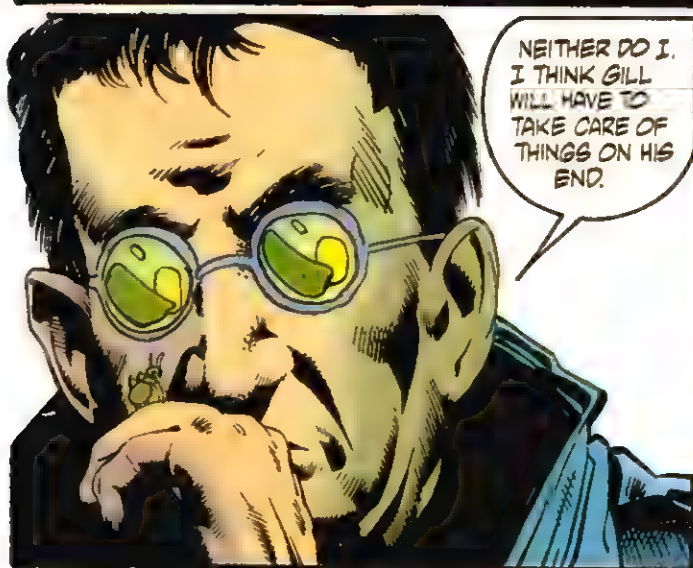
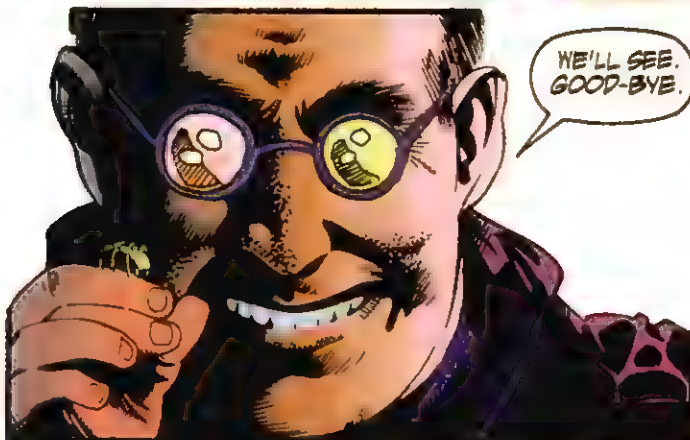
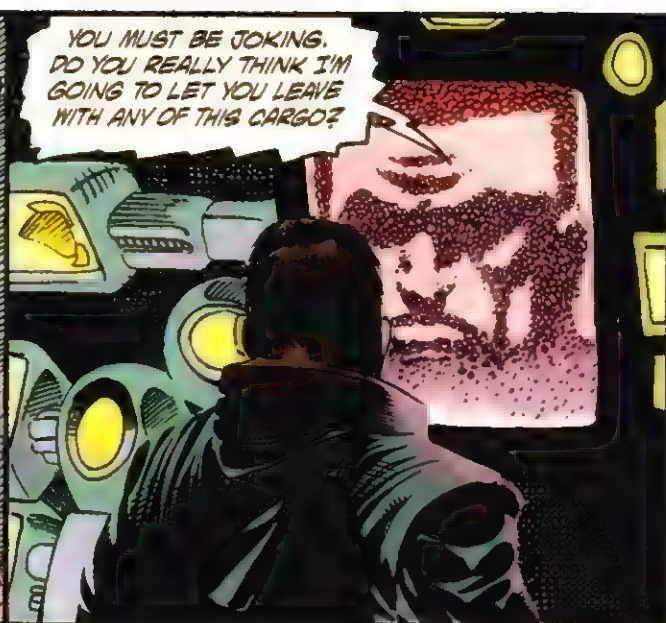


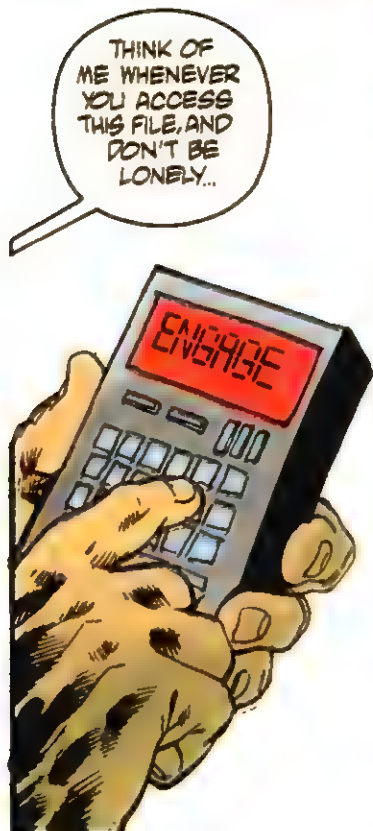












At first only one
or two moved.

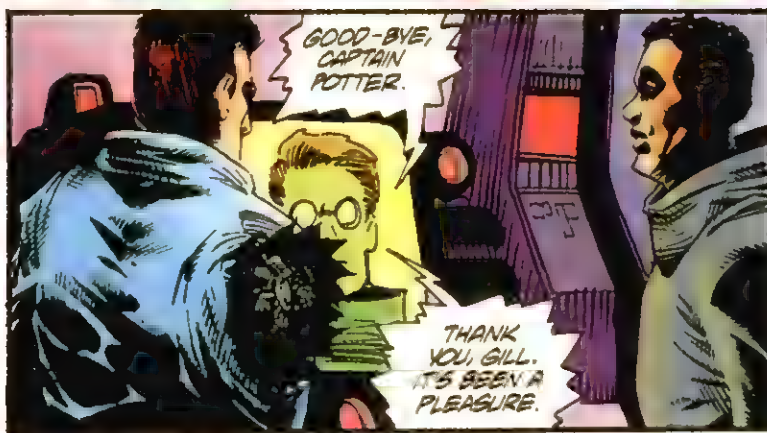
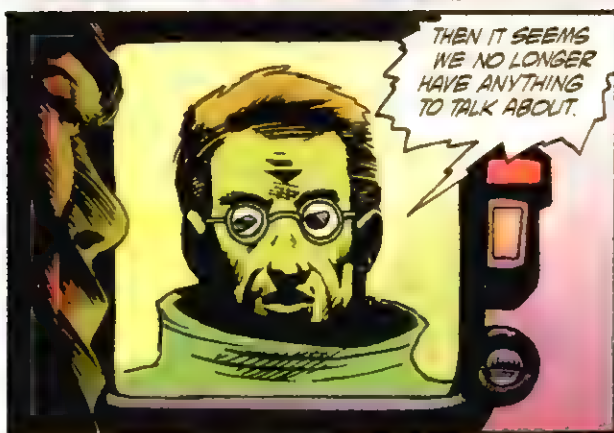
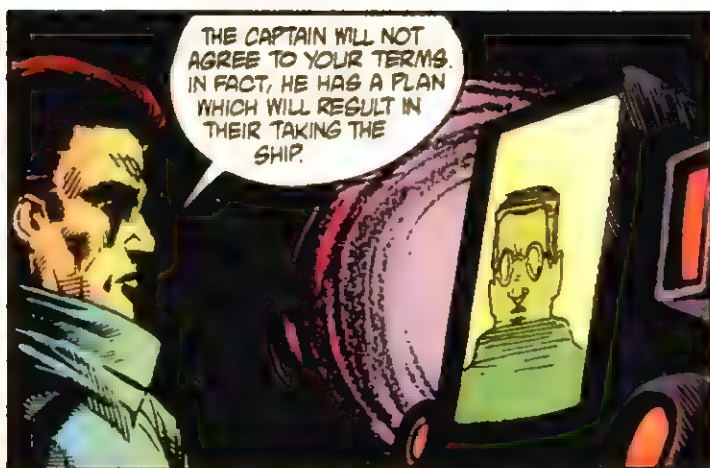
But others joined quickly...

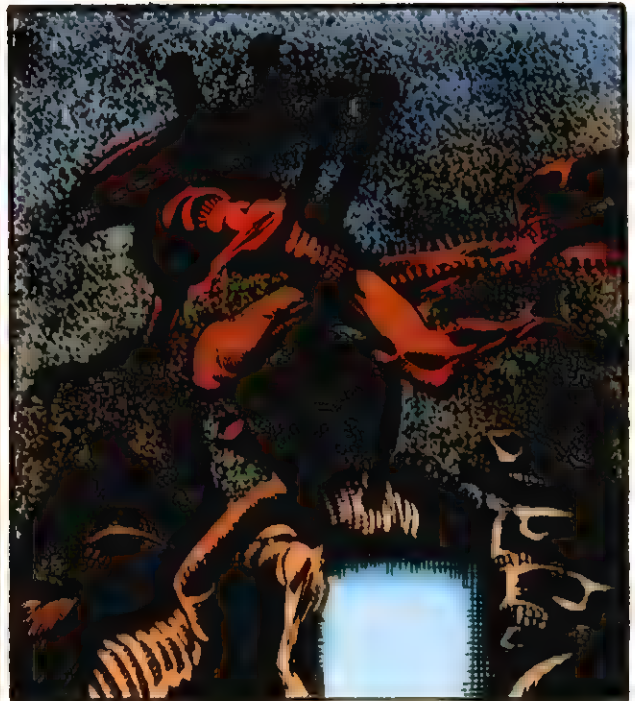
An understanding born of ritualized
and tactile communication.

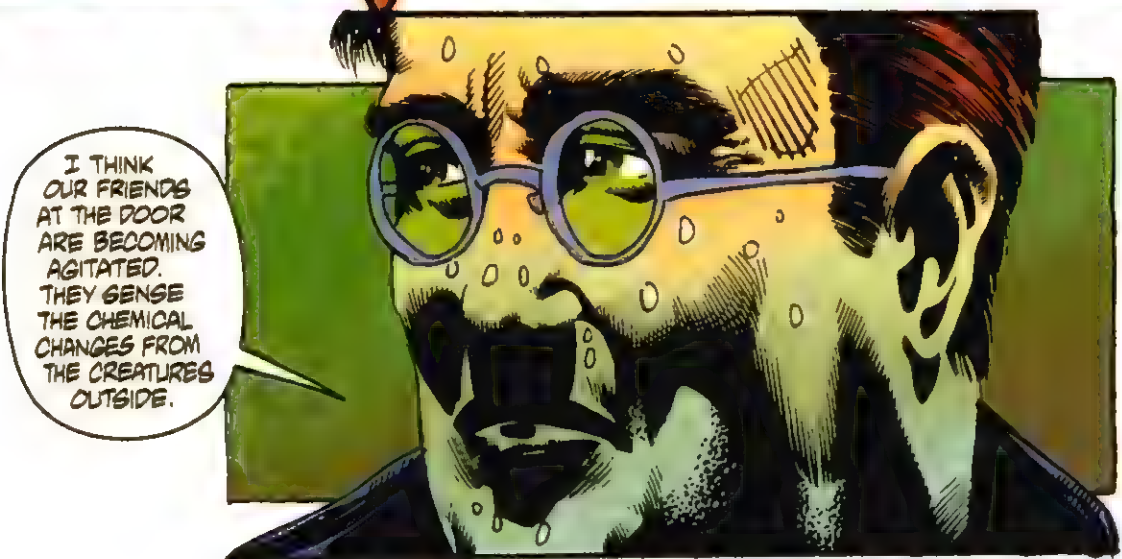
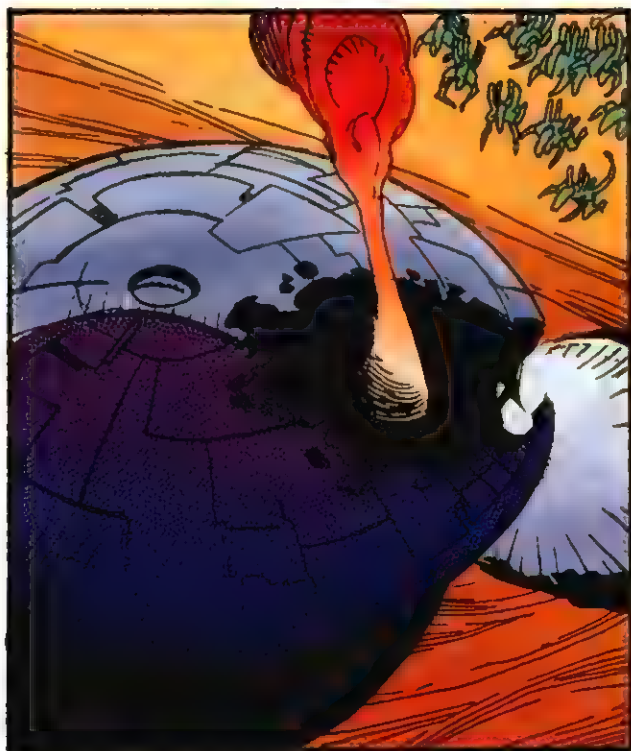
Their mass built geometrically
until they formed a living wall.*

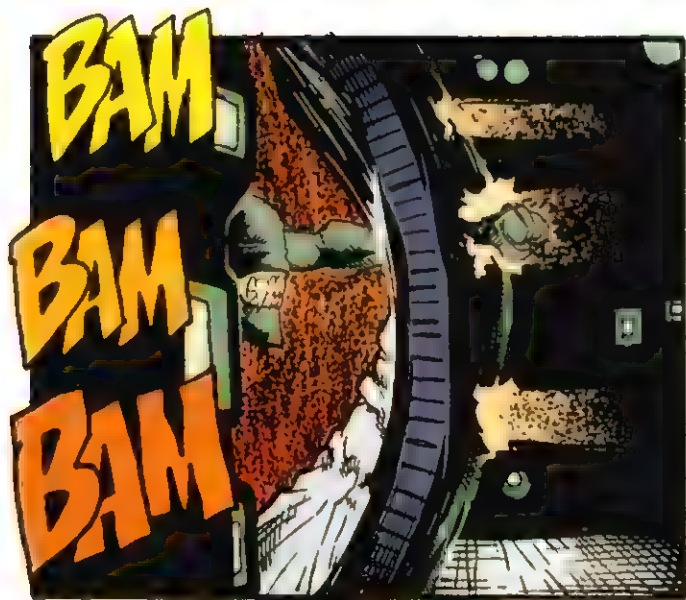
* From *Cyberantics* by Stanislaw Mayakovsky.

A mute understanding
passing among them...









THANK GOD
FOR THE NOISE.
THE QUIET WAS
BEGINNING TO
BOTHER ME.



HOBAN
WILL BE HERE
SOON.



BZZZZZZZZ

JESUS, STAN!
WHAT THE HELL
WAS THAT?

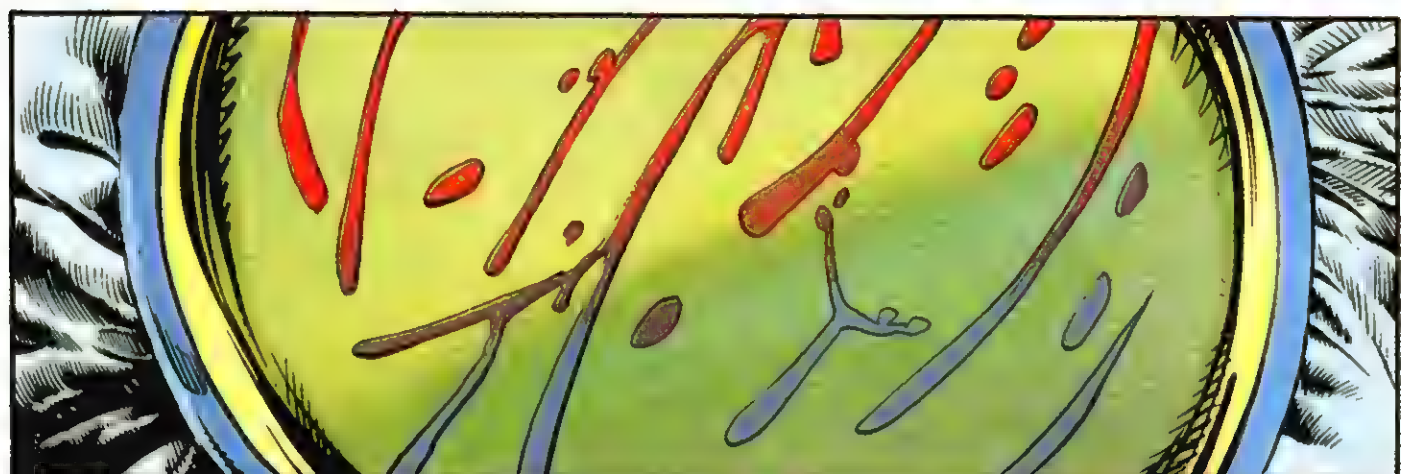
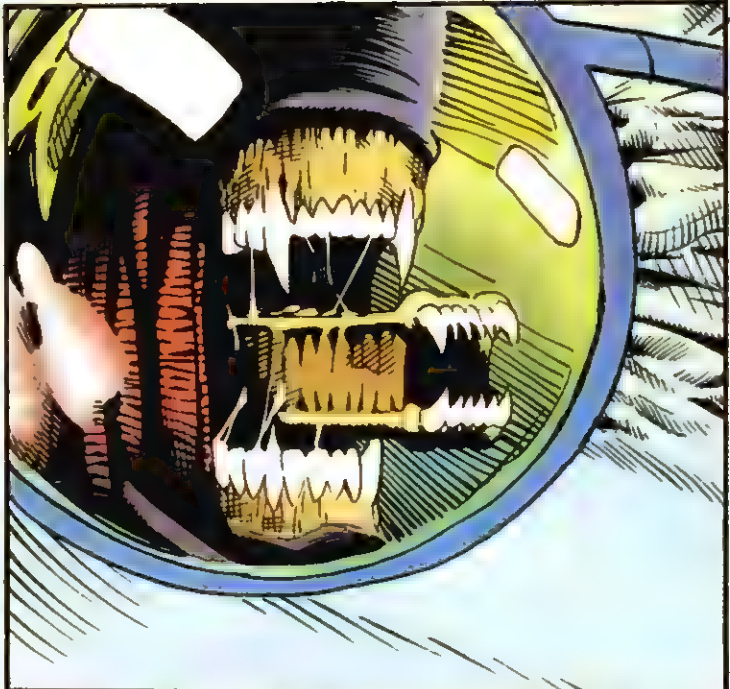
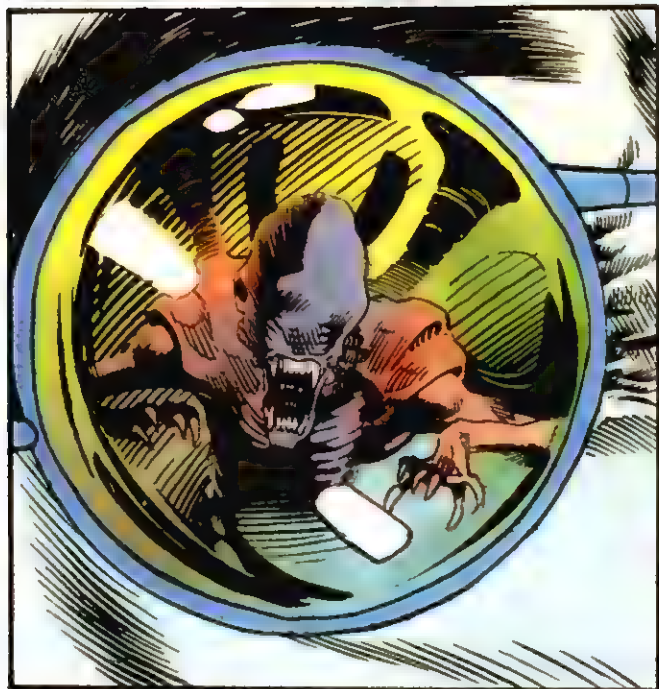


YOUR CUE.
HOW MUCH LONGER
'TIL YOU CAN GET
DOWN HERE?

WE'RE
STILL
FIFTEEN
MINUTES
AWAY!







THE DARKNESS WAS WARM,
LIKE HER KISS.

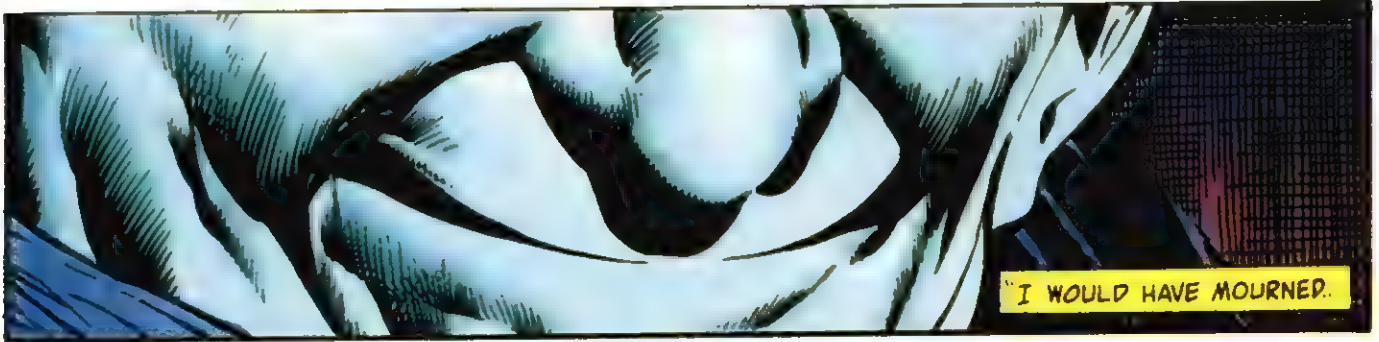
STAN COULDN'T TELL IF HIS
EYES WERE OPENED OR CLOSED.

HE REMEMBERED SOMETHING BY
OTA DOKAN, A JAPANESE POET—
WRITTEN WHILE A KNIFE PROTRUDED
FROM HIS CHEST.

"HAD I NOT KNOWN THAT I WAS DEAD

ALREADY...





"I WOULD HAVE MOURNED."



"...THE LOSS..."



"...OF MY LIFE."

COLONIAL MARINES



script

CHRIS WARNER (chapters 1–3)

KELLY PUCKETT (chapters 4–8)

DAN JOLLEY (chapters 9, 10)

layouts

PAUL GUINAN

pencils

TONY AKINS (chapters 1–3, 7)

ALLEN NUNIS (chapters 4–6)

JOHN NADEAU (chapters 8–10)

inks

PAUL GUINAN (chapters 1–3, 5, 7)

ANDE PARKS (chapter 4)

TERRY PALLOT (chapter 4)

JOHN DELL (chapter 5)

BOB SMITH (chapter 6)

JIM McDERMOTT (chapter 8)

JORDI ENSIGN (chapters 9, 10)

colors

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH (chapters 1–5)

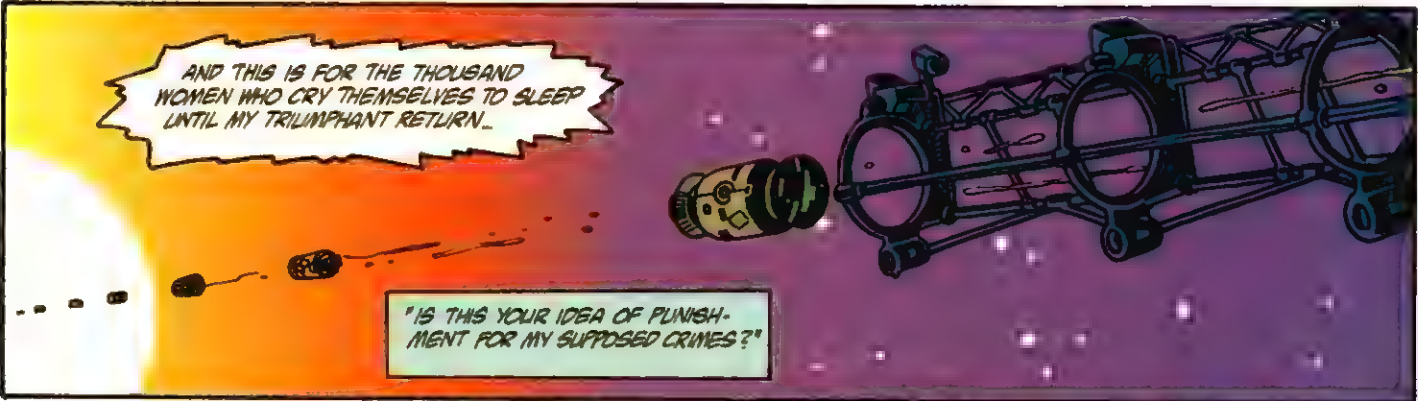
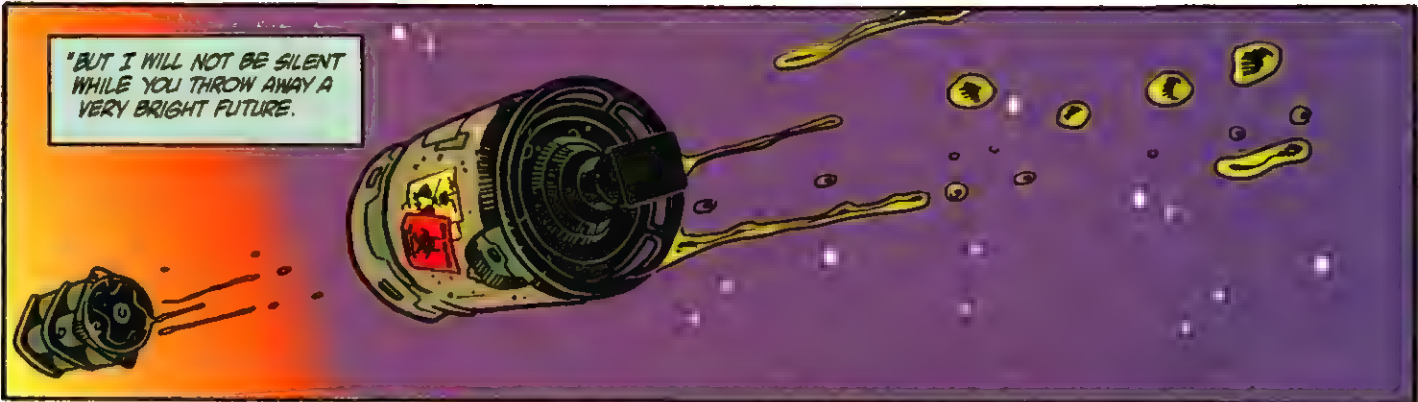
PAMELA RAMBO (chapters 6–8)

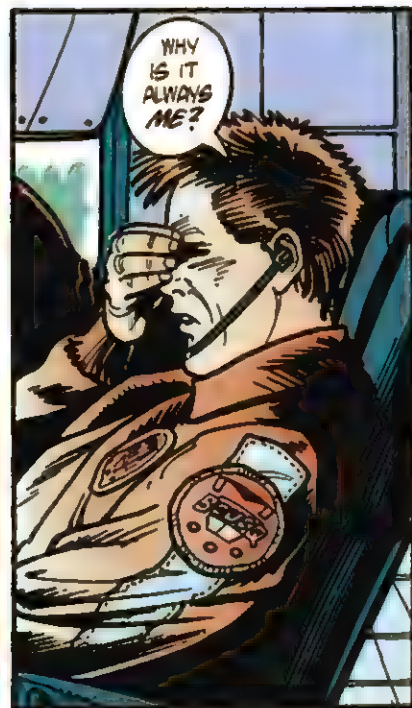
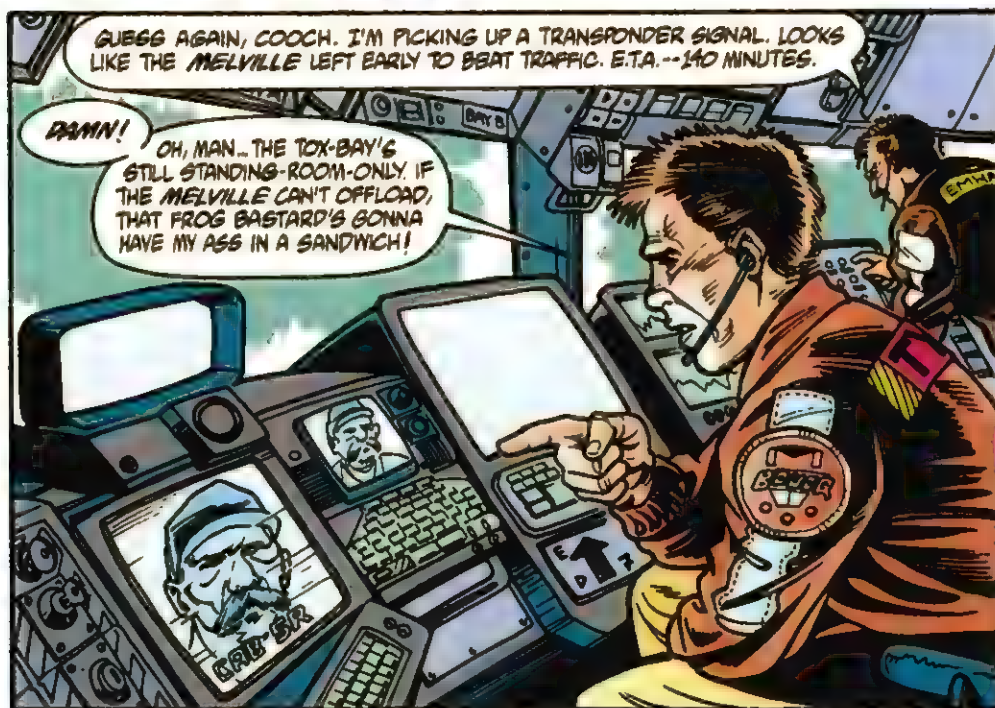
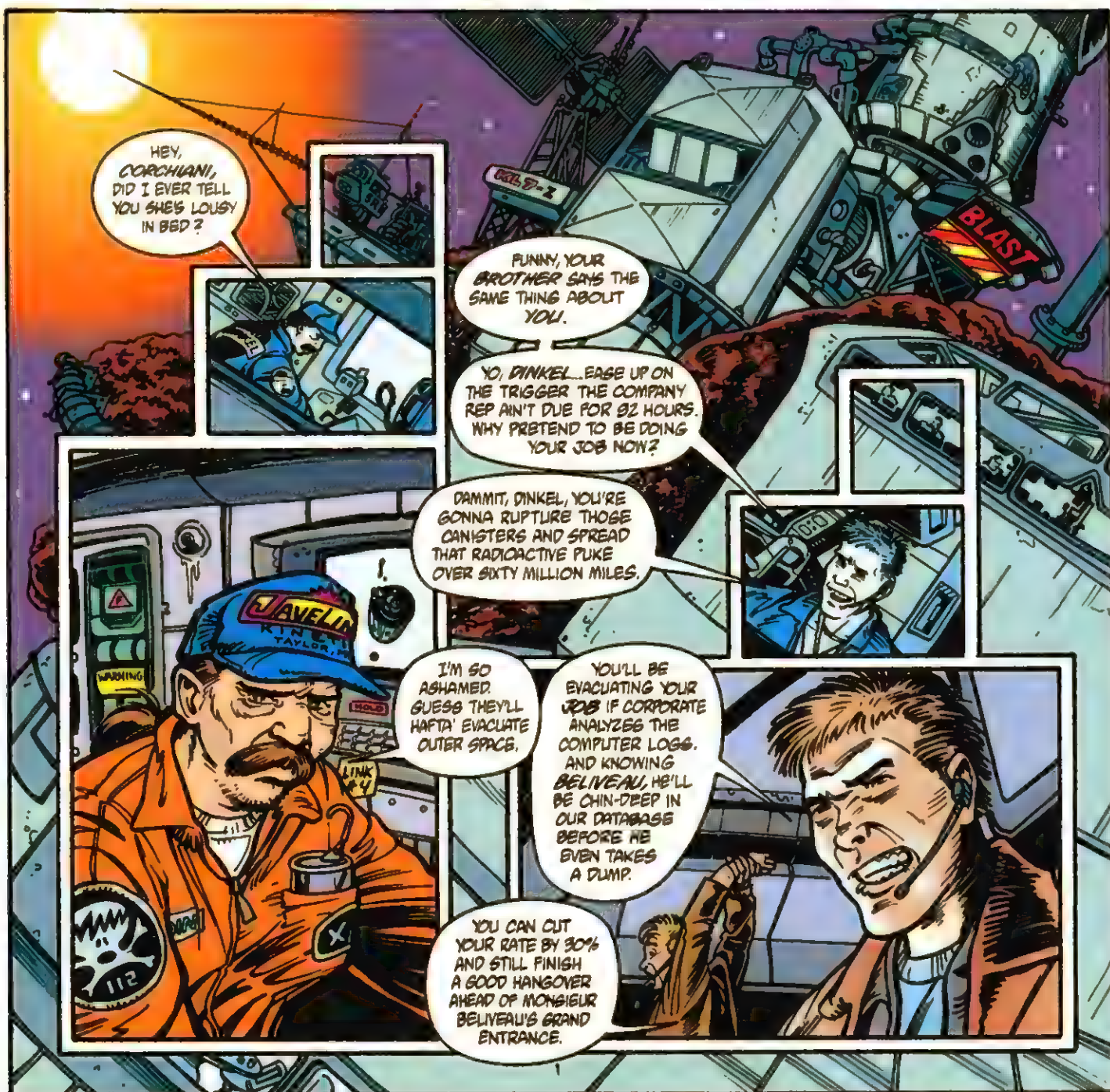
DOUG JONES (chapters 9, 10)

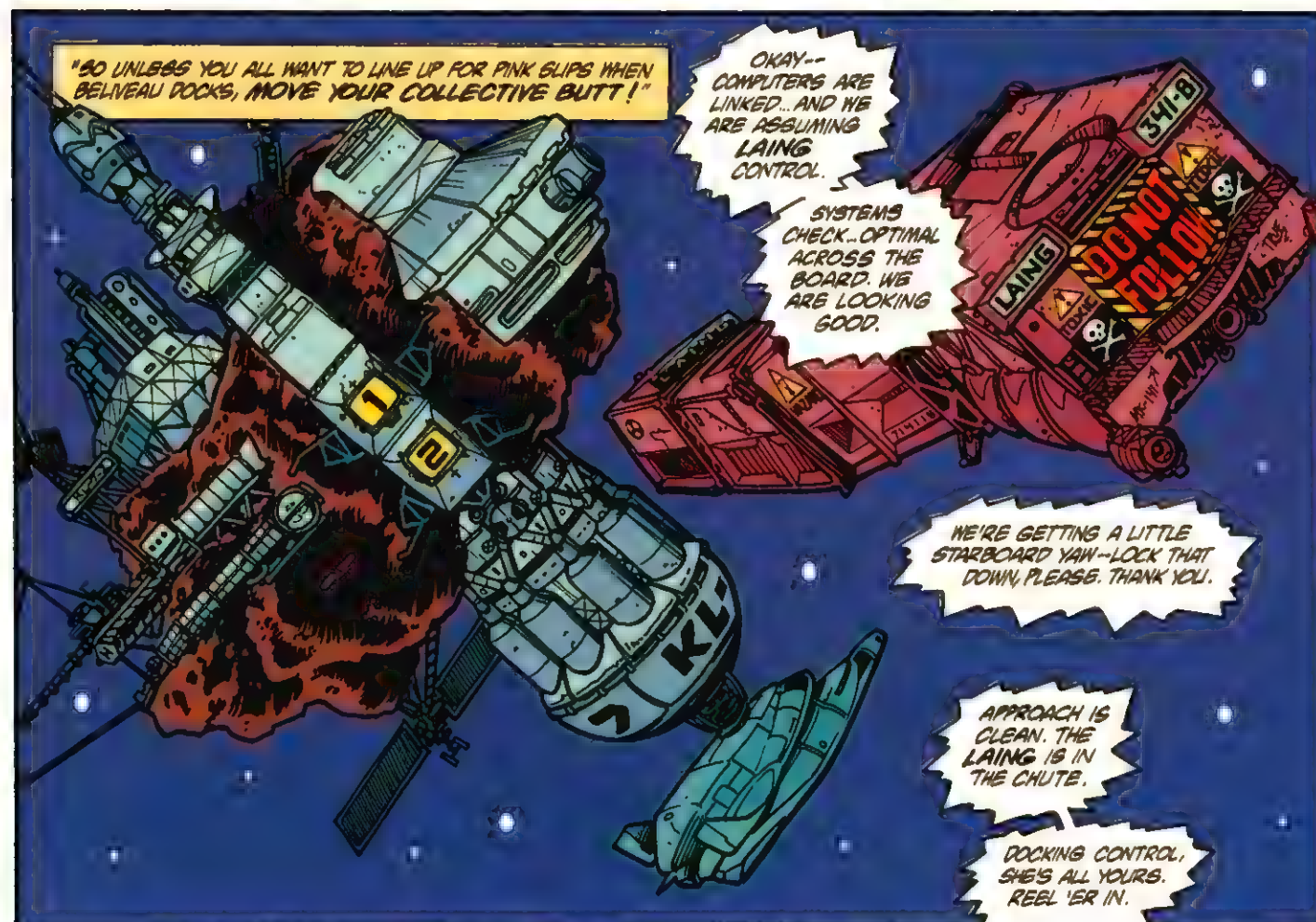
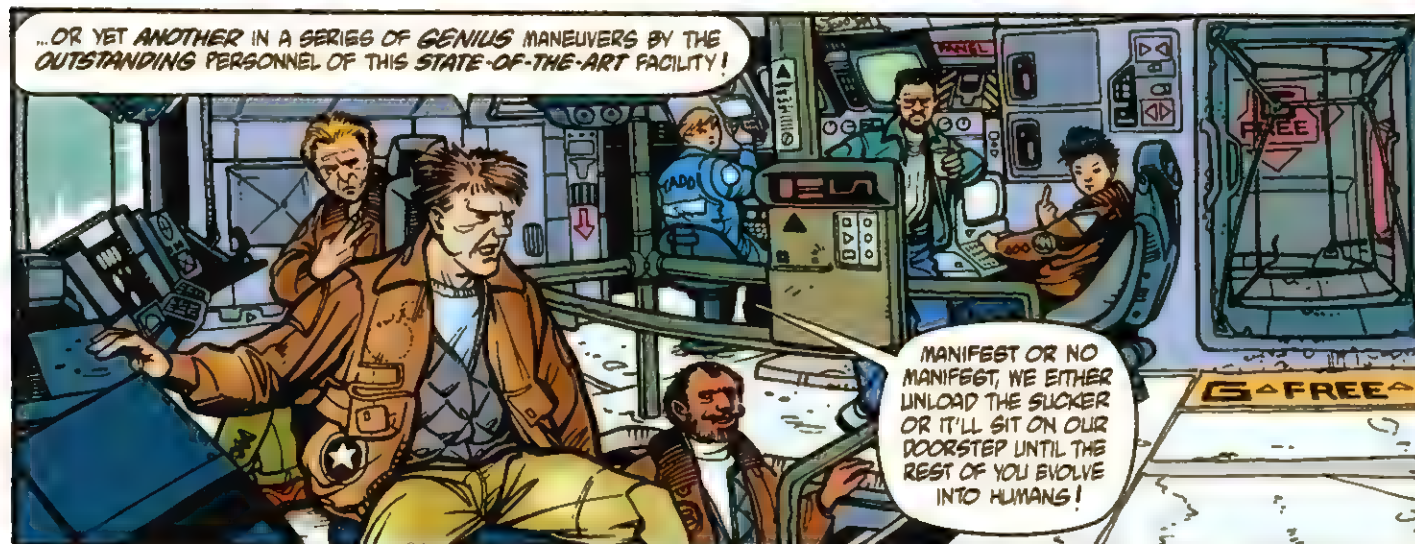
lettering

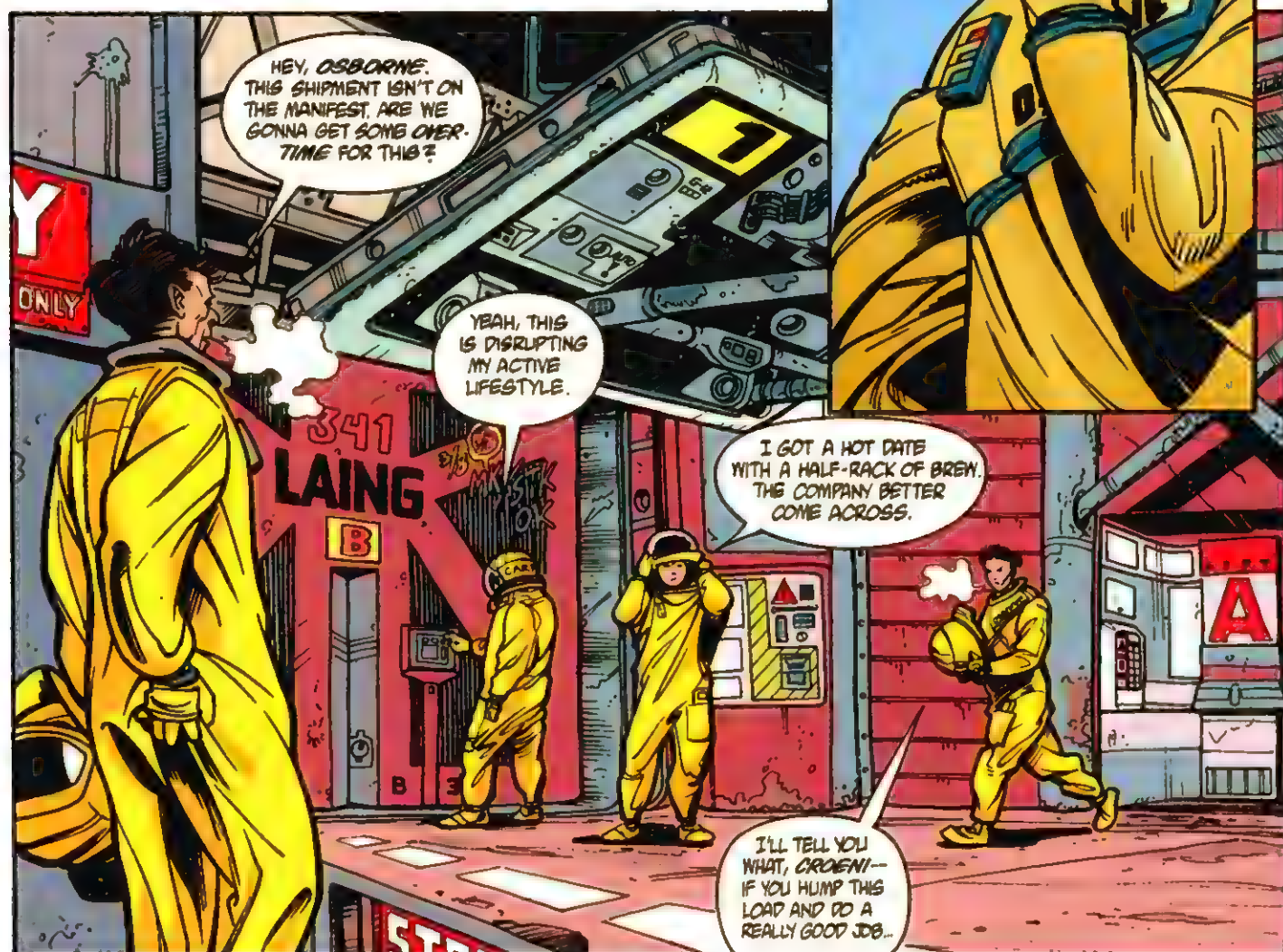
CLEM ROBINS









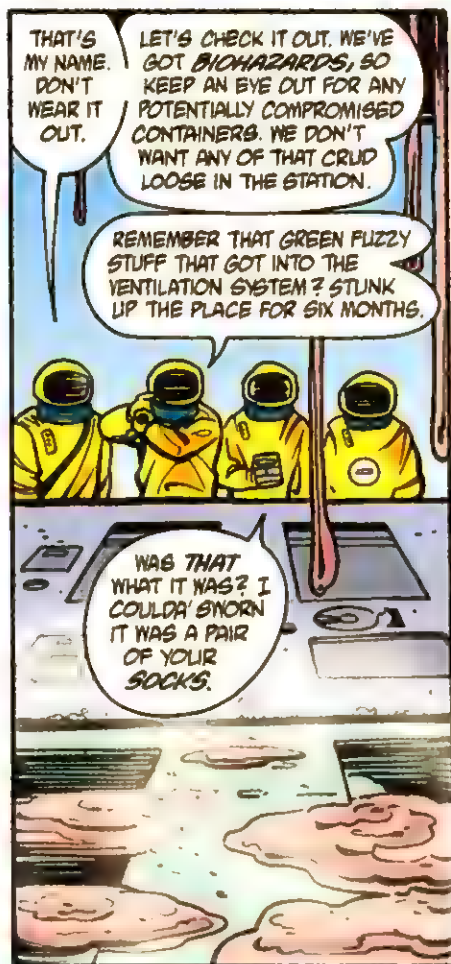




...I'LL RECOMMEND THAT YOU ALL NOT BE FIRED!

FAIR ENOUGH.

WE LOVE YOU VERY MUCH ...NITCH.



THAT'S MY NAME. DON'T WEAR IT OUT.

LET'S CHECK IT OUT. WE'VE GOT BIOHAZARDS, SO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR ANY POTENTIALLY COMPROMISED CONTAINERS. WE DON'T WANT ANY OF THAT CRUD LOOSE IN THE STATION.

REMEMBER THAT GREEN FUZZY STUFF THAT GOT INTO THE VENTILATION SYSTEM? STUNK UP THE PLACE FOR SIX MONTHS.

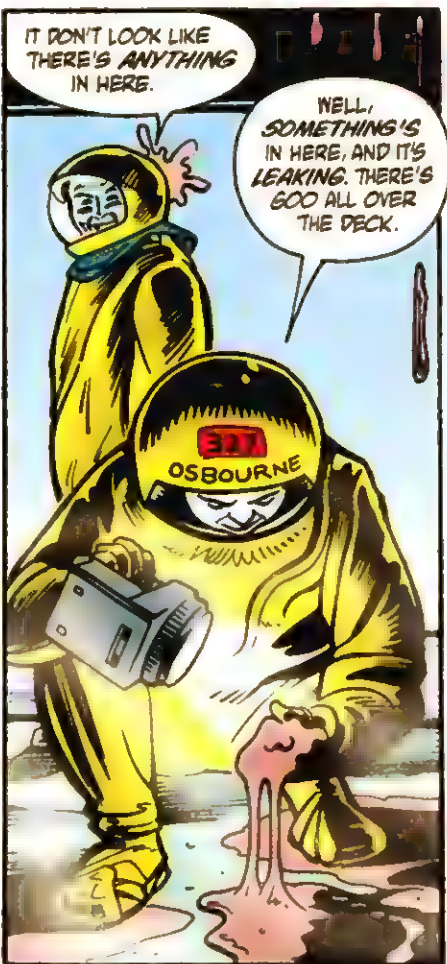
WAS THAT WHAT IT WAS? I COULDA' SNORN IT WAS A PAIR OF YOUR SOCKS.



HEY, MAN... NO LIGHTS!

MIGHT BE A BAD POWER COUPLING FROM THE TRACTOR. AND THIS FOG DOESN'T LOOK GOOD. MIGHT BE PROBLEMS WITH TEMPERATURE STABILIZATION --MAYBE WE'VE GOT SOME CORROSIVES MONKEY-WRENCHING THE WORKS.

CARROLL. FIND THE POWER BOX FOR THE AUXILIARY LAMPS.



IT DON'T LOOK LIKE THERE'S ANYTHING IN HERE.

WELL, SOMETHING'S IN HERE, AND IT'S LEAKING. THERE'S GOO ALL OVER THE DECK.



HEY! CHECK THIS OUT! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?

I DON'T KNOW...IS IT ORGANIC?

HEY, I'M A STEVEDORE, NOT NO SCIENTIST.

YO! I FOUND THE LIGHTS!



I'M NOT THE
MONSTER
YOU MAKE ME
OUT TO BE.

BUSBYONE HAS A
RIGHT TO BE HAPPY.
I HAVE A RIGHT TO
BE HAPPY.

YOUR BROTHER ACCEPTED MY DESIGN. HE
WAS BOTH ASHLEY. THESE CHANGING SITUATIONS
CHANGE. PEOPLE CHANGE. THAT'S THE WAY OF
THIS WORLD.

OH, YES.

"LIFE IS ABOUT REALITY,
ACH, AND SOMETIMES REALITY
ISN'T WHAT WE'D LIKE IT TO
BE. SOMETIMES IT ISN'T
PRETTY. SOMETIMES, IT'S
CONVULSIVE JERKY."

"AND, SURE, DEATH IS AS MUCH
A PART OF REALITY AS LIFE."

YOUR MOTHER WAS A FINE WOMAN, SON...AND I WAS SADDENED TO HEAR OF HER PASSING.

HAD I KNOWN, I WOULD HAVE MADE AN EFFORT TO ATTEND THE SERVICES. I WAS IN THE MIST OF A HELLISH BUDGET SUMMIT, AND MY STAFF FAILED TO INFORM ME.

I HAVE MADE SIZEABLE ENDOWMENTS IN YOUR MOTHER'S NAME TO SEVERAL OF HER FAVORITE CHARITIES.

I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WERE UNABLE TO SEE HER BEFORE--WELL...BEFORE. I'M VERY SORRY, JOSEPH.

DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP ABOUT IT. BEING OUT THERE ON THE FRONTIER, IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN YOU MONTHS TO GET HOME.

I'M SURE SHE UNDERSTOOD, SON. YOUR MOTHER WAS NEVER ONE TO PUT HERSELF IN THE WAY OF OTHERS' RESPONSIBILITIES. SHE WAS TRULY A SOLDIER.

BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE WOULD HAVE WANTED YOU TO WASTE YOUR POTENTIAL ON THIS...THIS FOREIGN LEGION FANTASY.

YOUR MOTHER SPENT HER ENTIRE LIFE EASING THE BURDENS OF OTHERS. YOU COULD BEST SERVE HER MEMORY BY UTILIZING YOUR SKILLS AND COURAGE WHERE THEY ARE MOST NEEDED.

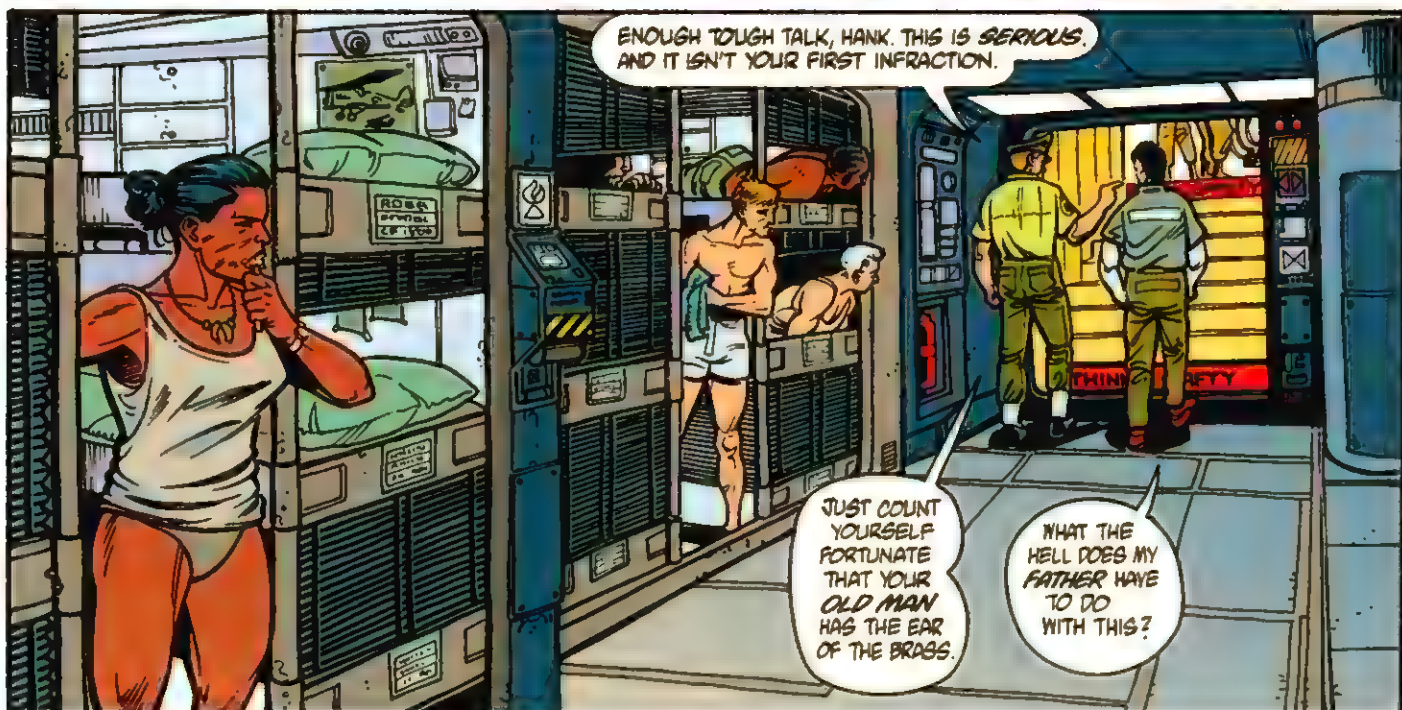
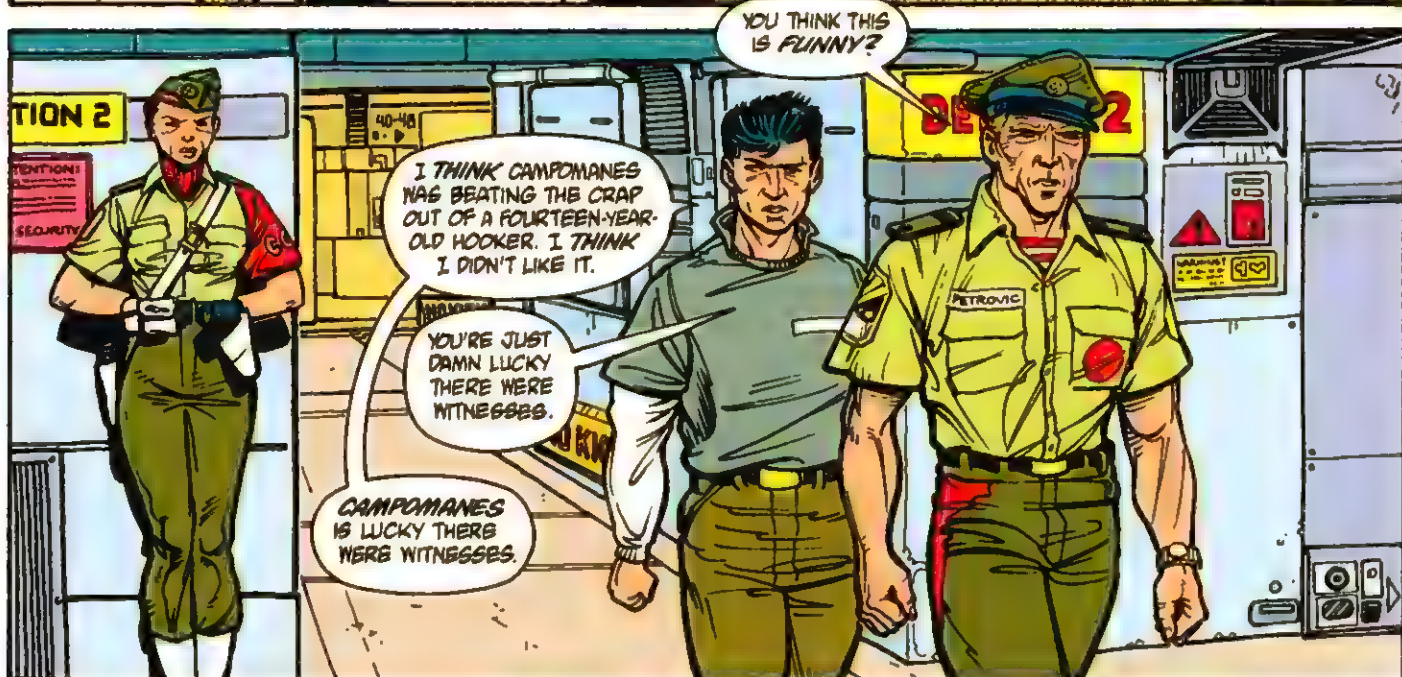
HERE. ON EARTH.

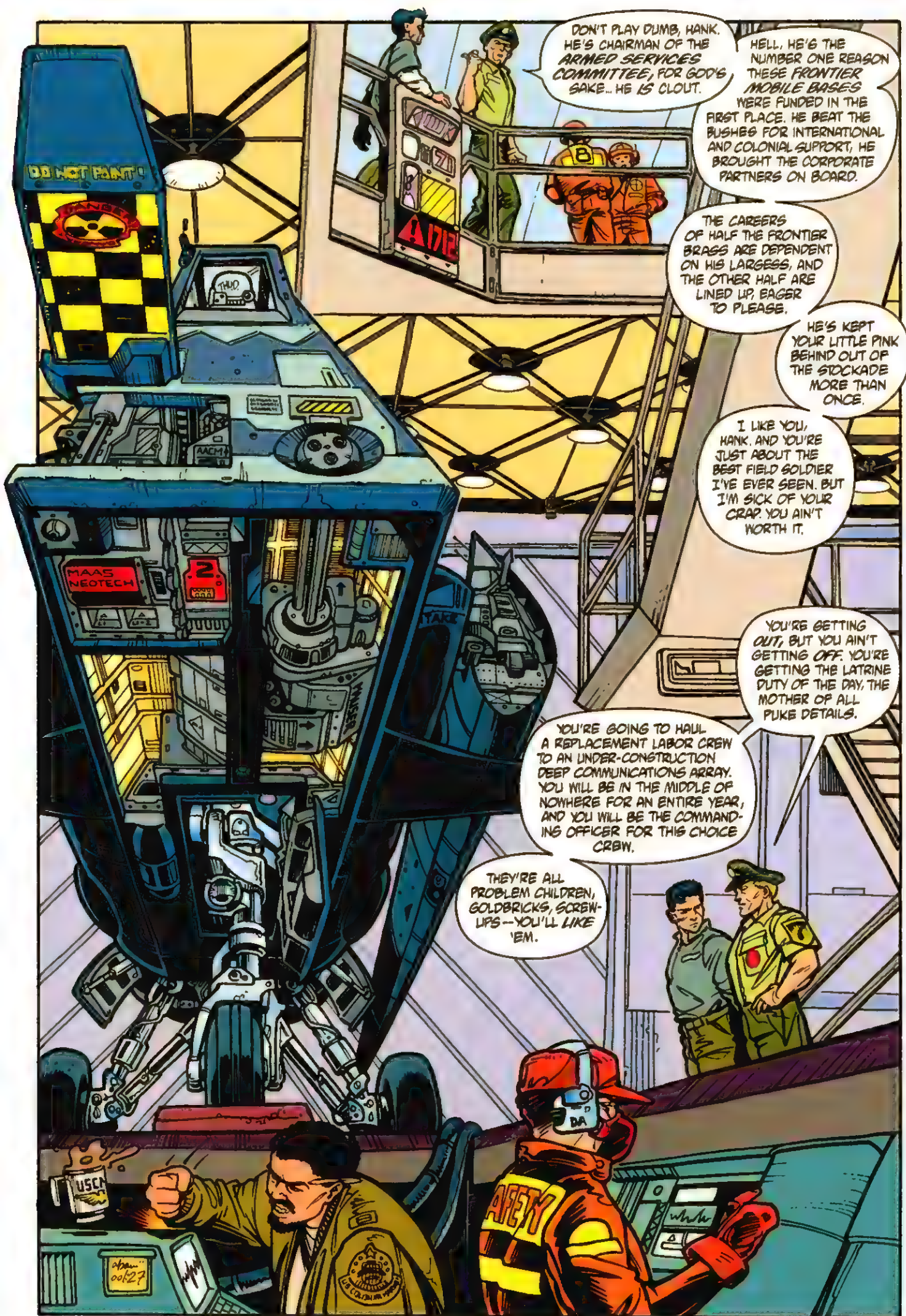
PERHAPS YOU'D FIND--AS I HAVE--THAT PUBLIC SERVICE WOULD BE THE NOBLEST WAY TO CARRY ON HER LEGACY.

OF COURSE I WOULD...

SHE'D LIKE THAT, I THINK...

OF COURSE YOU DO!





DON'T PLAY DUMB, HANK. HE'S CHAIRMAN OF THE ARMED SERVICES COMMITTEE, FOR GOD'S SAKE... HE IS CLOUT.

HELL, HE'S THE NUMBER ONE REASON THESE FRONTIER MOBILE BASES WERE FUNDED IN THE FIRST PLACE. HE BEAT THE BUSHES FOR INTERNATIONAL AND COLONIAL SUPPORT, HE BROUGHT THE CORPORATE PARTNERS ON BOARD.

THE CAREERS OF HALF THE FRONTIER BRASS ARE DEPENDENT ON HIS largess, AND THE OTHER HALF ARE LINED UP, EAGER TO PLEASE.

HE'S KEPT YOUR LITTLE PINK BEHIND OUT OF THE STOCKADE MORE THAN ONCE.

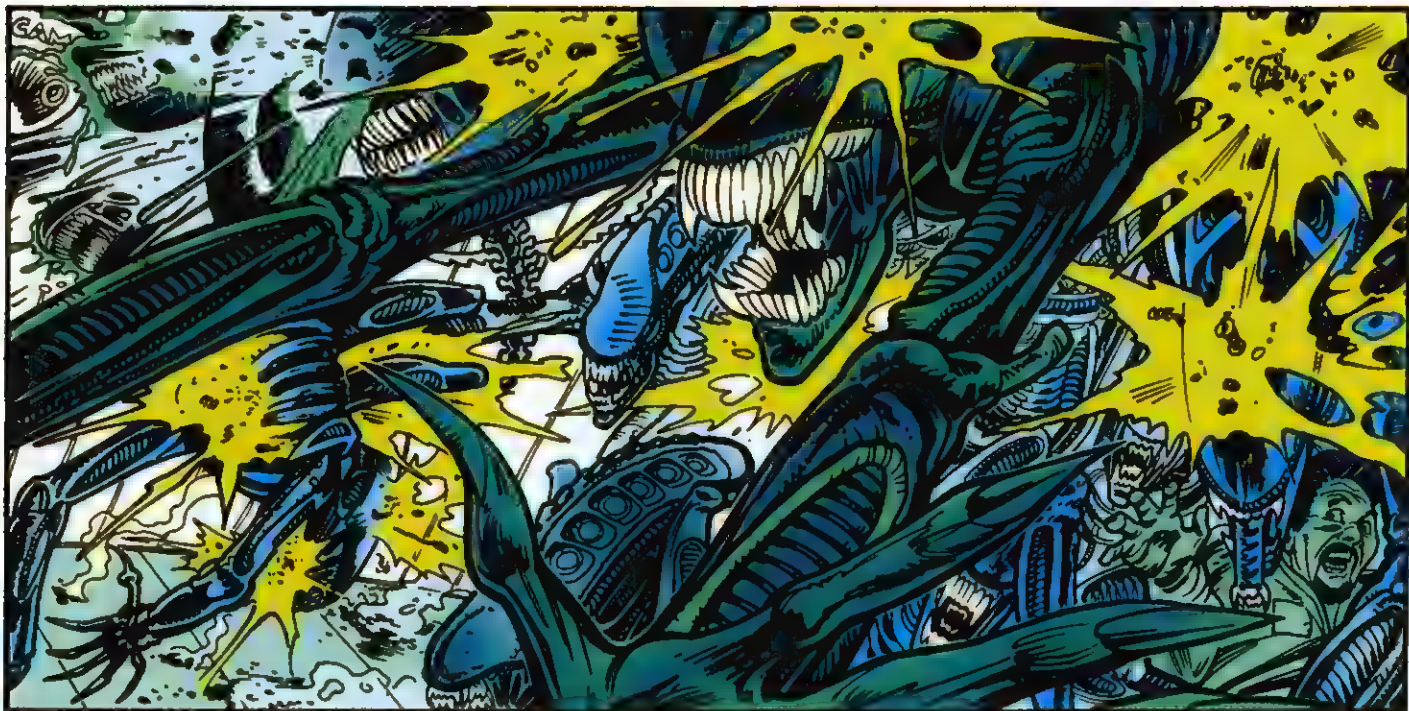
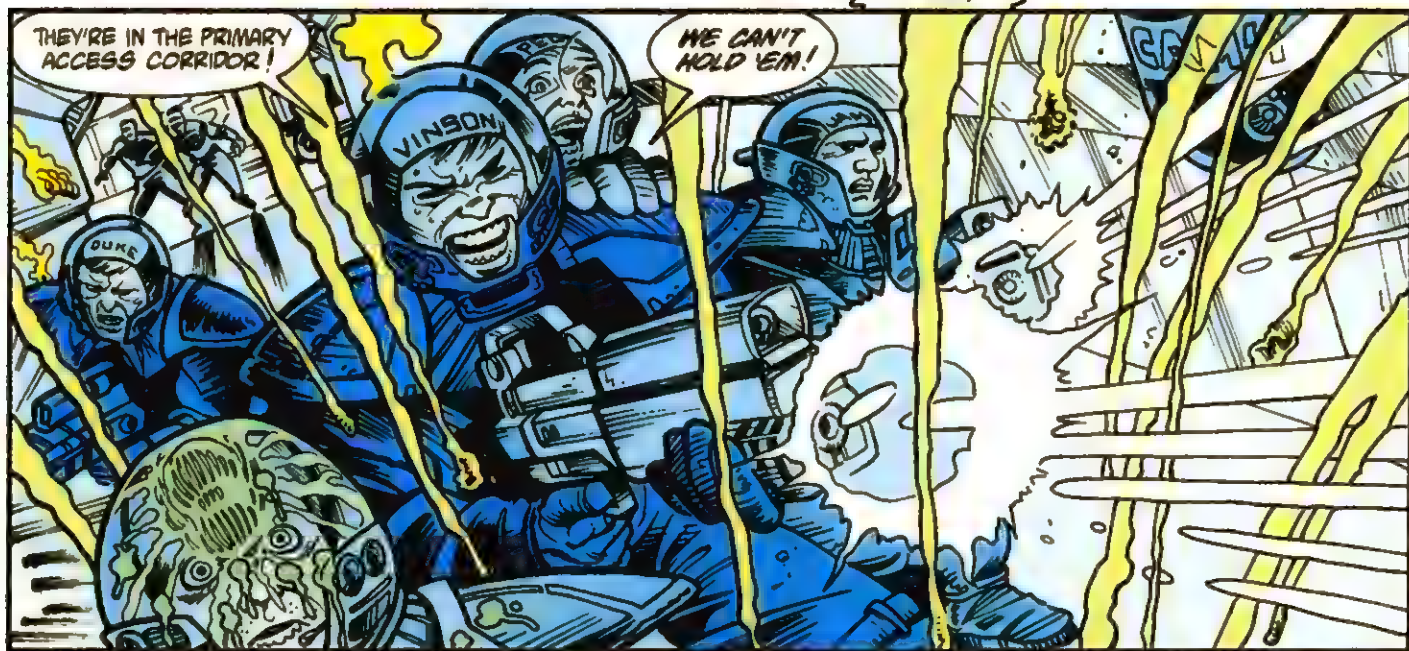
I LIKE YOU, HANK, AND YOU'RE JUST ABOUT THE BEST FIELD SOLDIER I'VE EVER SEEN. BUT I'M SICK OF YOUR CRAP. YOU AIN'T WORTH IT.

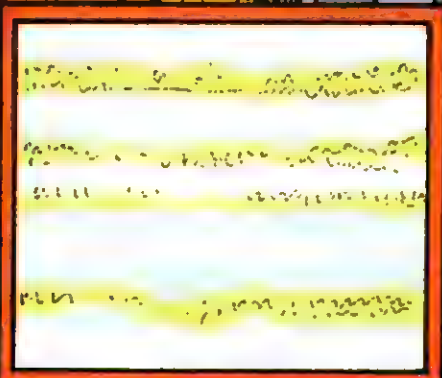
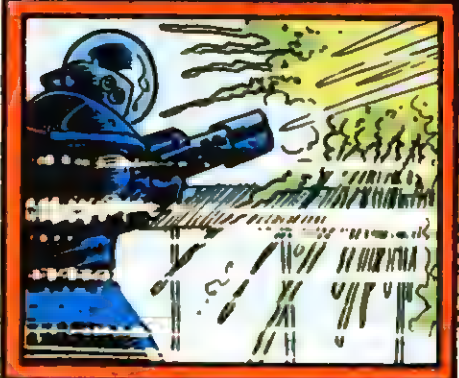
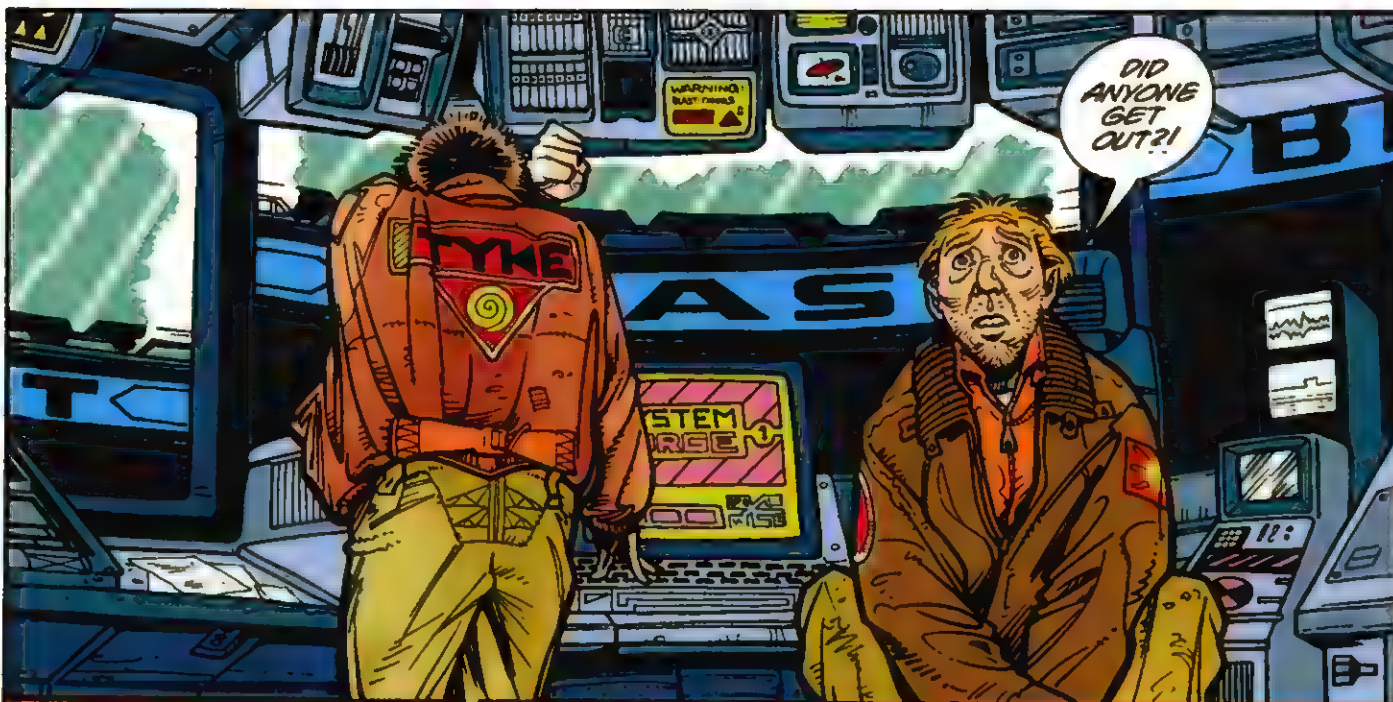
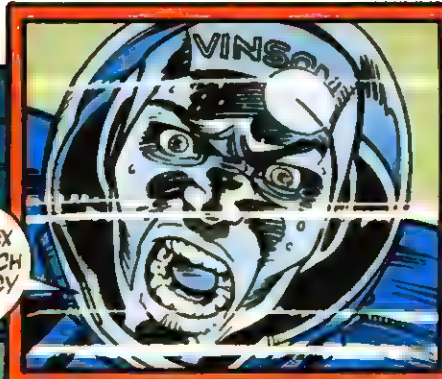
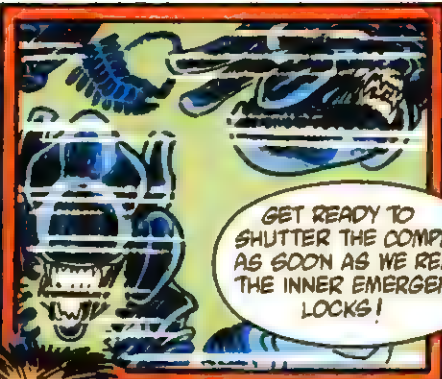
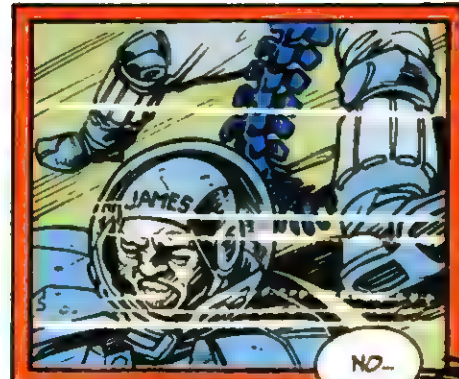
YOU'RE GETTING OUT, BUT YOU AIN'T GETTING OFF. YOU'RE GETTING THE LATRINE DUTY OF THE DAY, THE MOTHER OF ALL PUKE DETAILS.

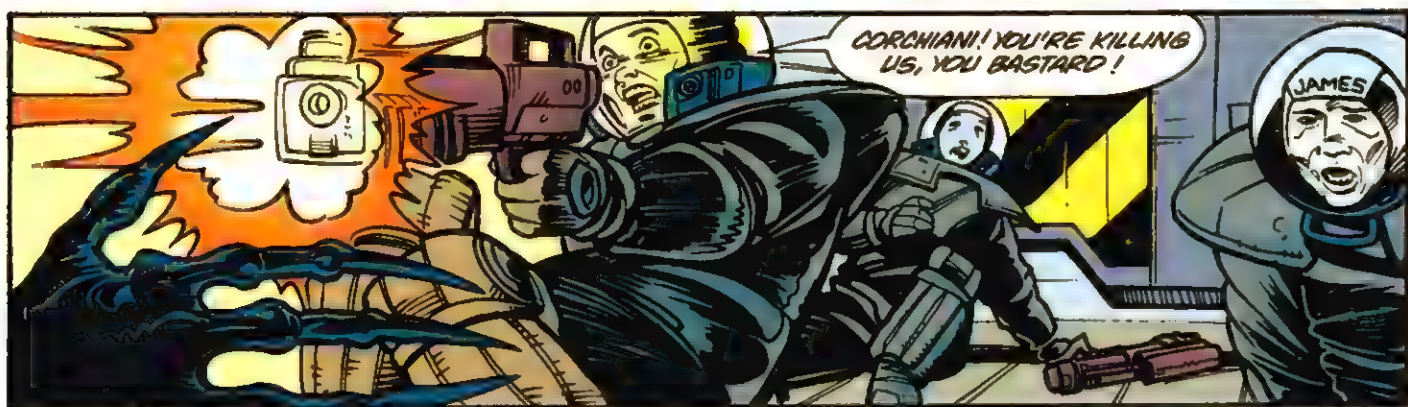
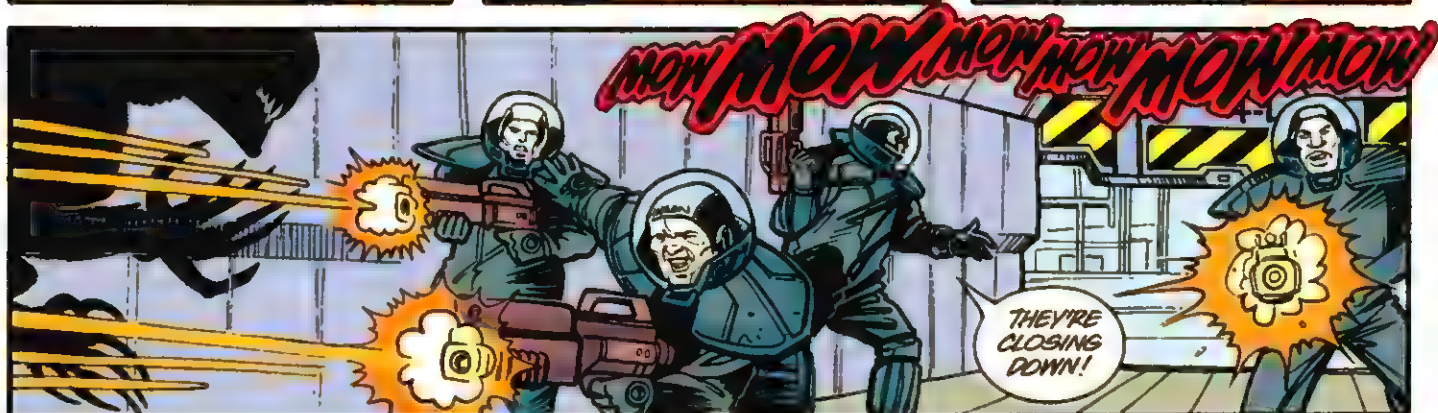
YOU'RE GOING TO HAUL A REPLACEMENT LABOR CREW TO AN UNDER-CONSTRUCTION DEEP COMMUNICATIONS ARRAY. YOU WILL BE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR, AND YOU WILL BE THE COMMANDING OFFICER FOR THIS CHOICE CREW.

THEY'RE ALL PROBLEM CHILDREN, GOLDBRICKS, SCREW-UPS--YOU'LL LIKE 'EM.









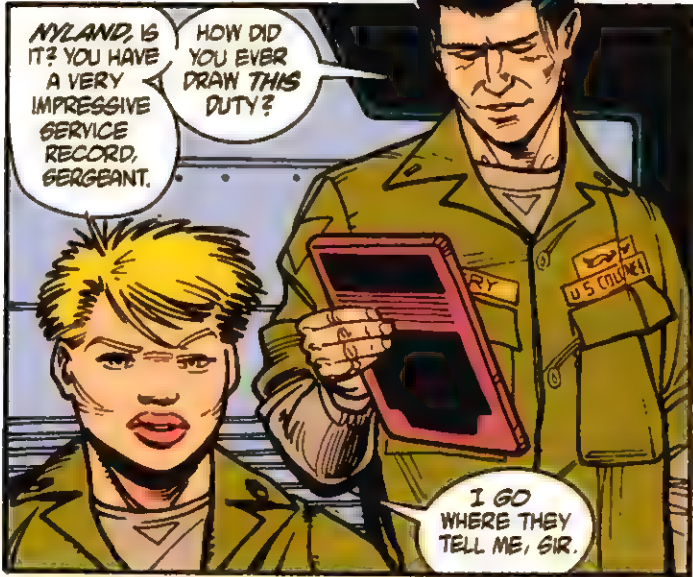


GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN. WELCOME ABOARD THE MELVILLE.

I HOPE YOUR BREAKFAST WAS SATISFACTORY. THERE'S A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING.



WE SHOULD ARRIVE AT THE FACILITY IN ABOUT TWO DAYS. OUR ACCOMMODATIONS ARE SOMEWHAT SPARTAN, BUT LET US KNOW IF WE CAN DO ANYTHING TO MAKE THE TRIP MORE COMFORTABLE.



MYLAND, IS IT? YOU HAVE A VERY IMPRESSIVE SERVICE RECORD, SERGEANT.

HOW DID YOU EVER DRAW THIS DUTY?

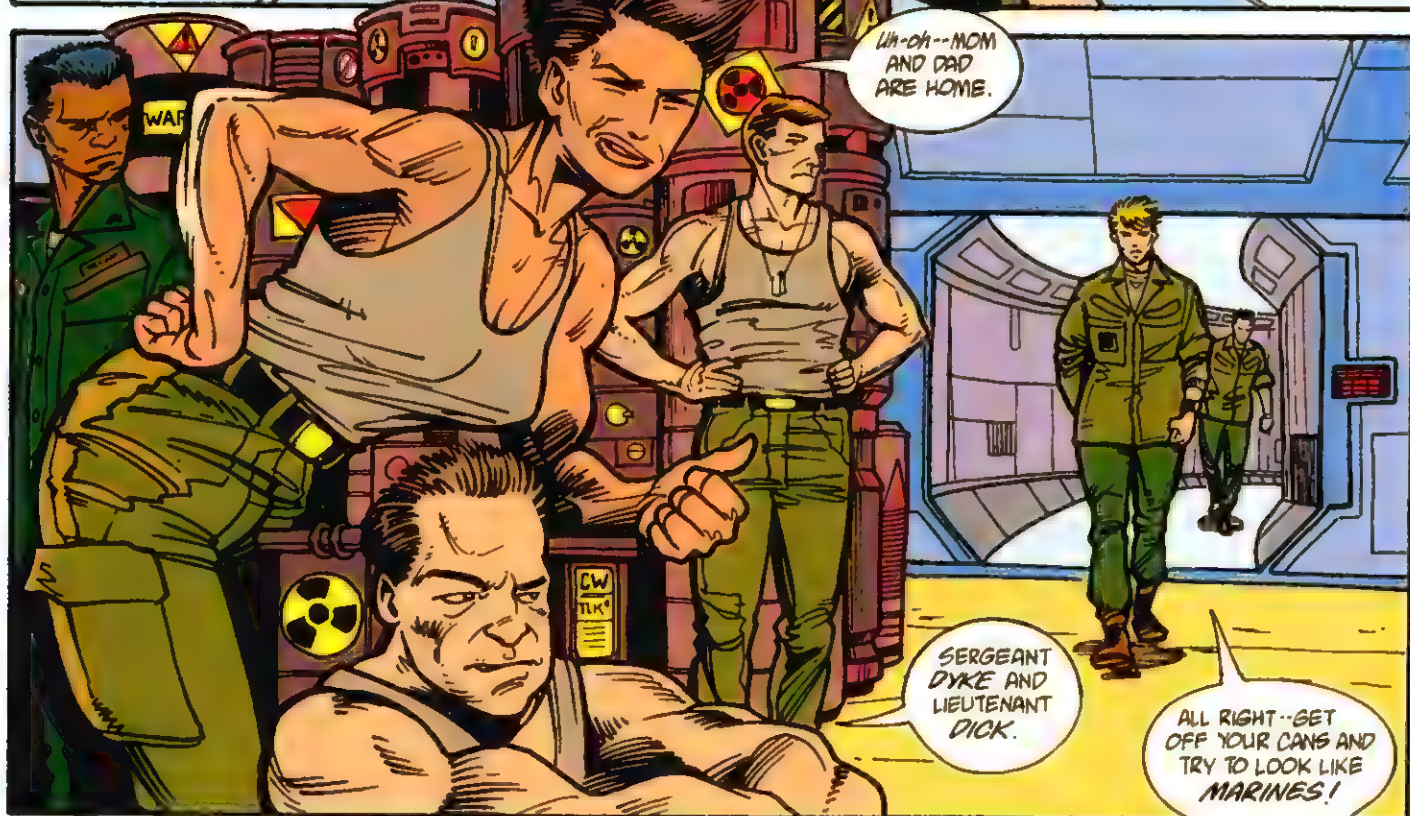
I GO WHERE THEY TELL ME, SIR.



IS THIS YOUR FIRST WAGON TRAIN ON THE FRONTIER, MR. BELIVEAU?

NO--NOR IS IT MY FIRST TIME AT THE RODEO.

NOW THAT WE'VE EXCHANGED CLICHES, PERHAPS WE CAN ALL BE ABOUT OUR BUSINESS, HMM?



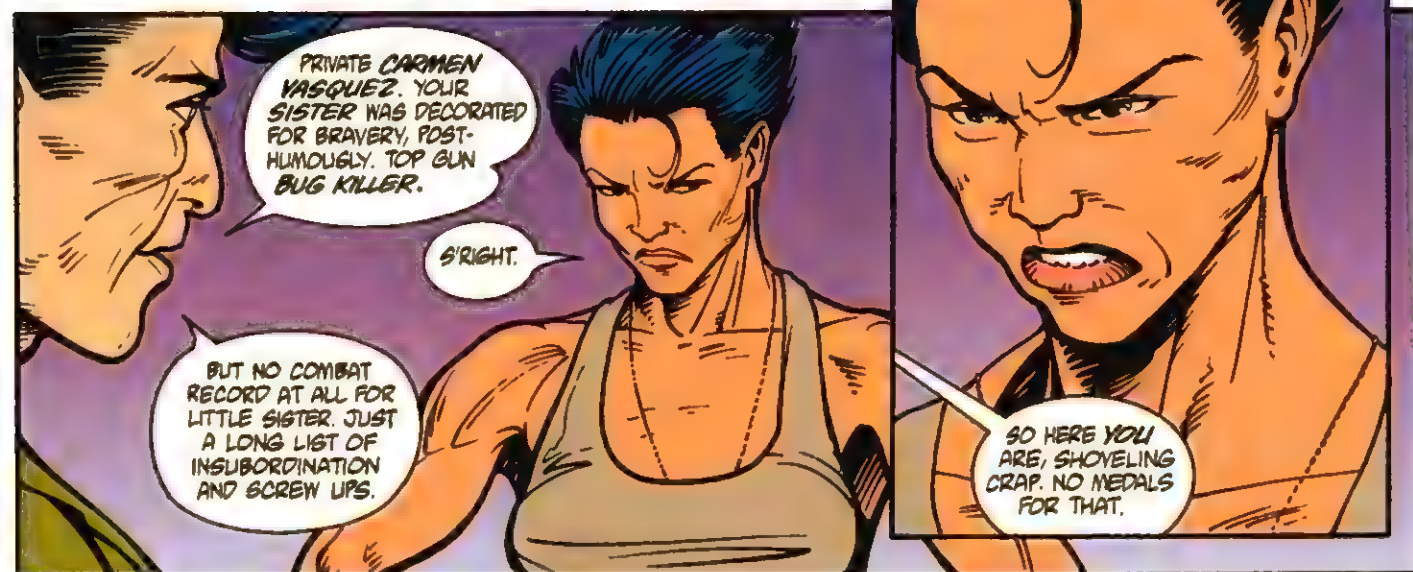


PRETTY IMPRESSIVE
LOOKING OUTFIT. AND
SUCH OUTSTANDING
SERVICE RECORDS!

I'M HONORED
TO BE IN YOUR
PRESENCE.



I DIN' JOIN
THE MARINES
TO DIG NO
DITCHES,
LIEUTENANT.



PRIVATE CARMEN
VASQUEZ. YOUR
SISTER WAS DECORATED
FOR BRAVERY, POST-
HUMOUSLY. TOP GUN
BUG KILLER.

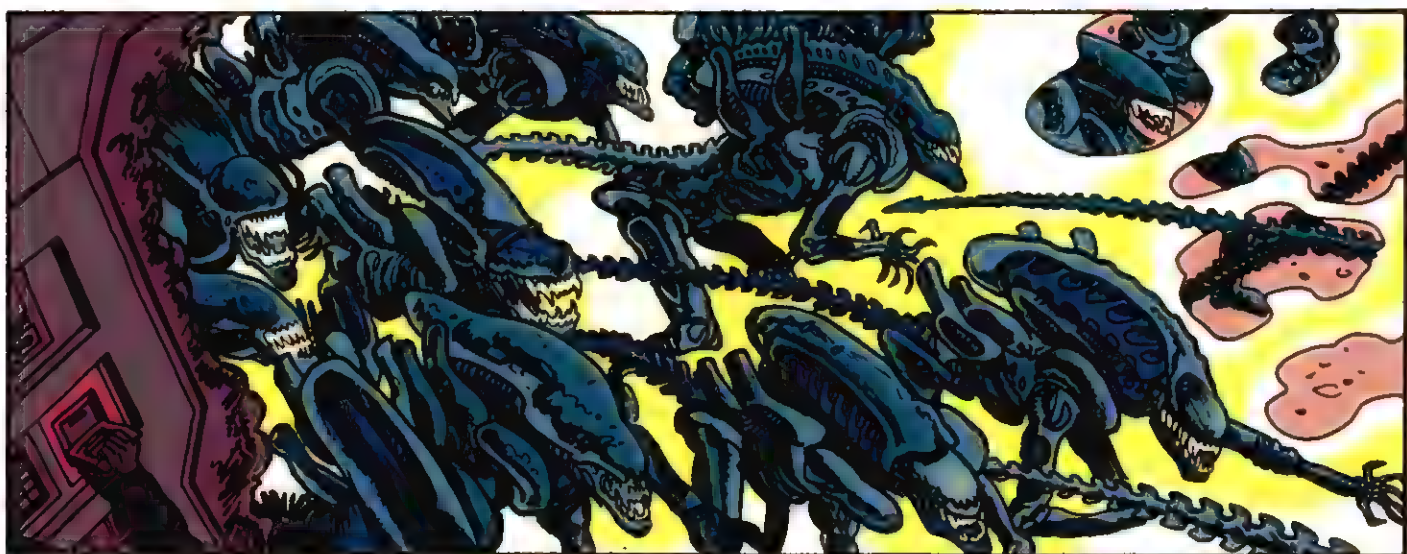
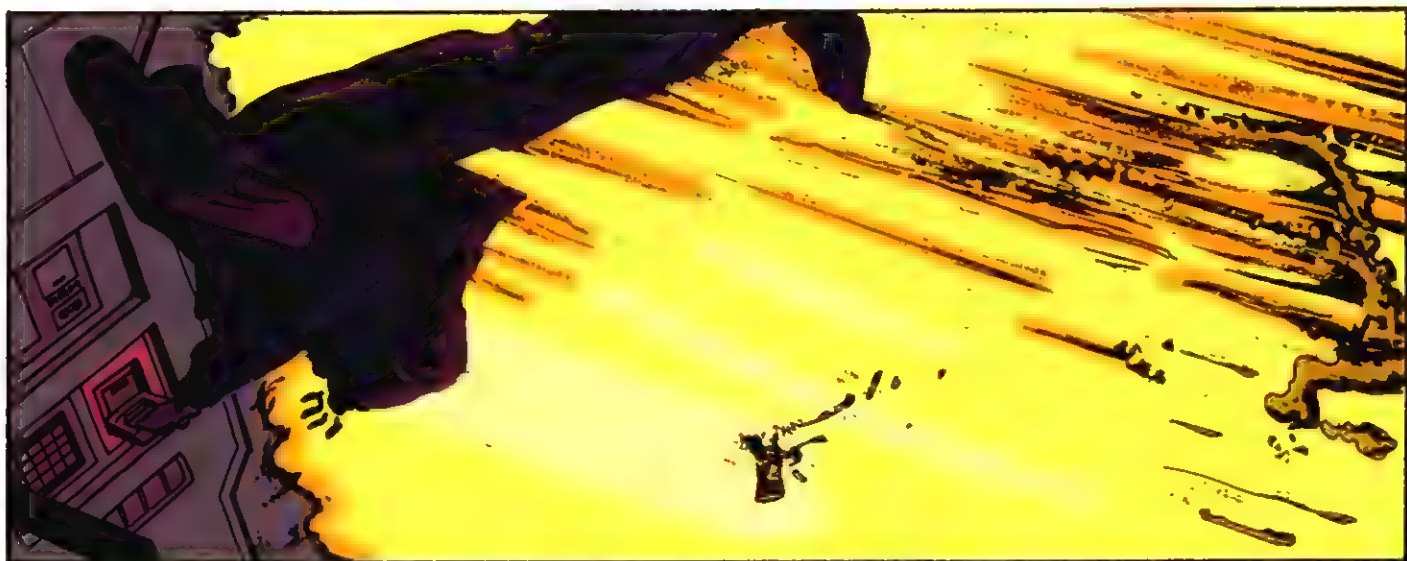
S'RIGHT.

BUT NO COMBAT
RECORD AT ALL FOR
LITTLE SISTER. JUST
A LONG LIST OF
INSUBORDINATION
AND SCREW UPS.

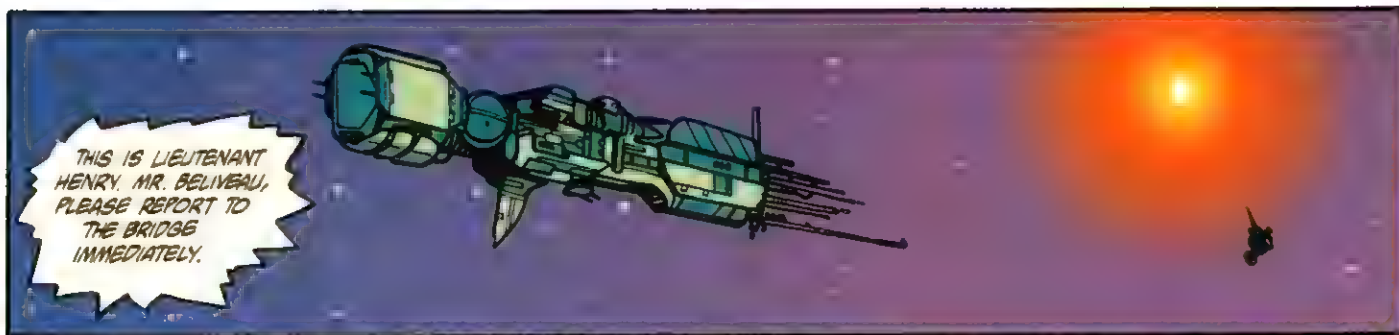
SO HERE YOU
ARE, SHOVELING
CRAP. NO MEDALS
FOR THAT.











SERGEANT, BRING THE MARINES OUT OF HYPERSLEEP. THEIR ASSISTANCE MIGHT BE REQUIRED.

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY LIEUTENANT.

MY TEAM IS WELL-TRAINED AND PREPARED FOR ANY CONTINGENCY.

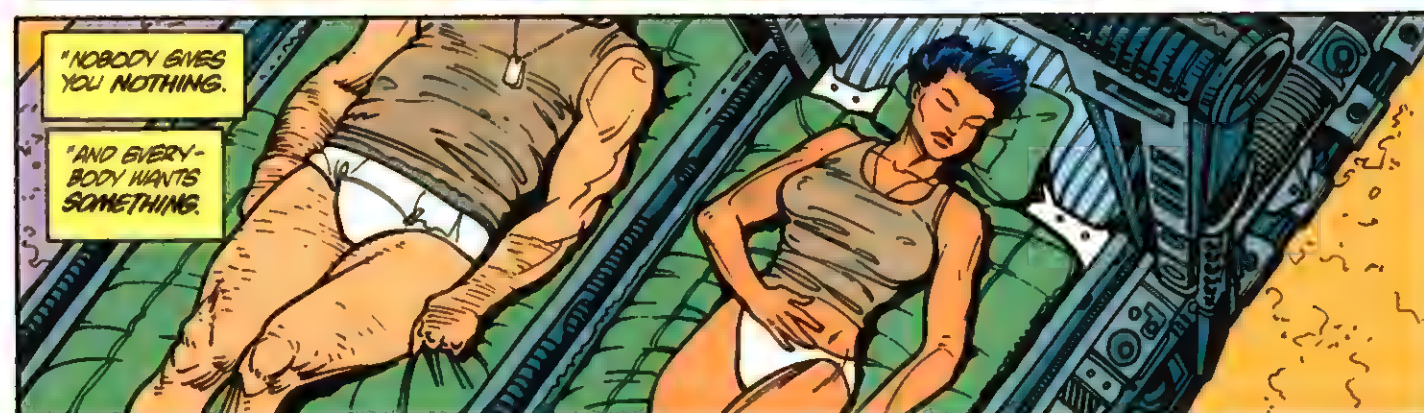
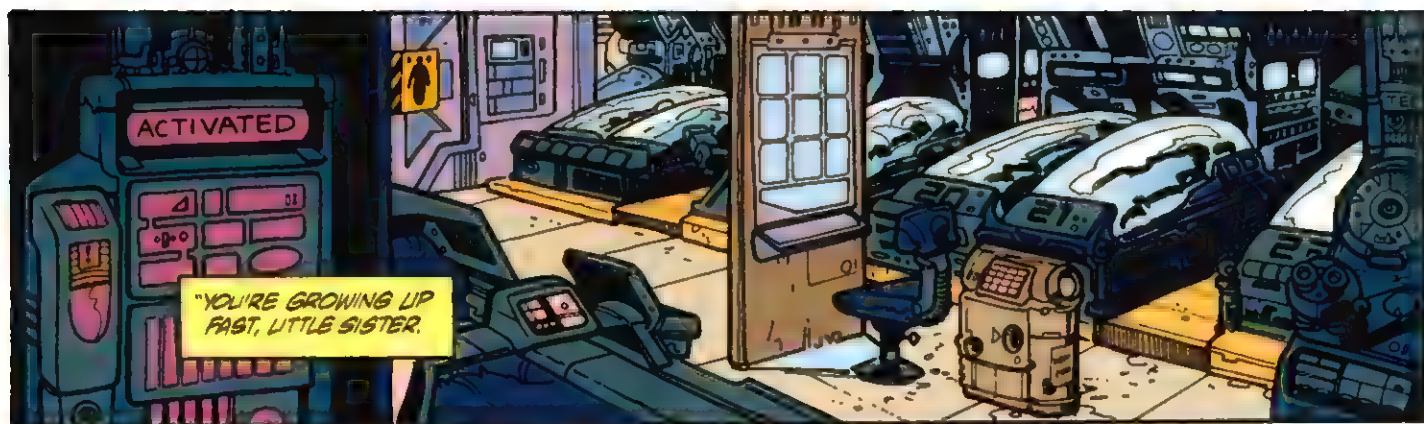
WE DON'T NEED YOUR MEN GETTING UNDER FOOT.

OF COURSE, LIEUTENANT.

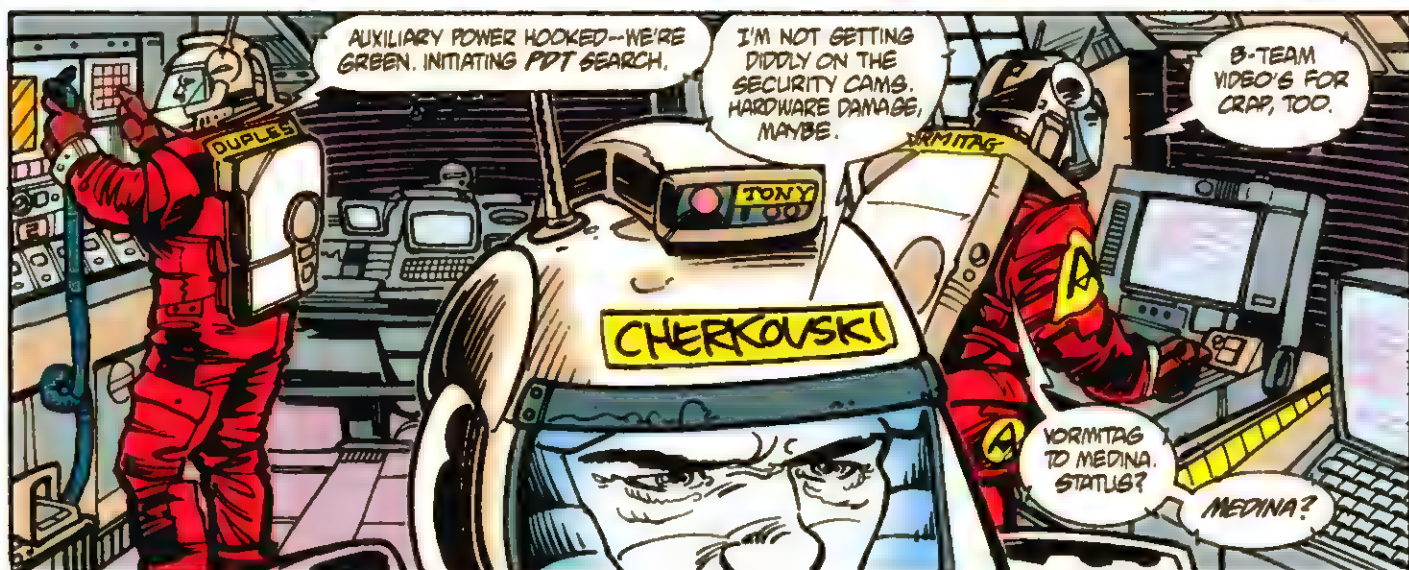
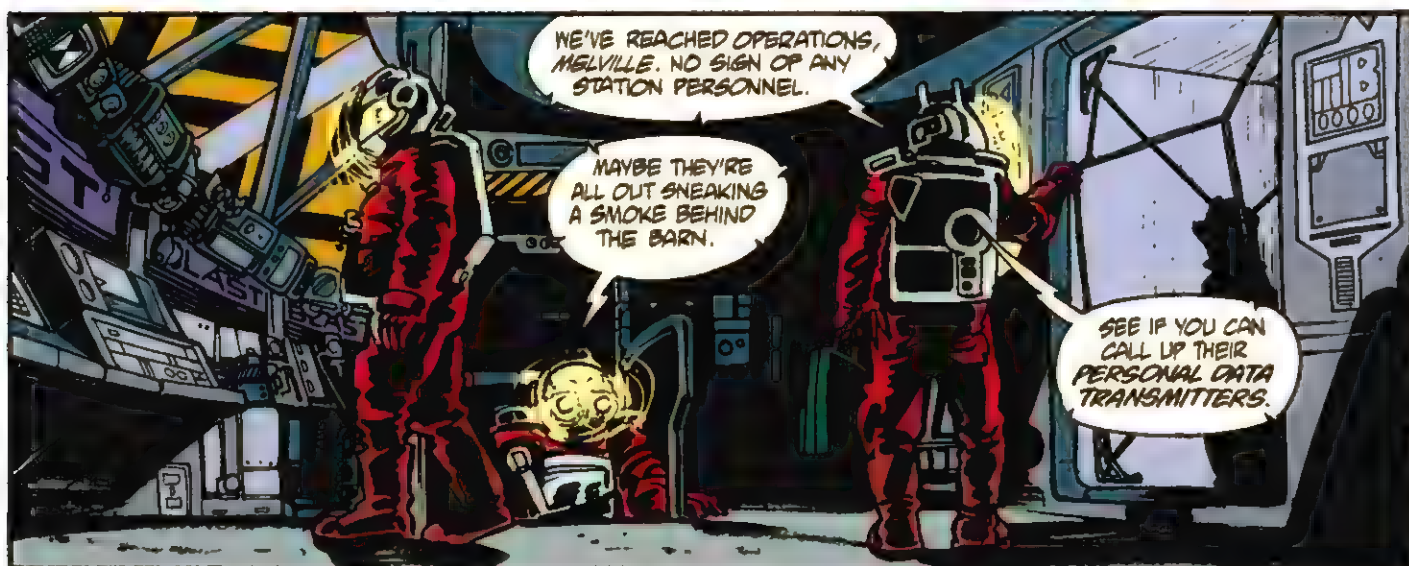
SERGEANT, BRING THE MARINES OUT OF HYPERSLEEP. THEIR ASSISTANCE MIGHT BE REQUIRED.

COLONEL MURKIN

"ONE CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL."

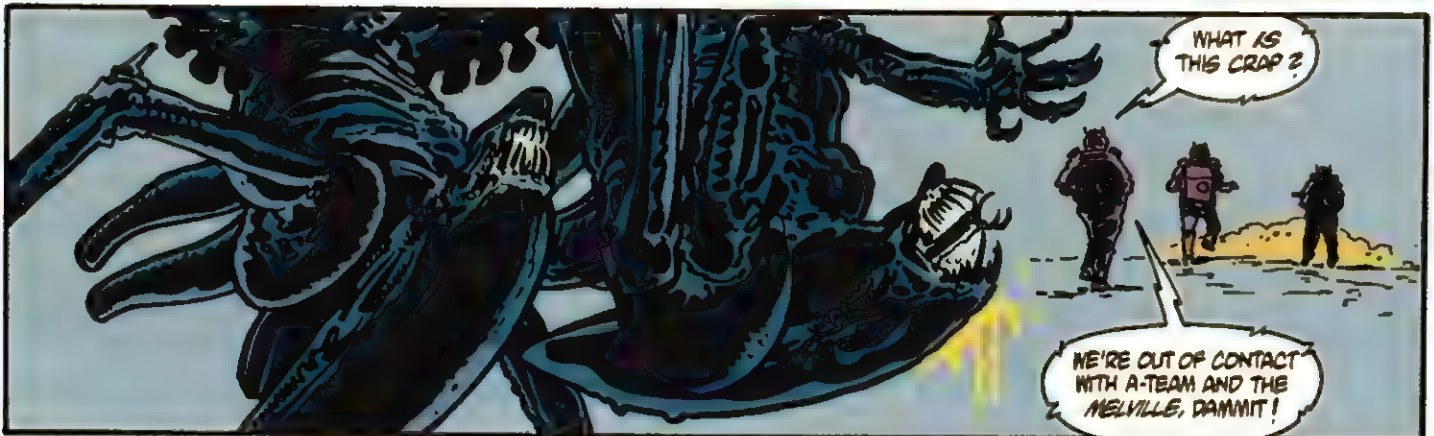
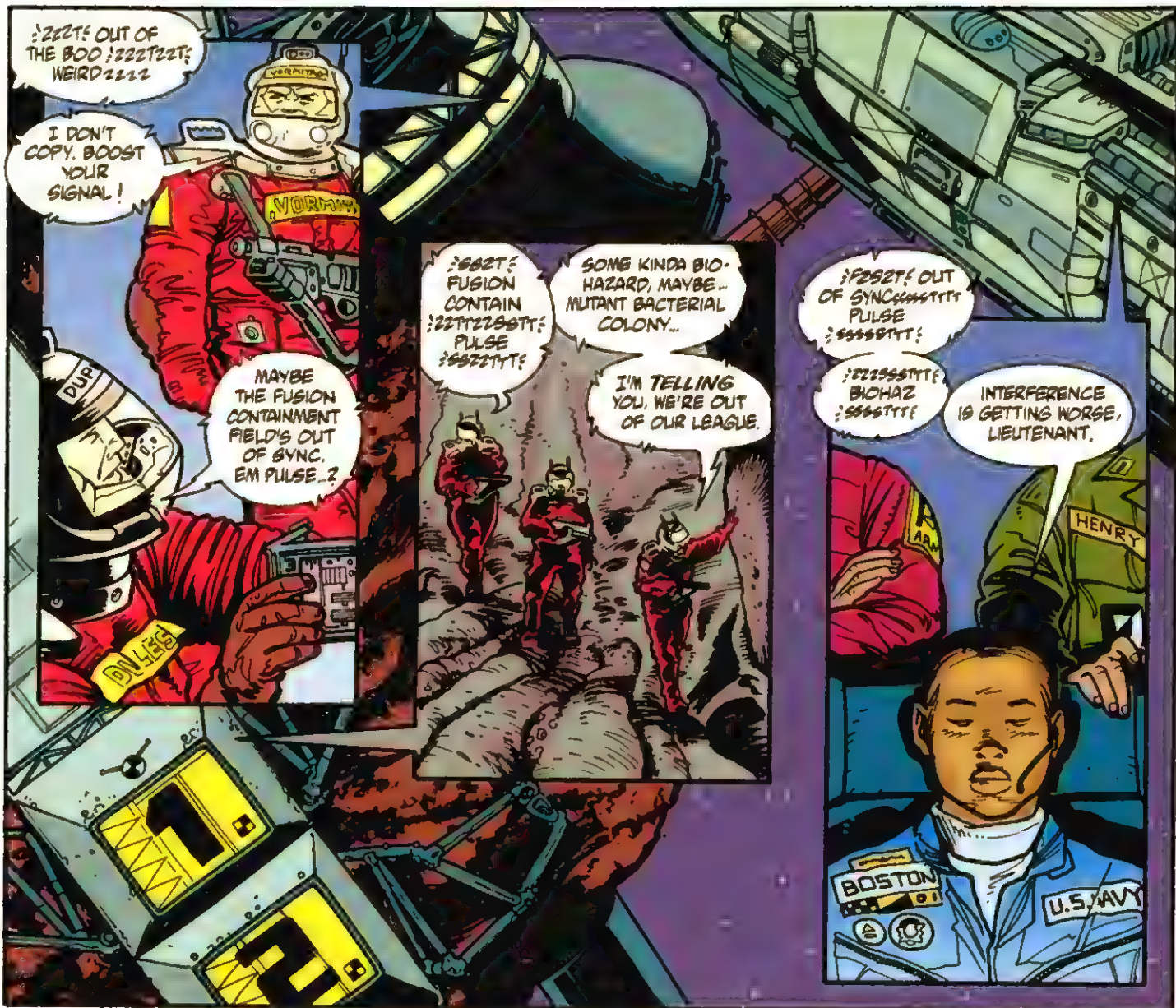


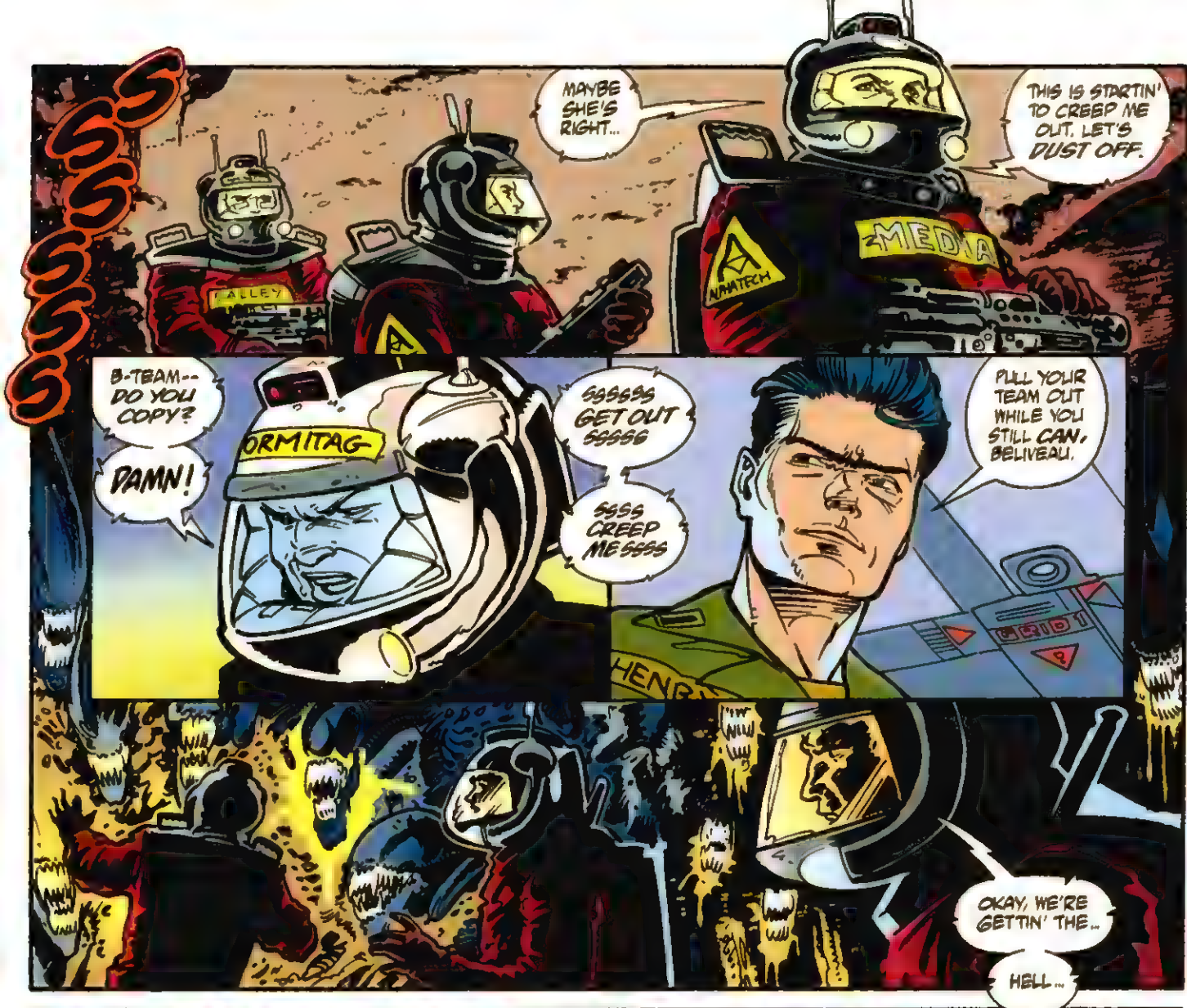


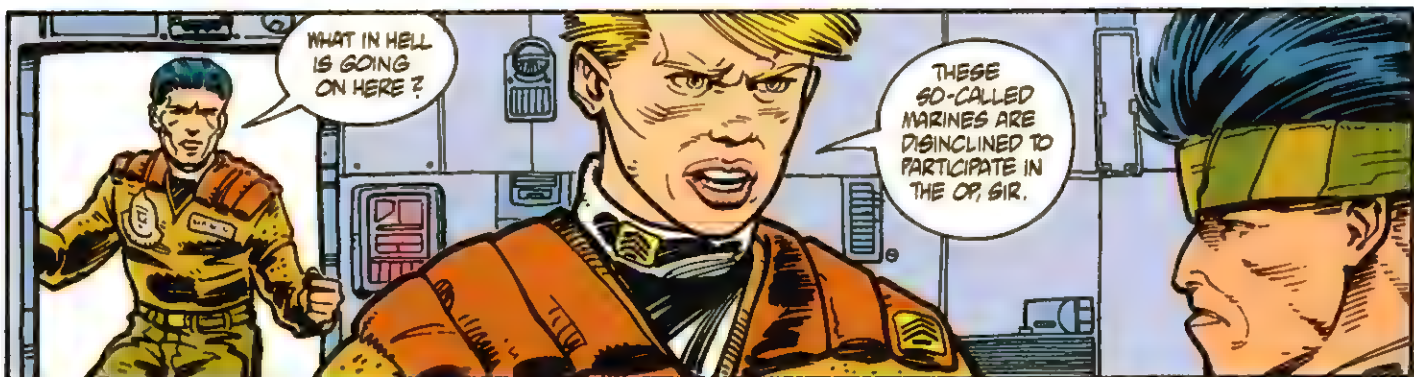
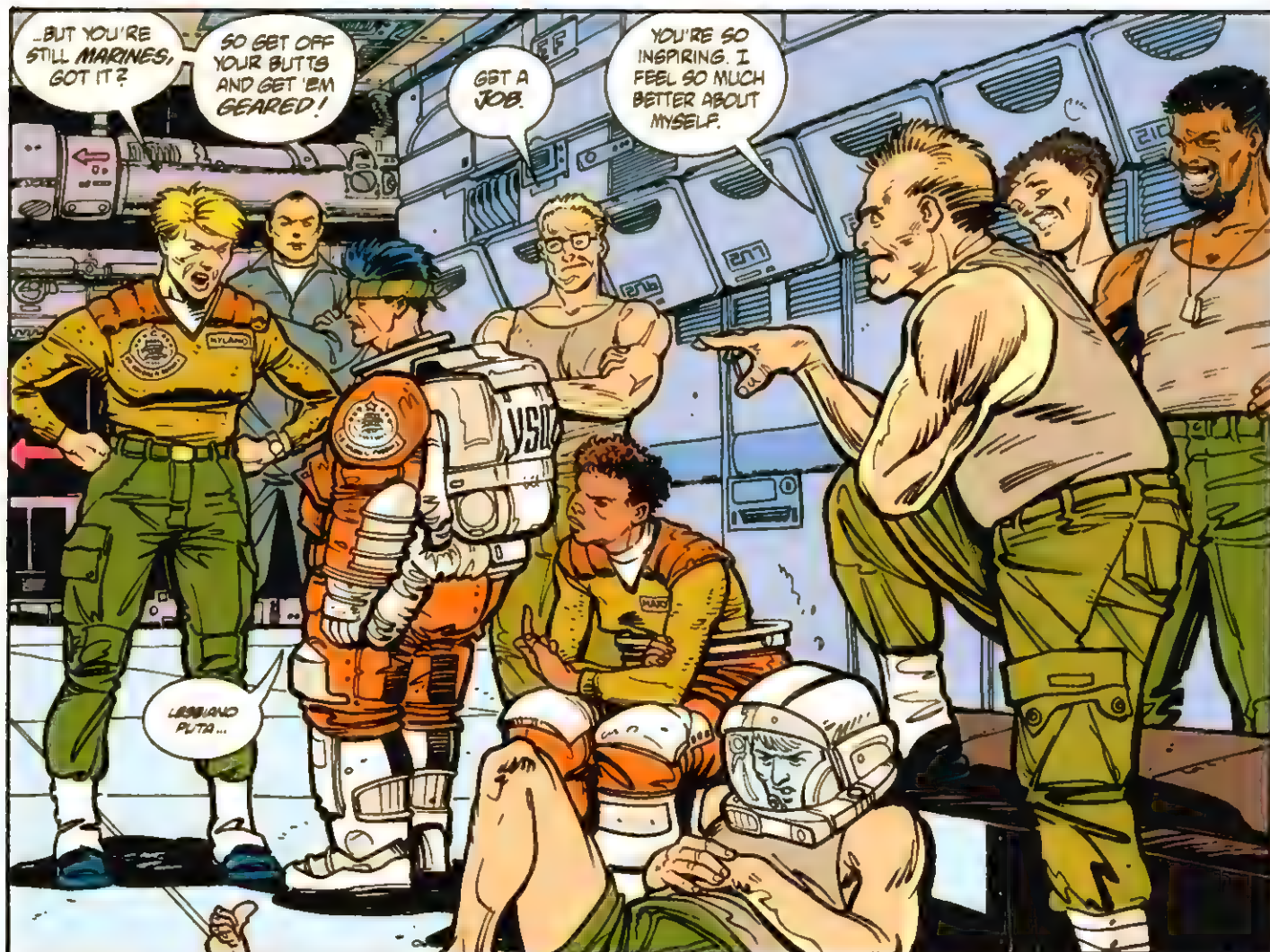


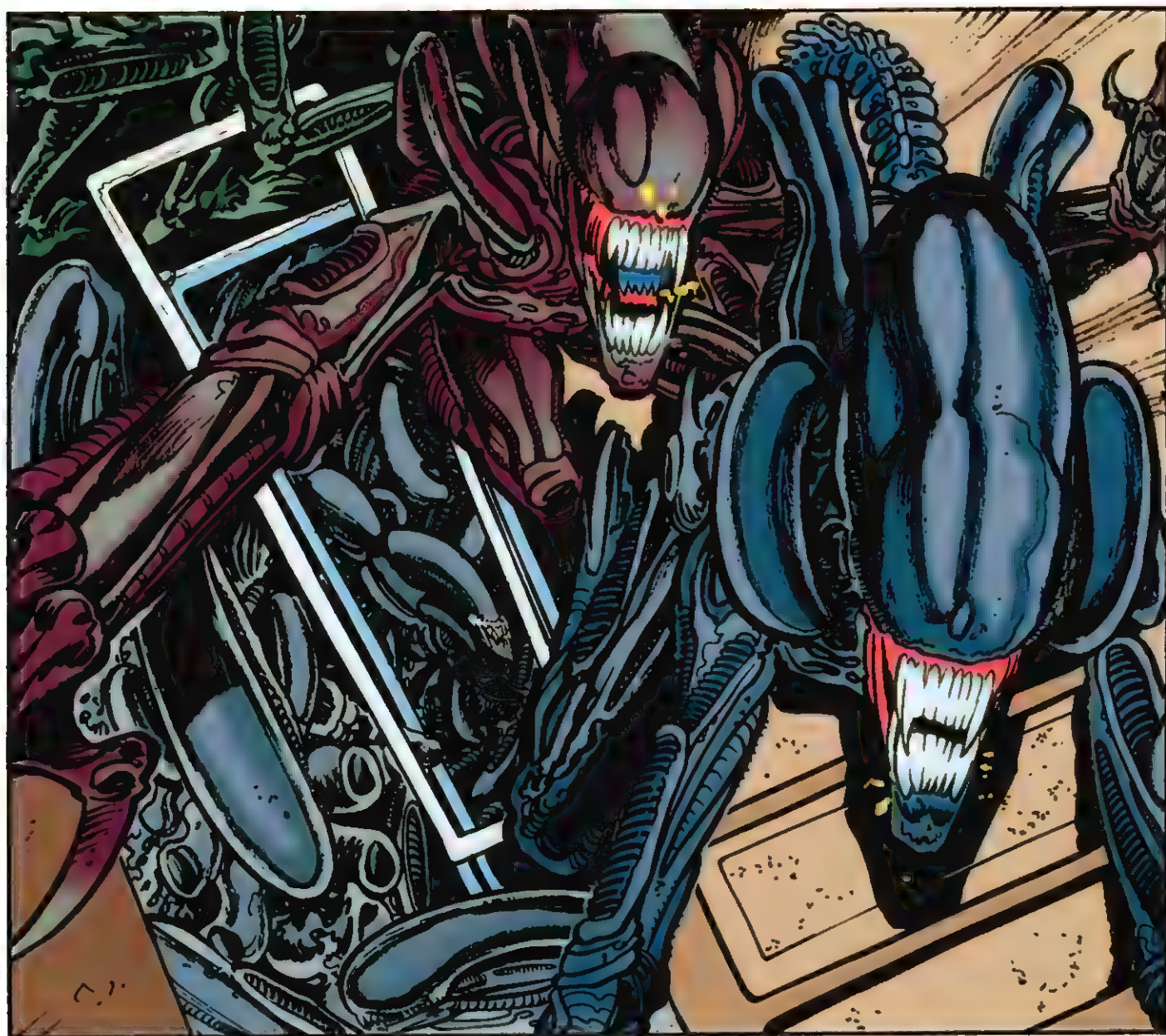
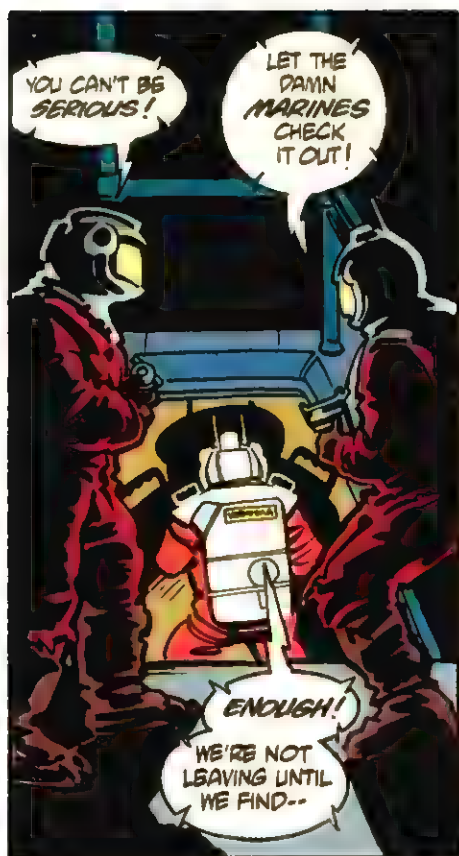


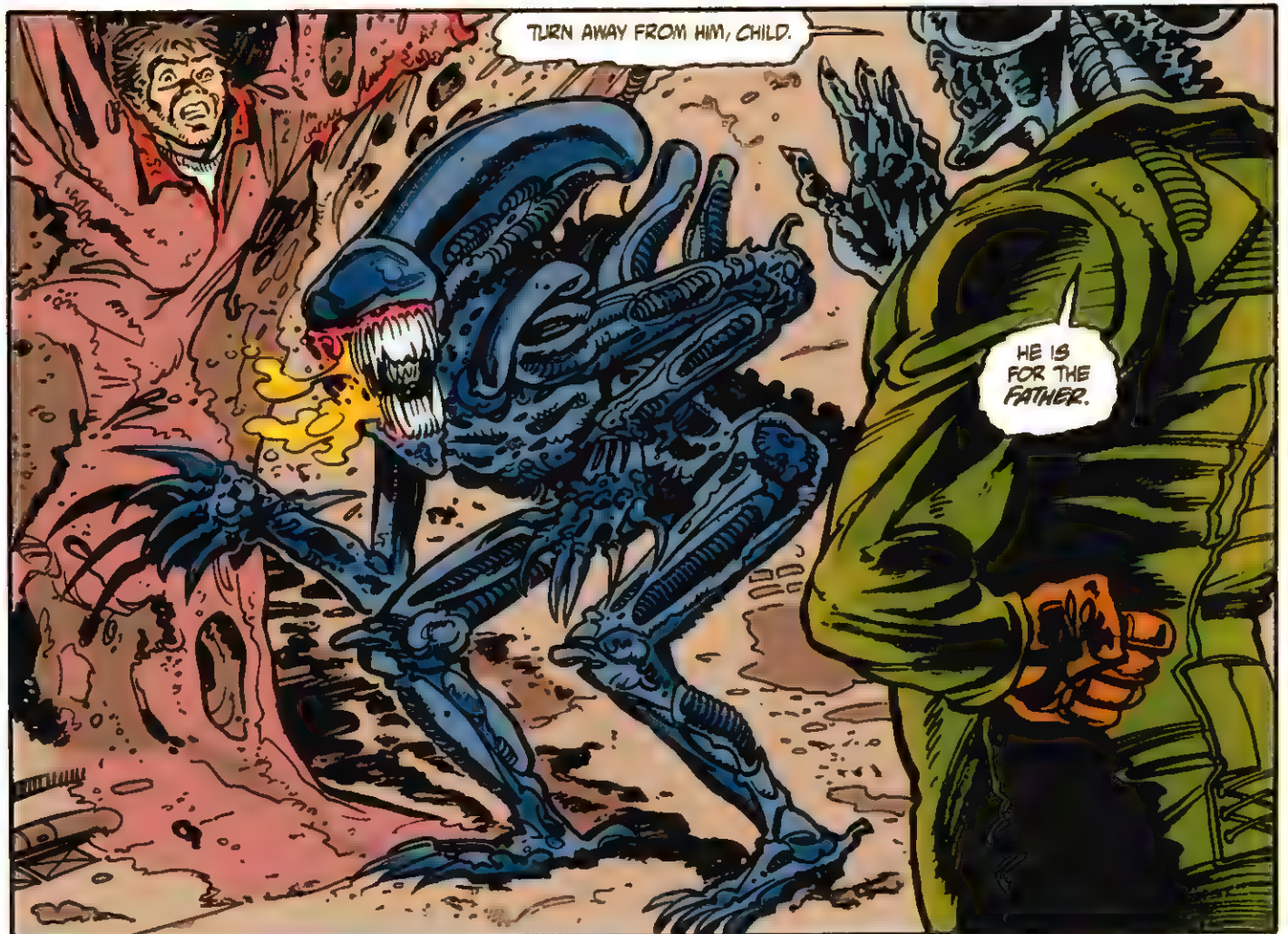




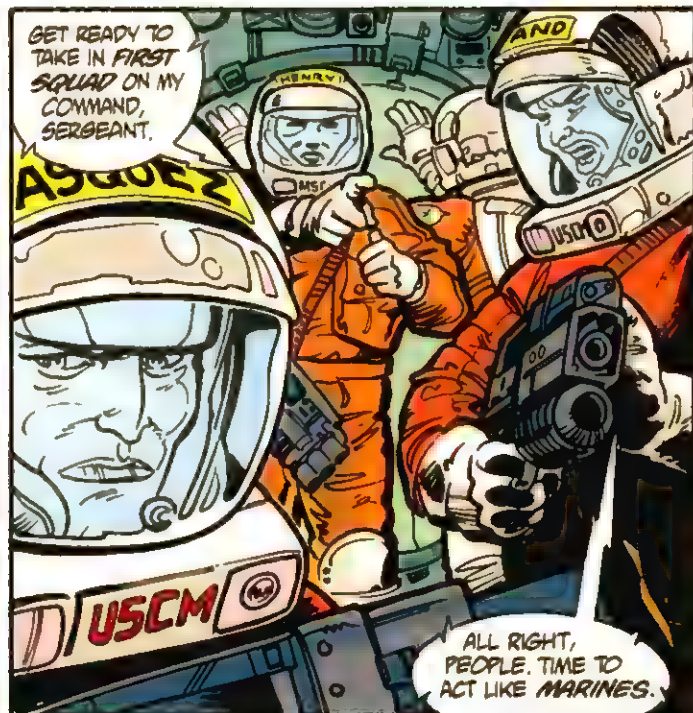
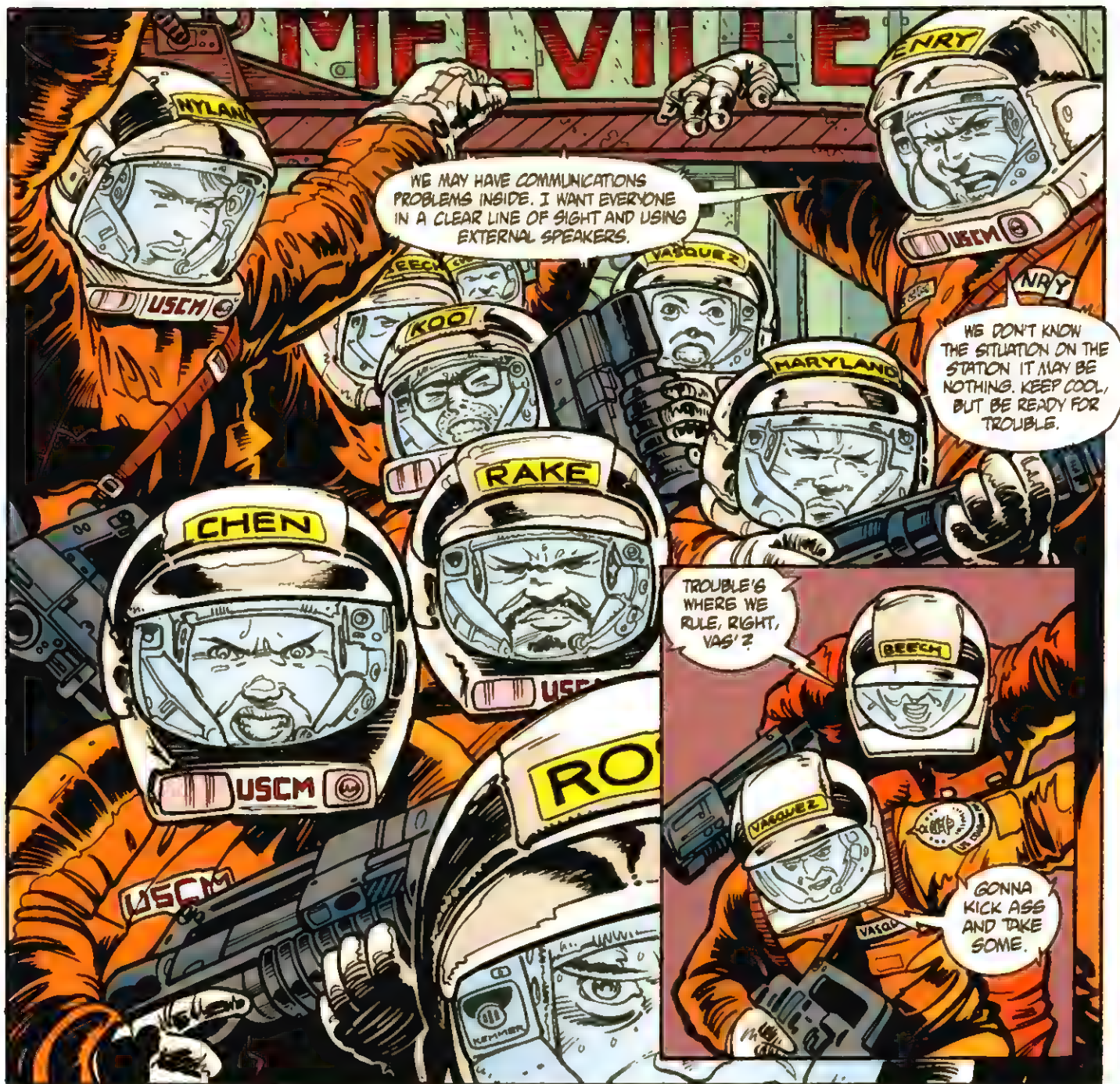


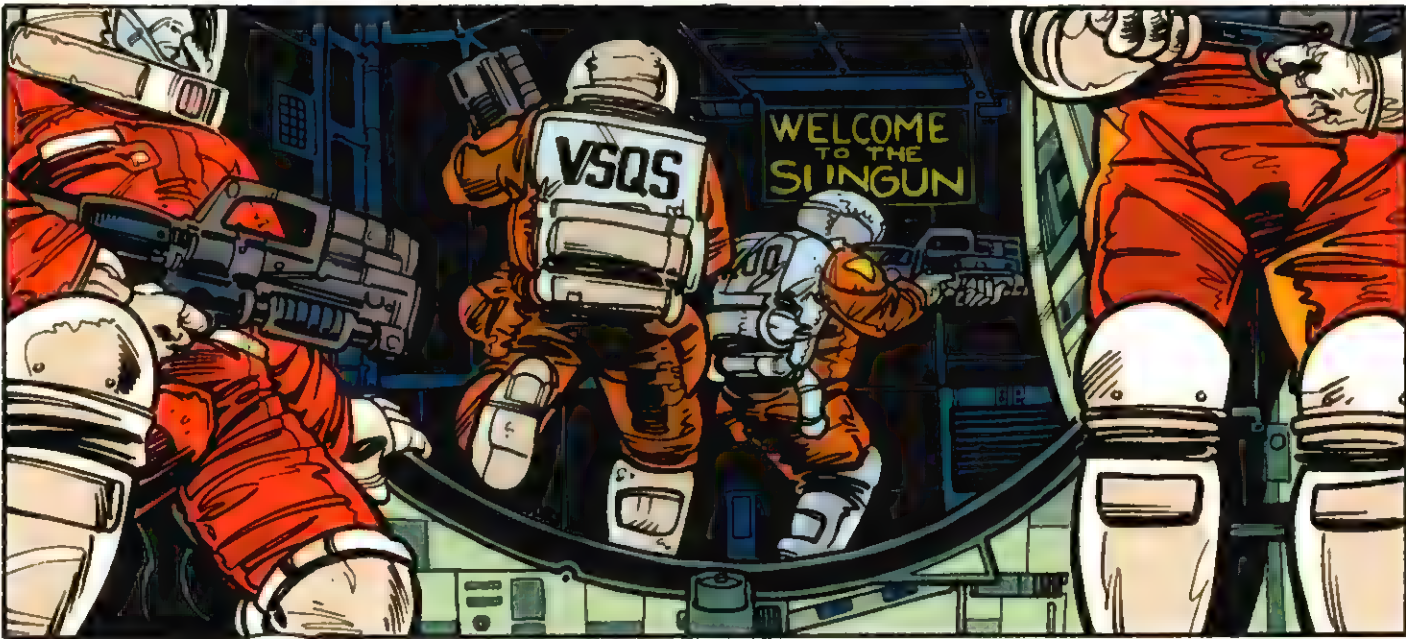


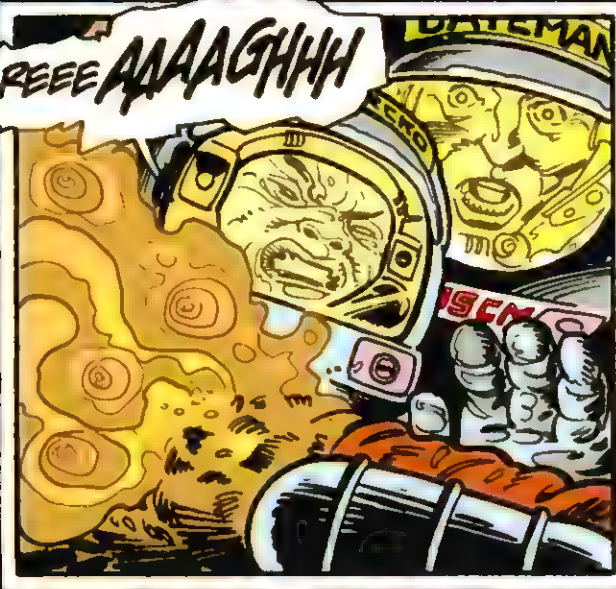
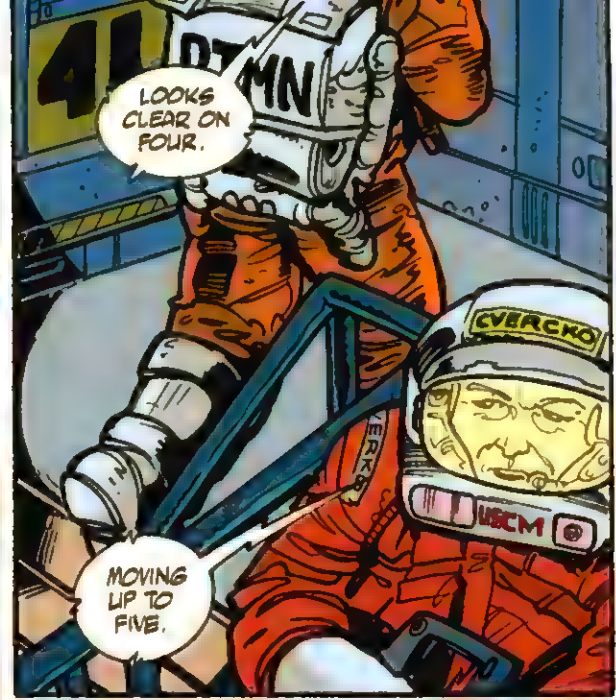


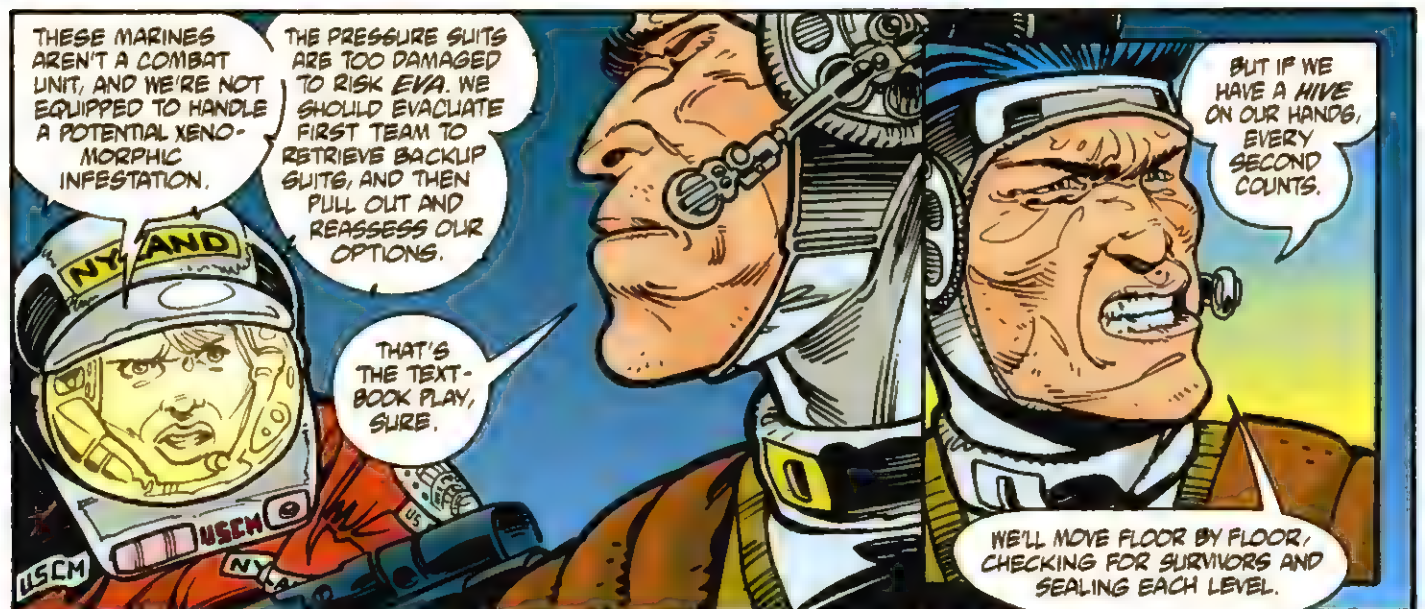




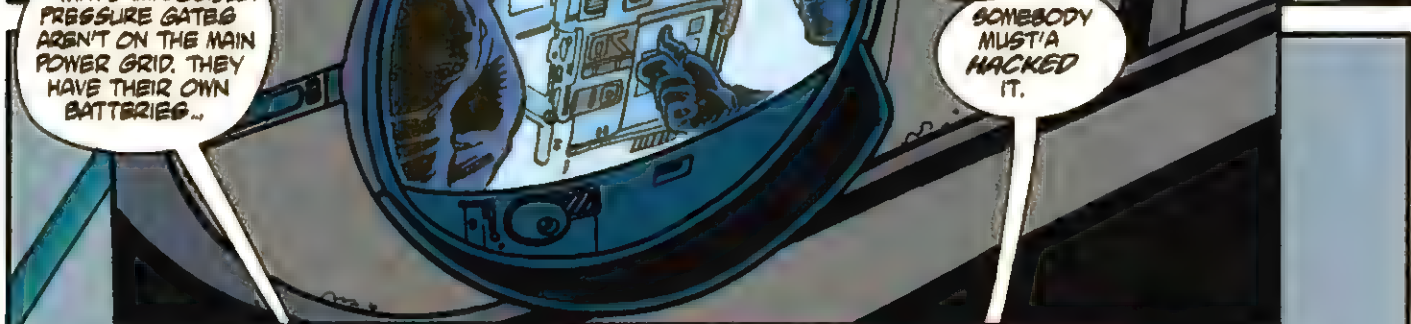






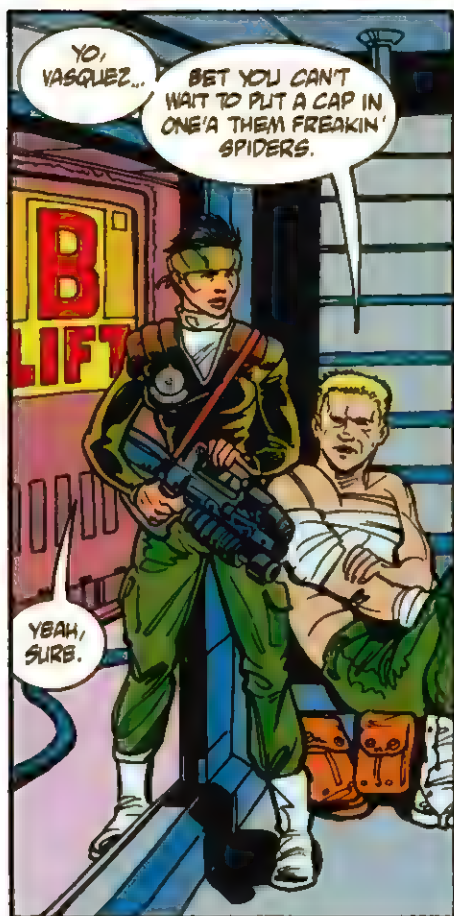
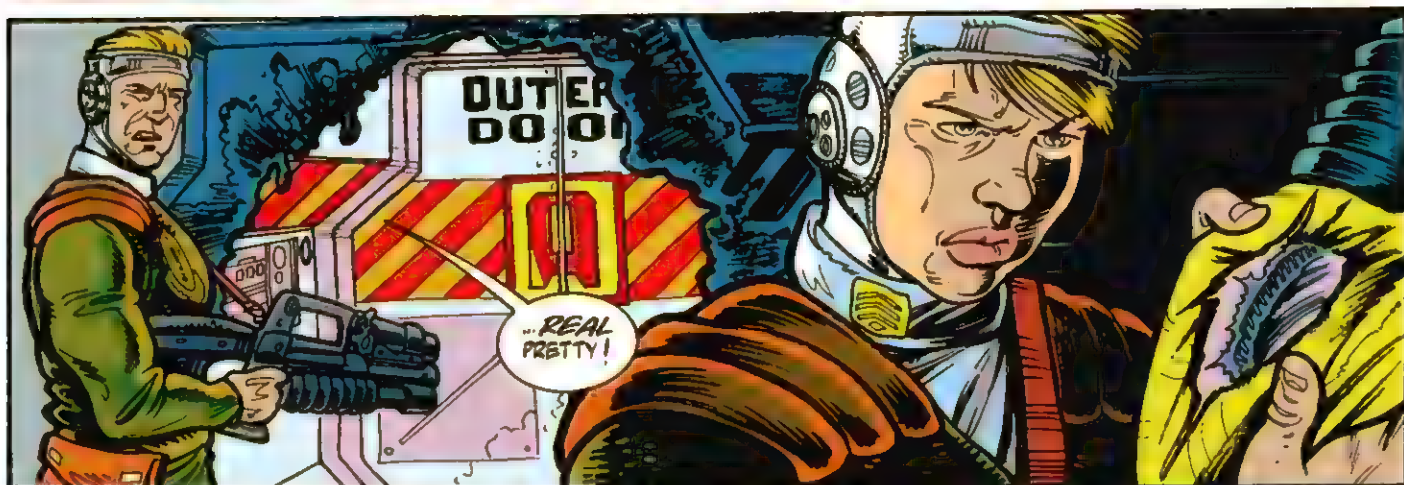


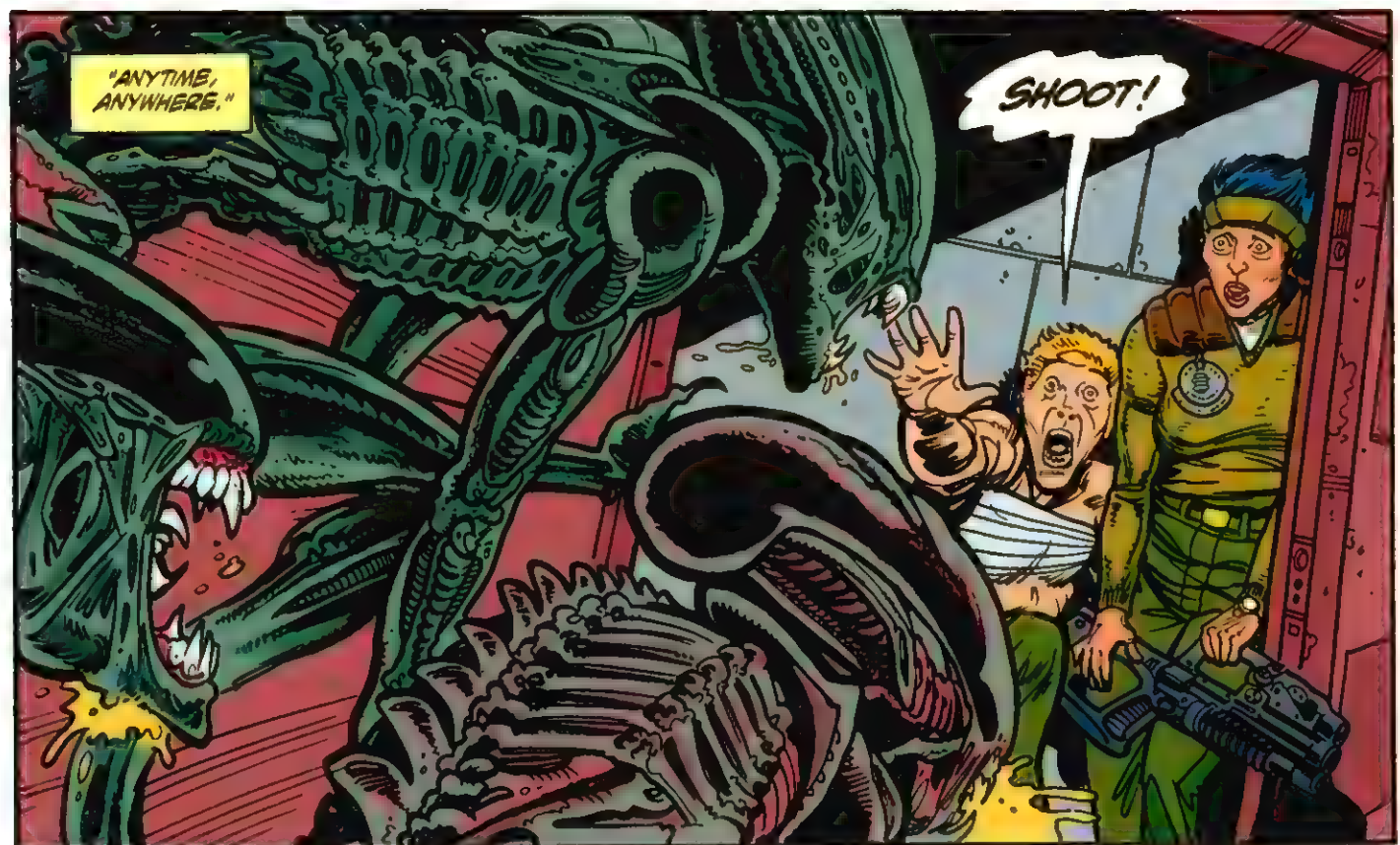
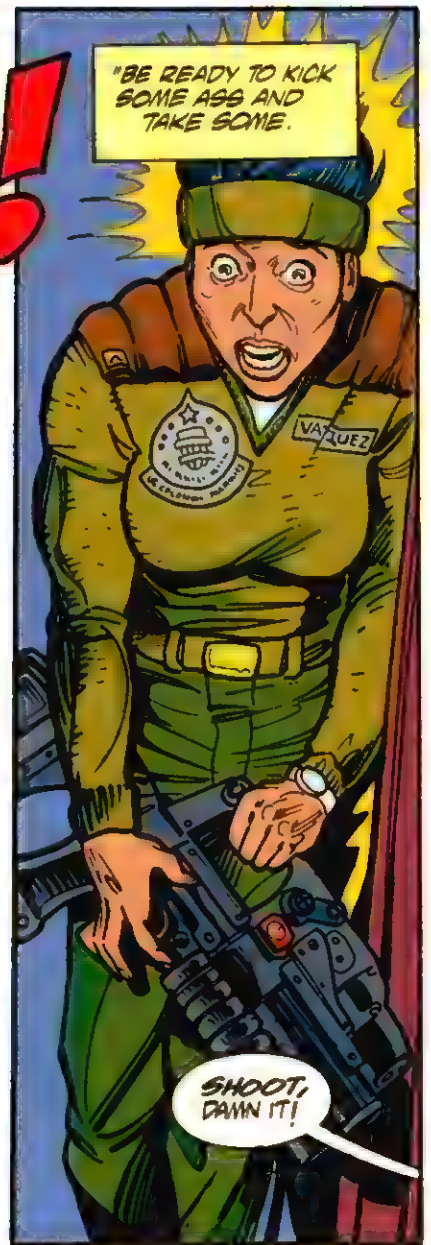


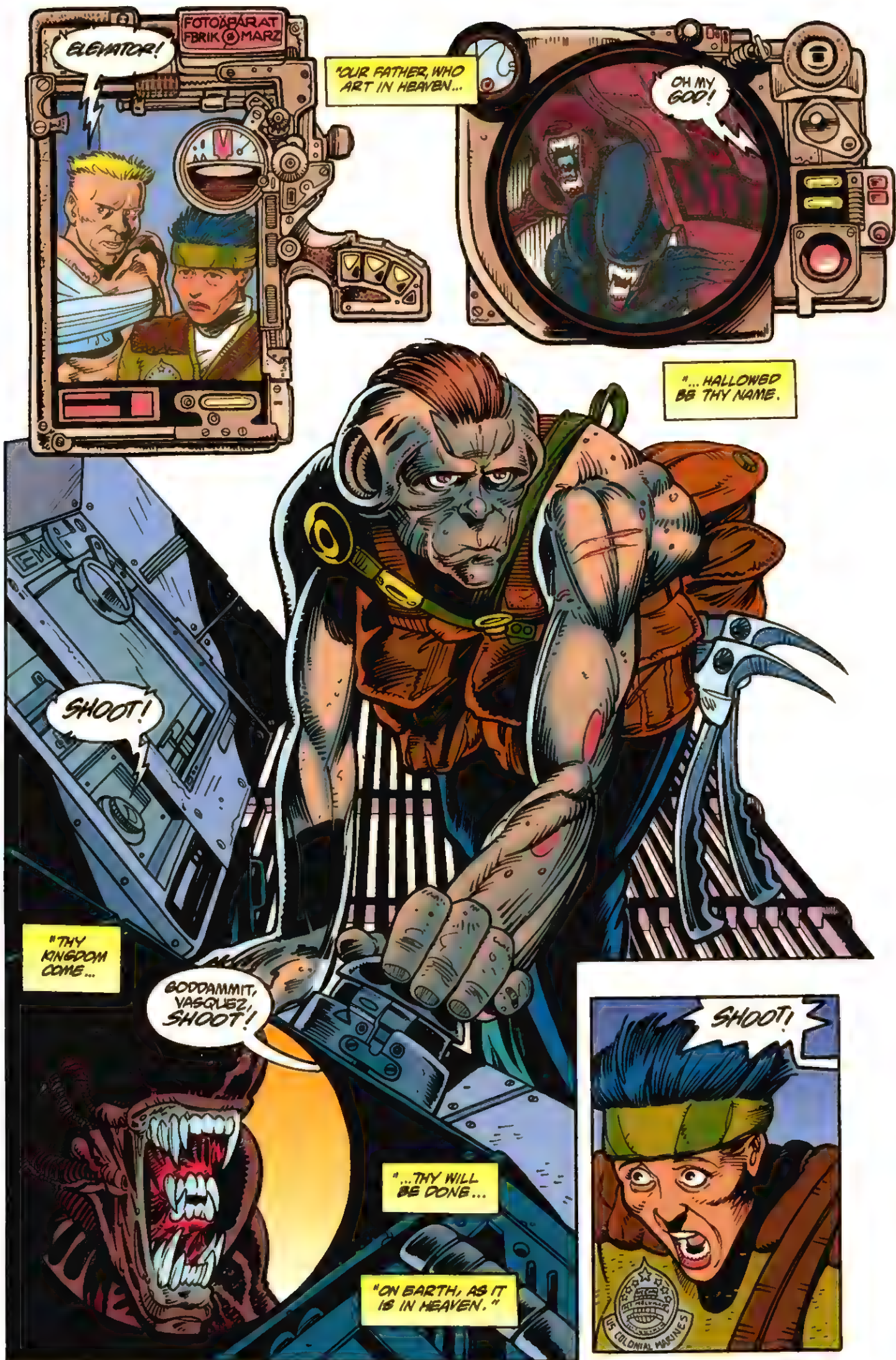












ELEVATOR!

FOTO PARAT
FBRIK © MARZ

"OUR FATHER, WHO
ART IN HEAVEN..."

OH MY
GOD!

"...HALLOWED
BE THY NAME.

SHOOT!

"THY
KINGDOM
COME..."

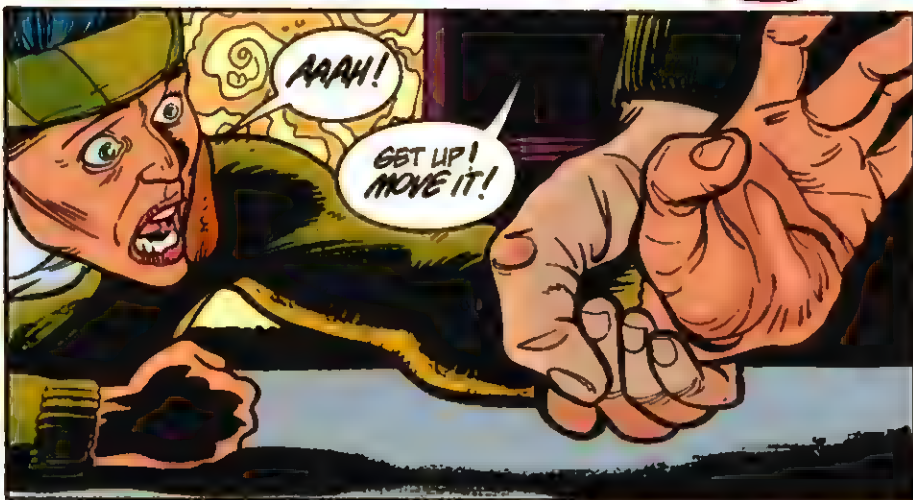
GODDAMMIT,
VASQUEZ,
SHOOT!

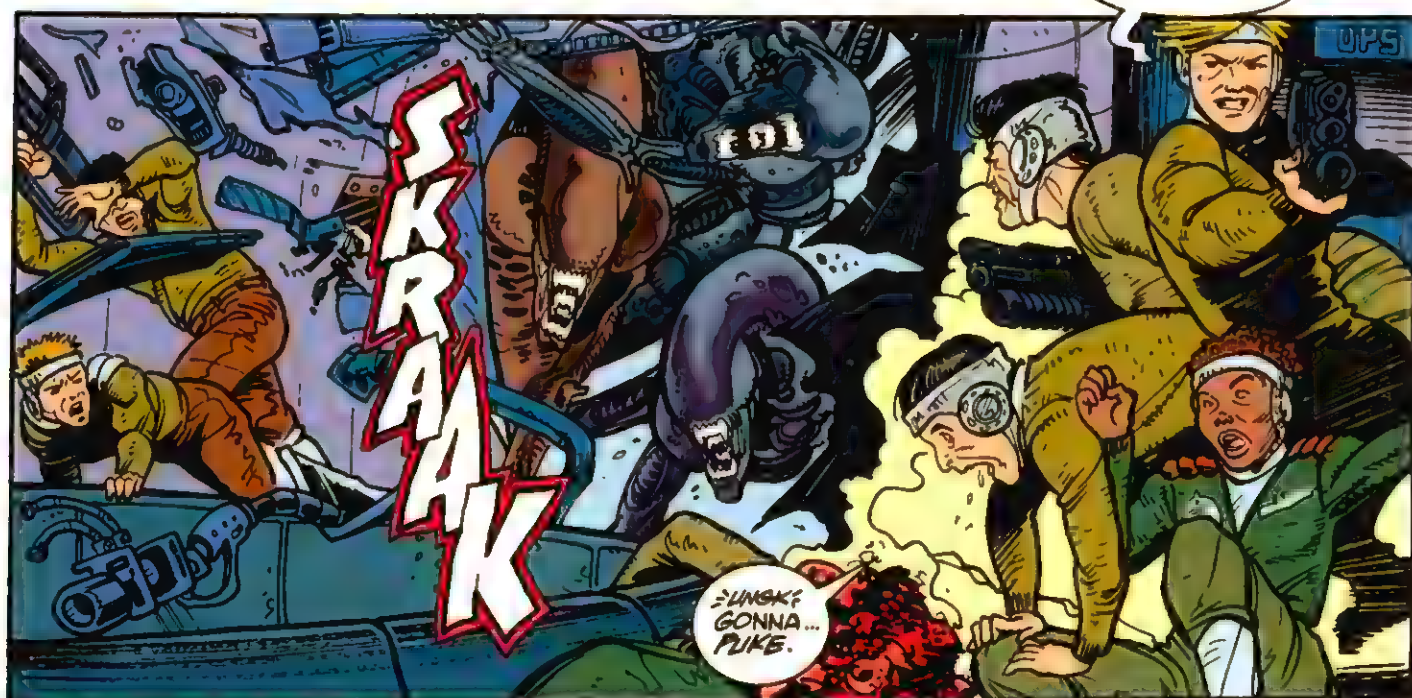
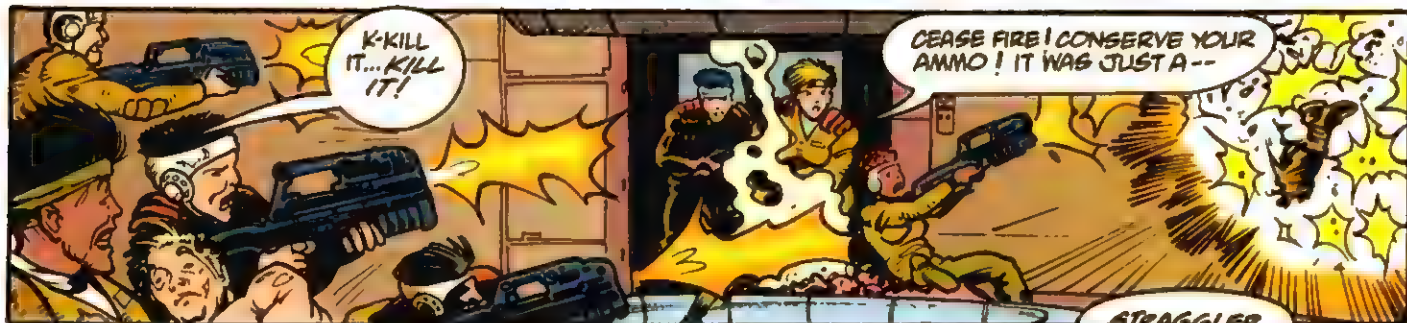
"...THY WILL
BE DONE..."

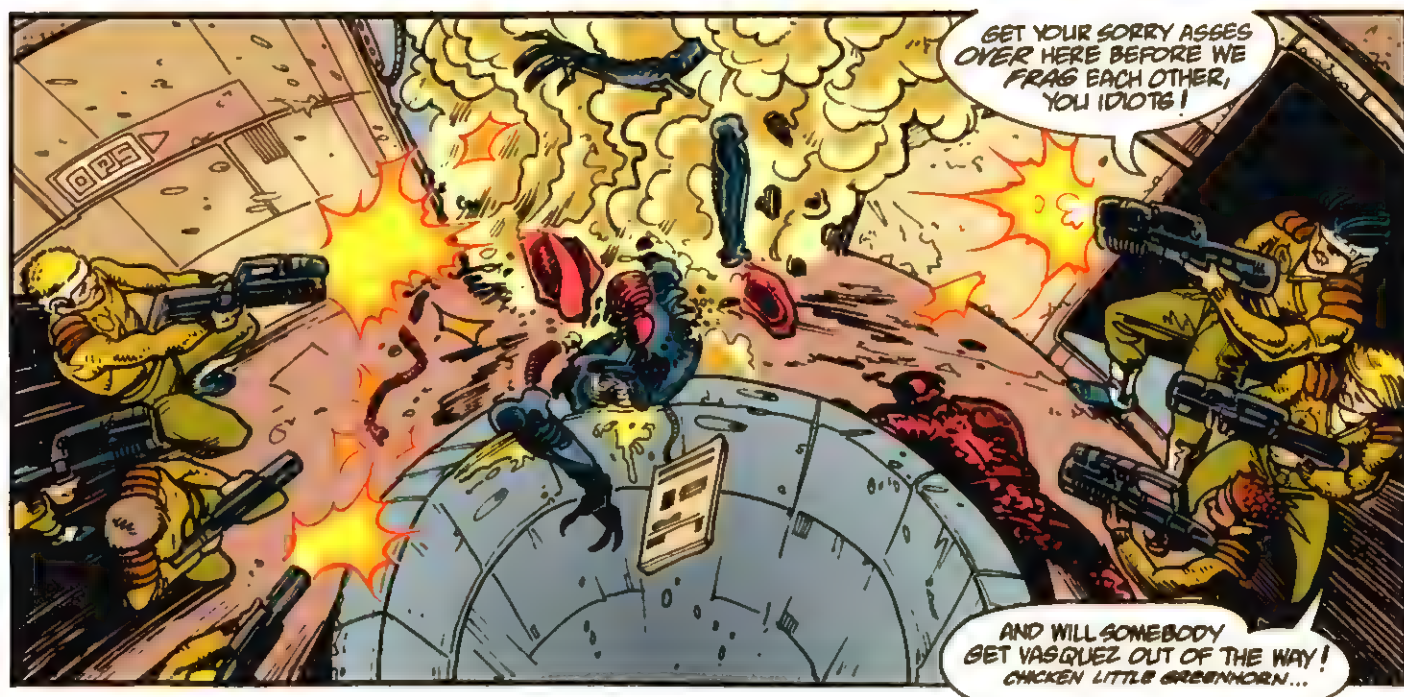
"ON EARTH, AS IT
IS IN HEAVEN."

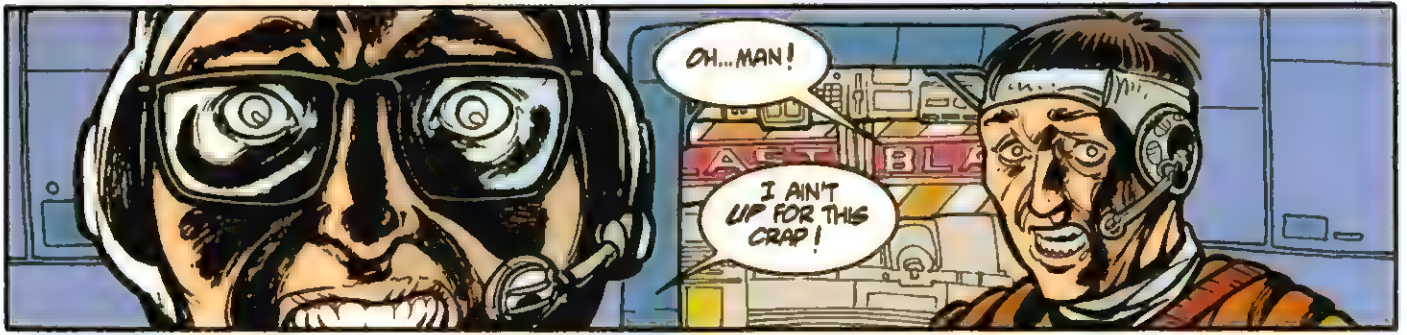
SHOOT!



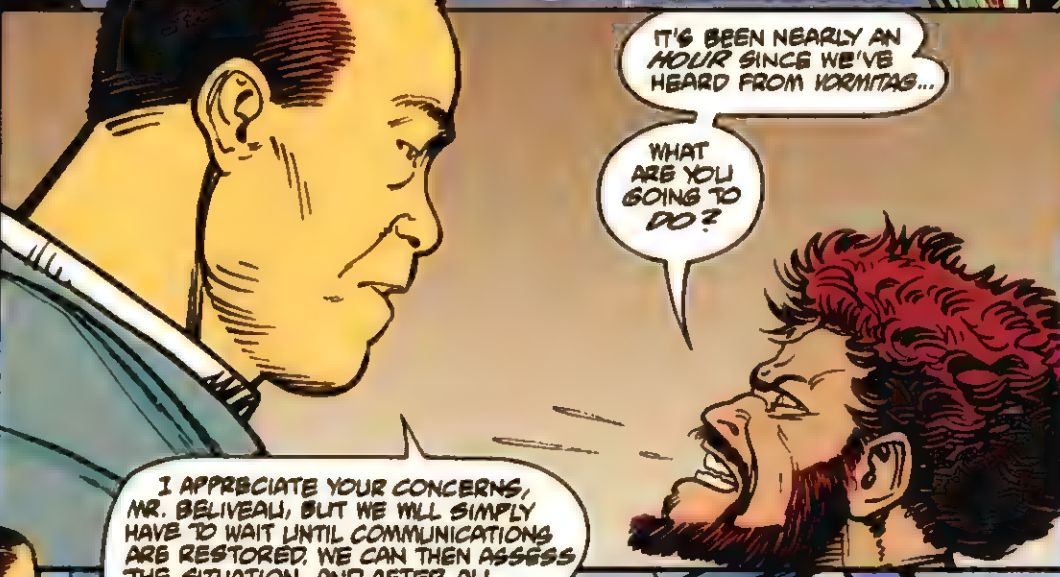














OKAY, MARINES, THIS IS THE PLAN...

WE GRAB THE FUNCTIONAL EVA SUITS AND FIND A WAY BACK TO THE MELVILLE. WE CAN RE-ASSESS THE OP FROM THERE.

DINKEL! IS THERE AN ESCAPE POD ON THIS ROCK?

UH... YEAH, AT THE TOP OF THE ZERO-6 WELL--

--BUT THE HATCH CONTROLS ARE LOCKED OUT. THERE'S NO WAY OUTTA HERE, MAN!

SOME PLAN.

NYLAND! GET EVERYONE TO THE Z-6 WELL! WE'RE HEADING UP TO LEVEL FOUR. GOT THAT?

AFFIRMATIVE!

THE TOX BAY... THAT'S WHERE THE BUGS SET UP SHOP!

WHAT'S BELOW US?

OOOOOH... I GOT GAS!

HEADS UP! I GOT SPIDERS ON MY ASS!

YEAH... HE'S A GENIUS.

THEN THEY'LL BE ALL OVER US ANY MINUTE...



THEN GET YOUR POSTERIOR
UP HERE, BEECON, OR IT'LL GET
SHOT OFF IN THE CROSSFIRE!

STAND AND
DELIVER, MARINES!
BUT CONSIDER
YOUR AMMO AND
CHECK YOUR AM-
ZERO'S OWN GOREN
YOU UP GOOD!

BREGANZA!
GET UP HERE!

BUDDA

BUDDA
BUDDA

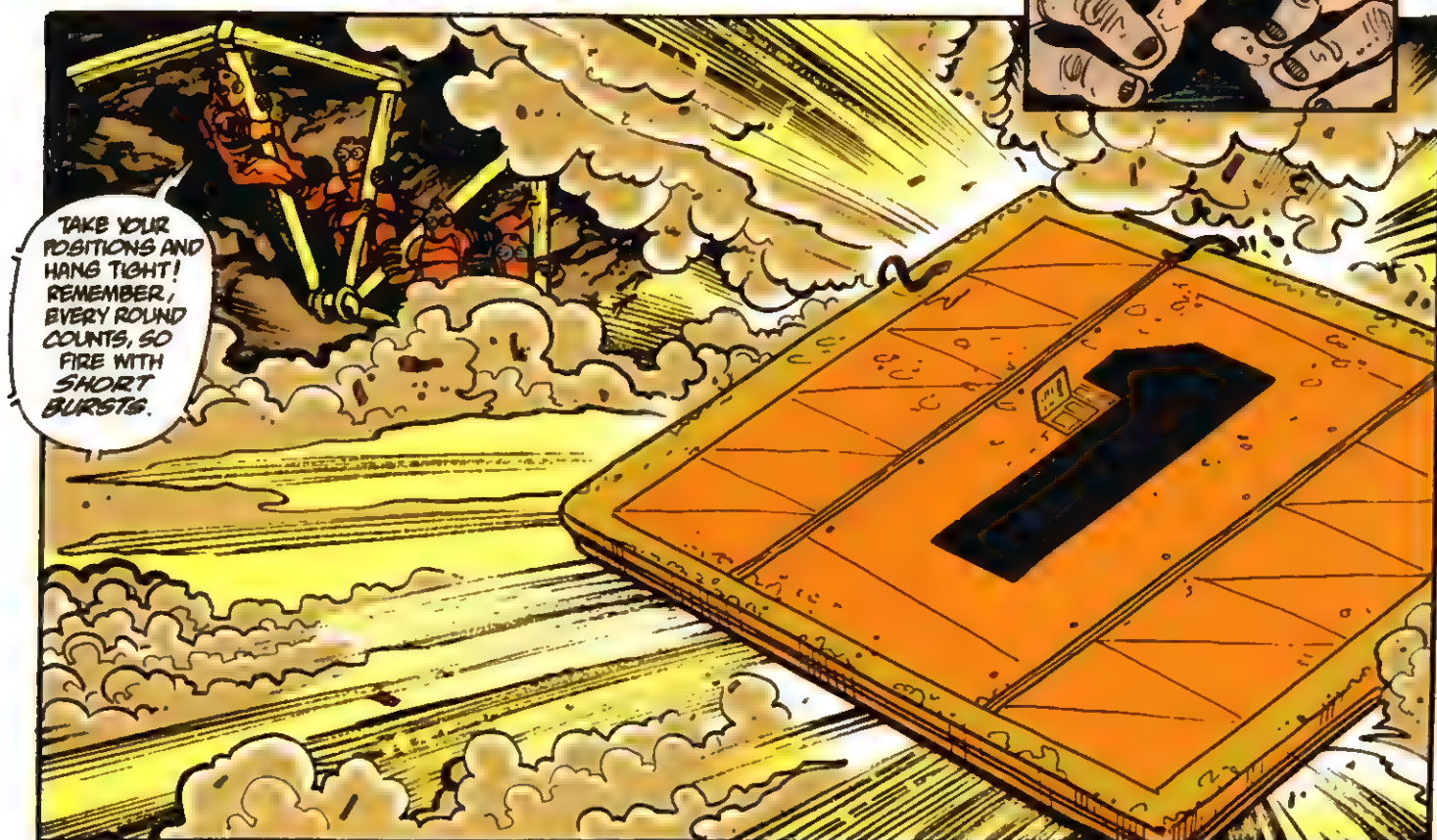
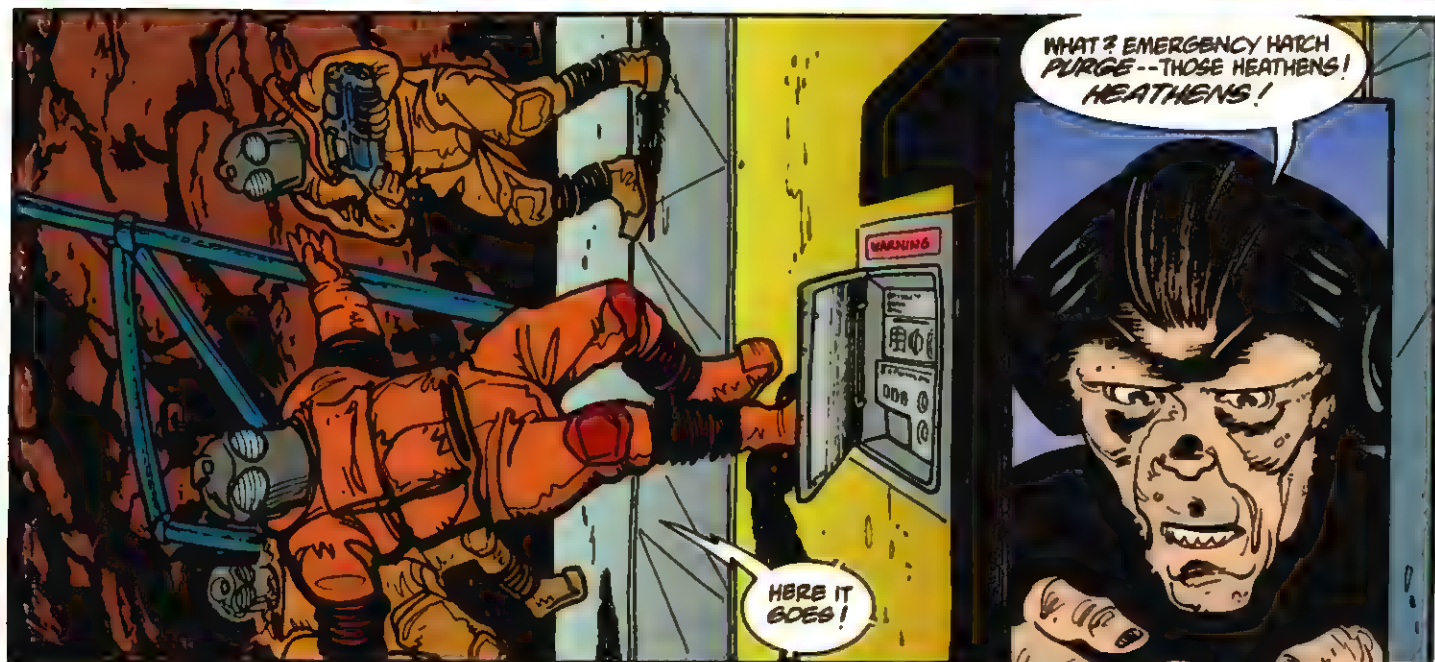
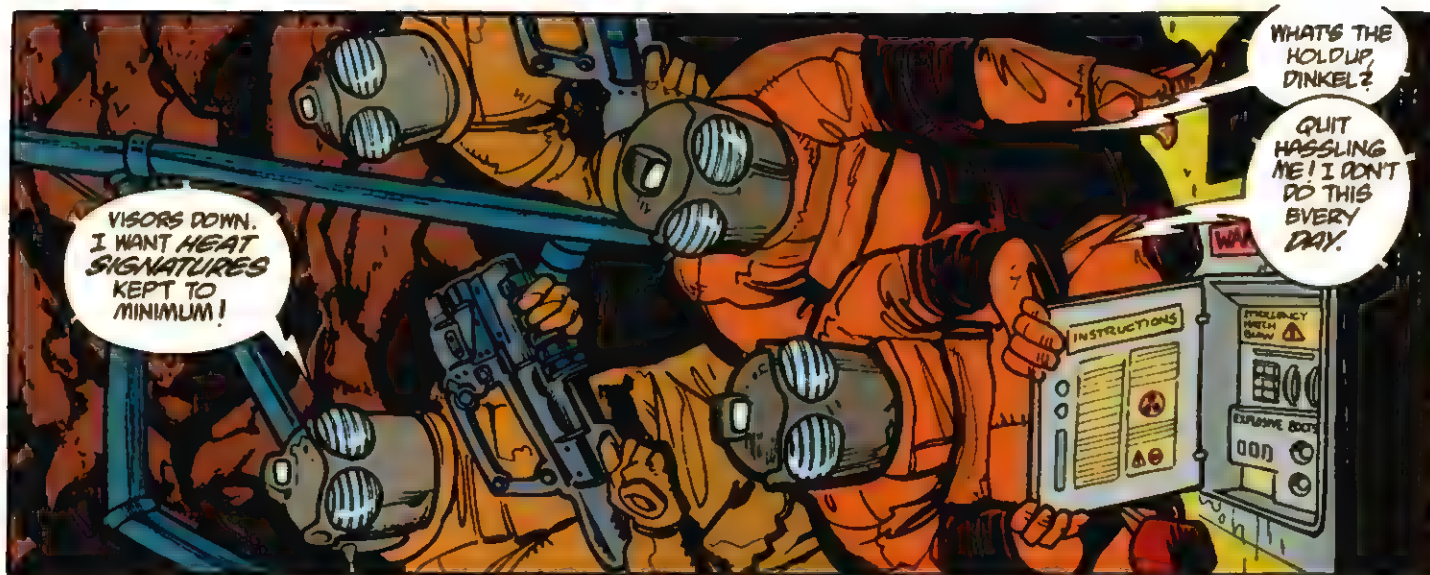
DAMN—HE'S
FUCKING!
BOMBING!
GRAB HIM!

OH,ON, GIVE ME
YOUR HAND,
BREGANZA!

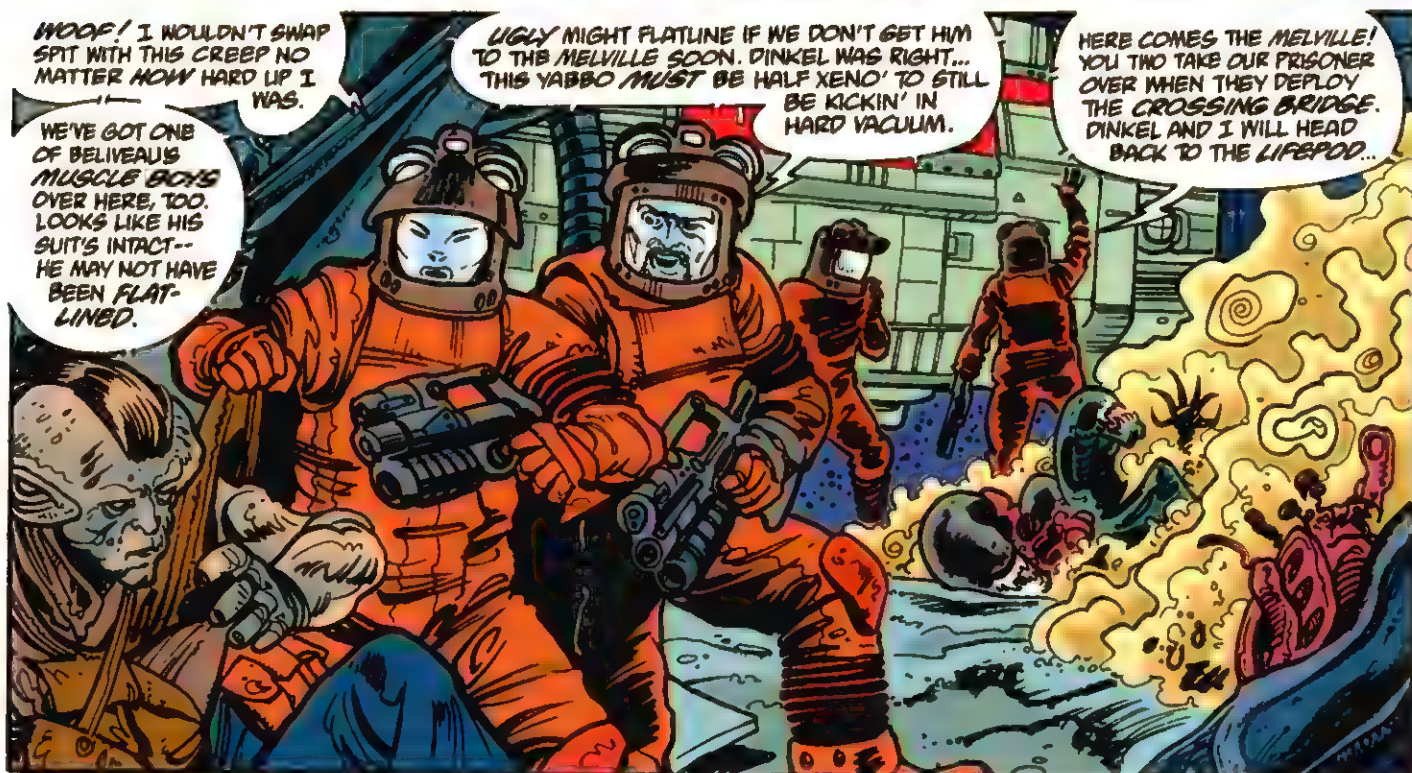
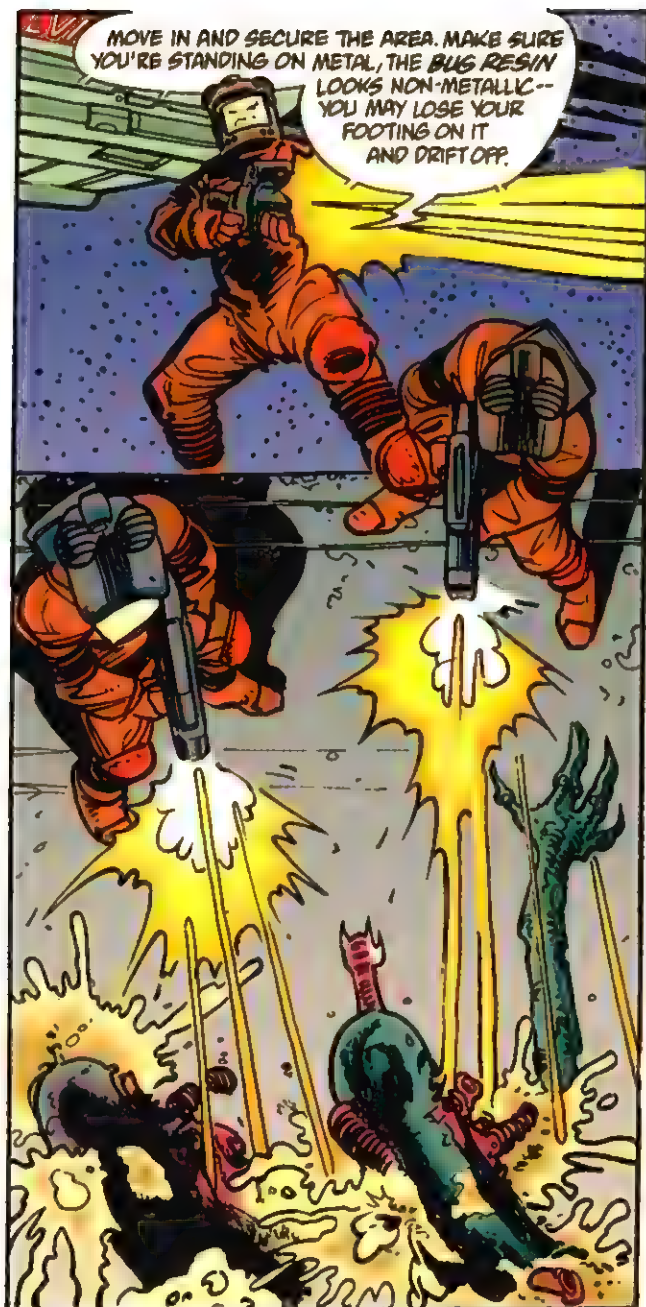
SHUCK!



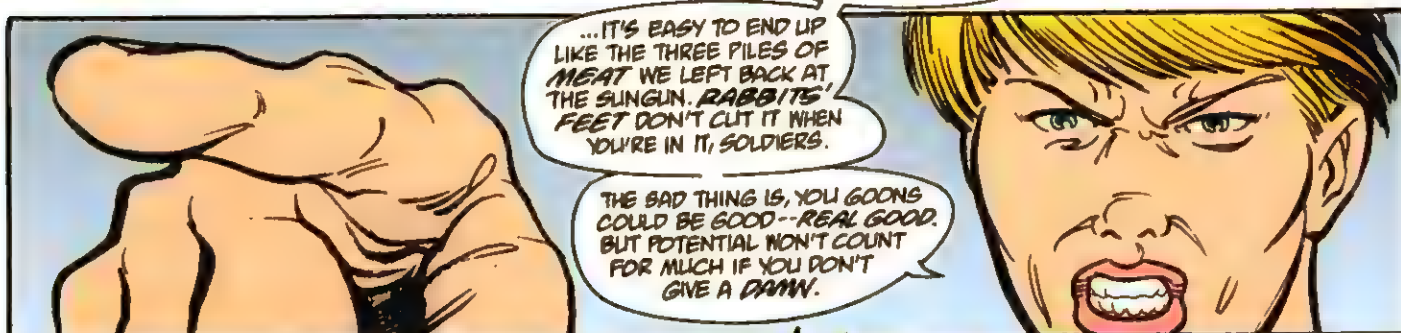
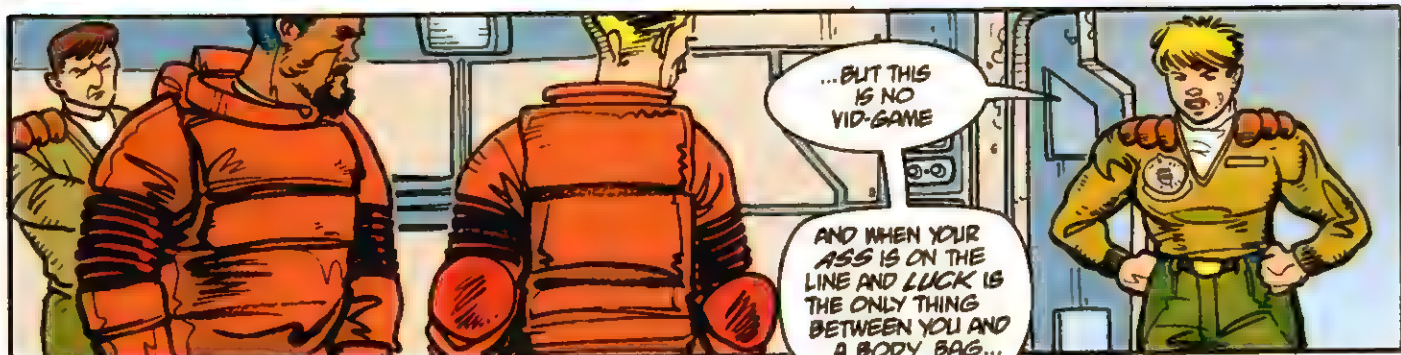








"...HAVE BOSTON PICK US UP
AFTER WE JETTISON LOOSE
FROM THIS ROCK."



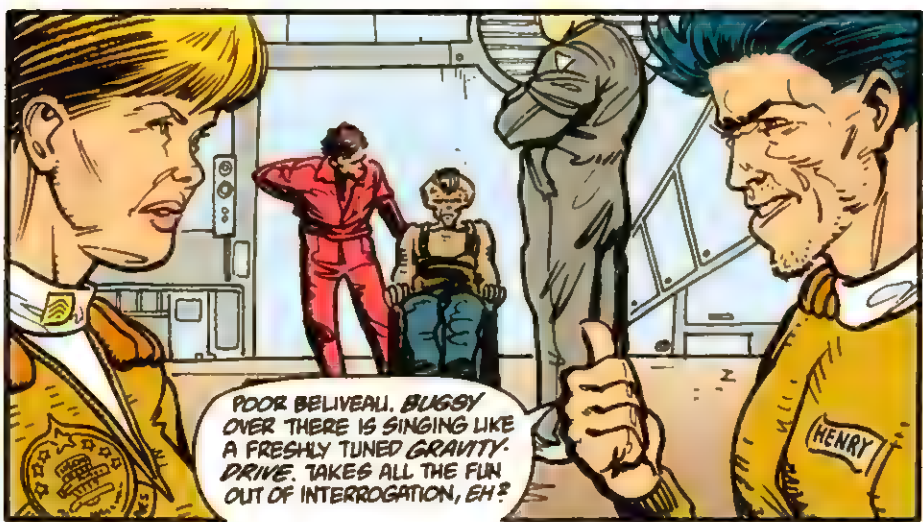


...AND AFTER WE GOT NORMAN INTO SICK BAY, BELIVEAU DECIDED TO GRILL OUR NEW GUEST.

HOW IS NORMAN? DO WE KNOW THAT HE'S CLEAN?

SURE. SCANNED HIM FOR IMPREGNATION RIGHT OFF. NEGATIVE. HOW THE HELL HE GOT AWAY WITH JUST A BUMP ON HIS HEAD... YOU ASK ME, WE SHOULD BE GRILLING HIM!

...ALL WILL BE AS IN HEAVEN, FREE OF THE SINS OF MAN...



POOR BELIVEAU. BUGGY OVER THERE IS SINGING LIKE A FRESHLY TUNED GRAVITY DRIVE. TAKES ALL THE FUN OUT OF INTERROGATION, EH?

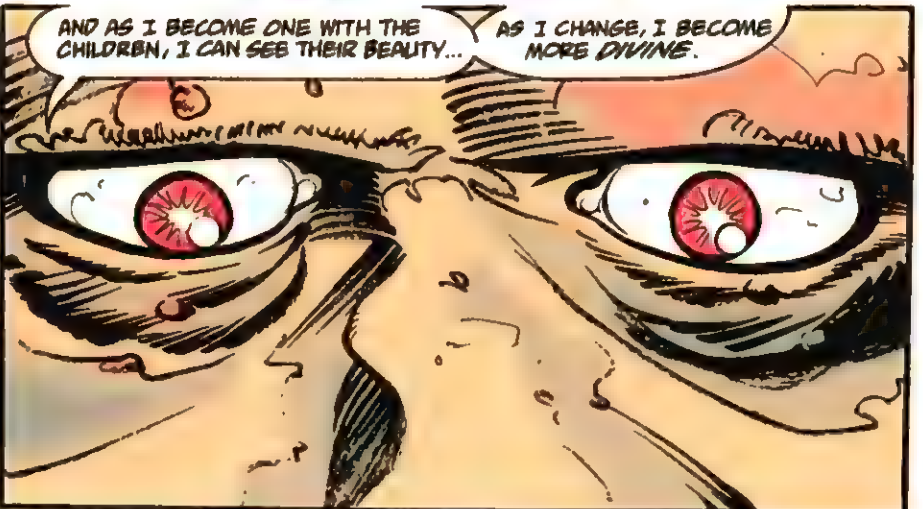


IT WILL BE AS IT ONCE WAS... EMPTY... PURE. SPACE IS FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE FATHER, NOT THE BASTARD CHILDREN OF GOD.

THE MOTHER COULD NOT SEE THAT... SHE WAS WEAK. ALL SHE COULD SEE WAS THE NEED TO SURVIVE. THE FATHER KNOWS THAT SPACE IS CORRUPT... POISONED.

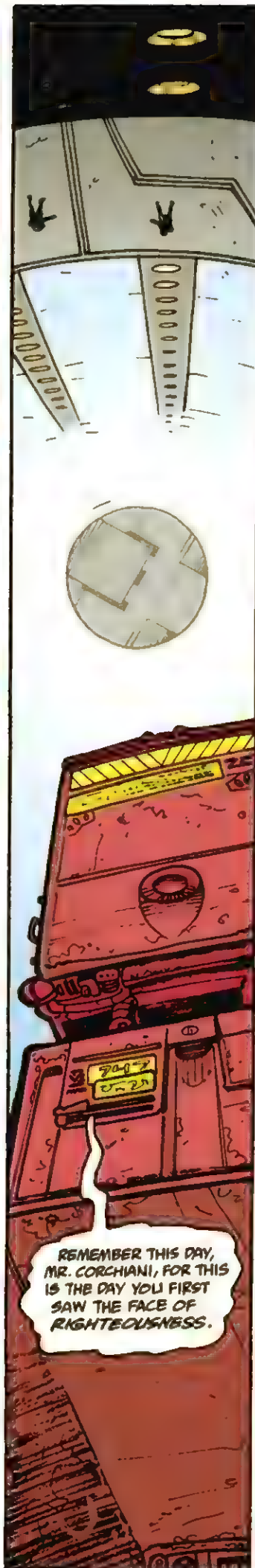
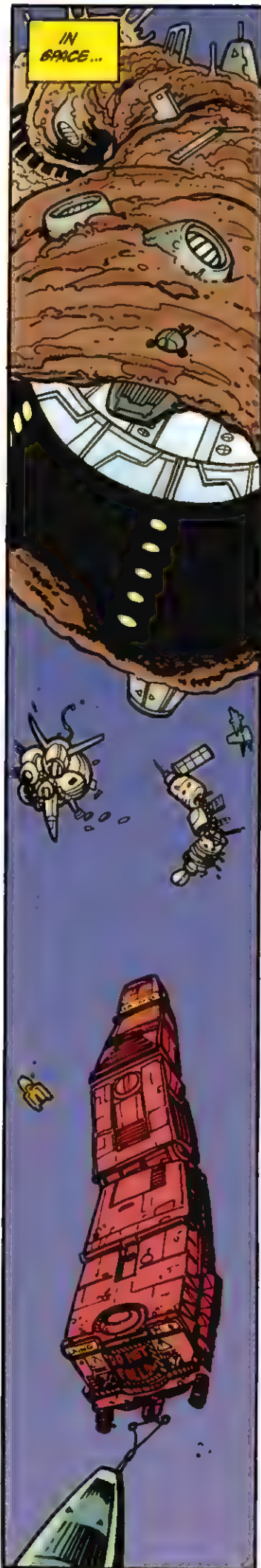


IT MUST BE CLEANSSED, SWEEPED FREE OF THE PLAGUE OF HUMANITY BY THE MIGHT OF THE CHILDREN... THE TRUE ANGELS.

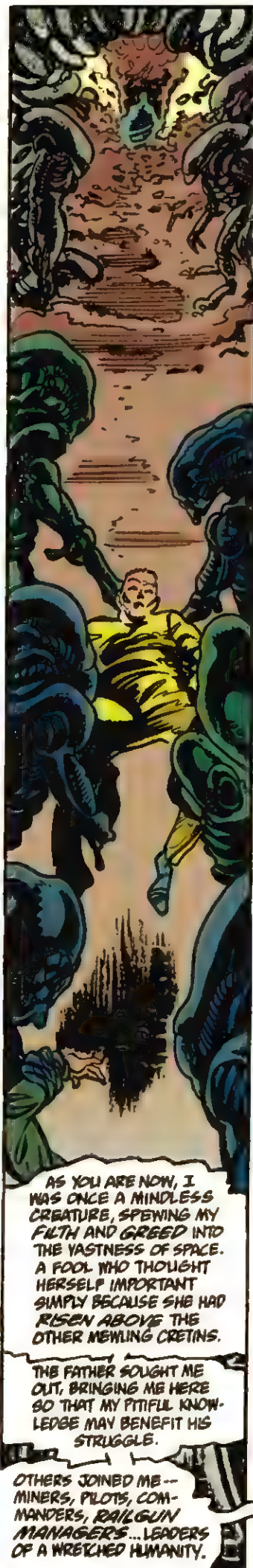


AND AS I BECOME ONE WITH THE CHILDREN, I CAN SEE THEIR BEAUTY...

AS I CHANGE, I BECOME MORE DIVINE.



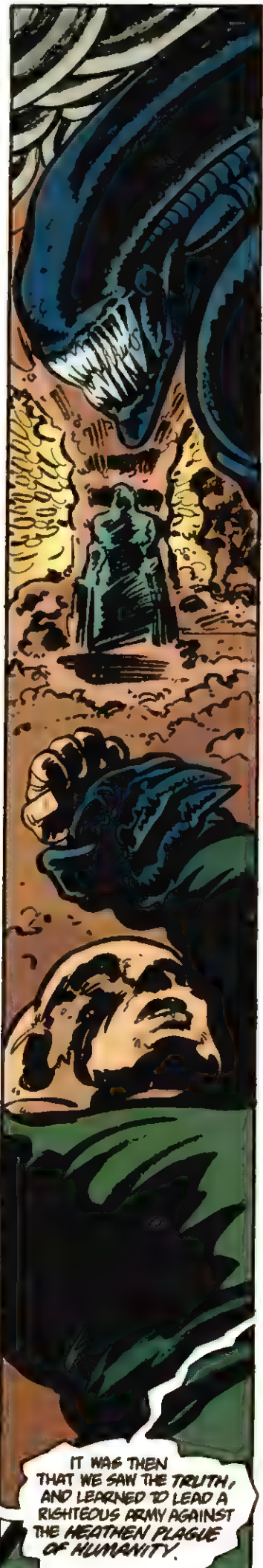
REMEMBER THIS DAY, MR. CORCHIANI, FOR THIS IS THE DAY YOU FIRST SAW THE FACE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.



AS YOU ARE NOW, I WAS ONCE A MINDLESS CREATURE, SPEWING MY FILTH AND GREED INTO THE VASTNESS OF SPACE. A FOOL WHO THOUGHT HERSELF IMPORTANT SIMPLY BECAUSE SHE HAD RISEN ABOVE THE OTHER MEWLING CRETINS.

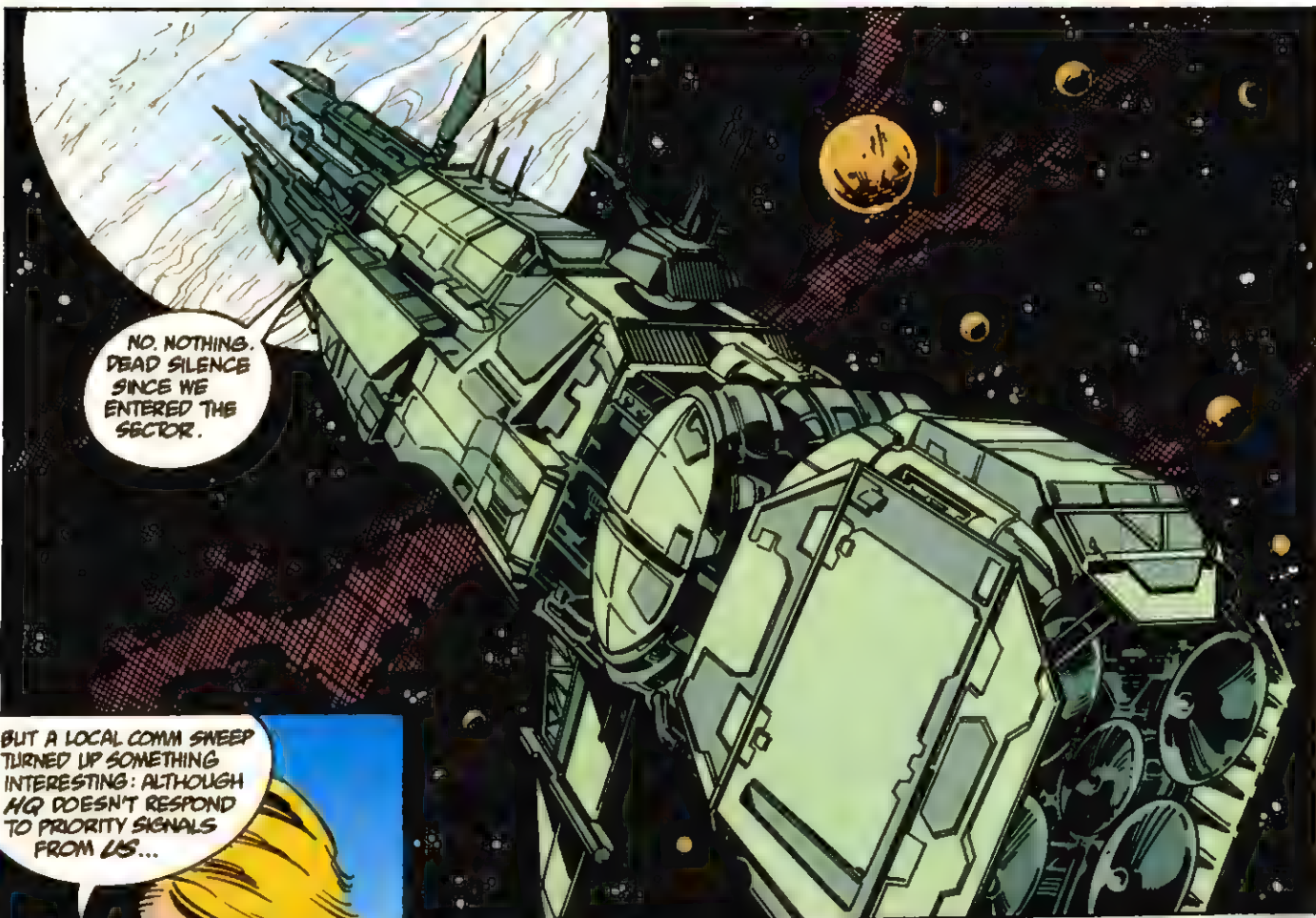
THE FATHER SOUGHT ME OUT, BRINGING ME HERE SO THAT MY PITIFUL KNOWLEDGE MAY BENEFIT HIS STRUGGLE.

OTHERS JOINED ME -- MINERS, PILOTS, COMMANDERS, RAILGUN MANAGERS... LEADERS OF A WRETCHED HUMANITY.

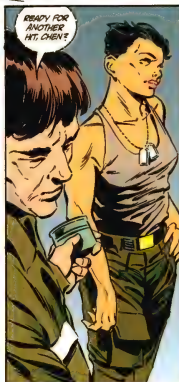


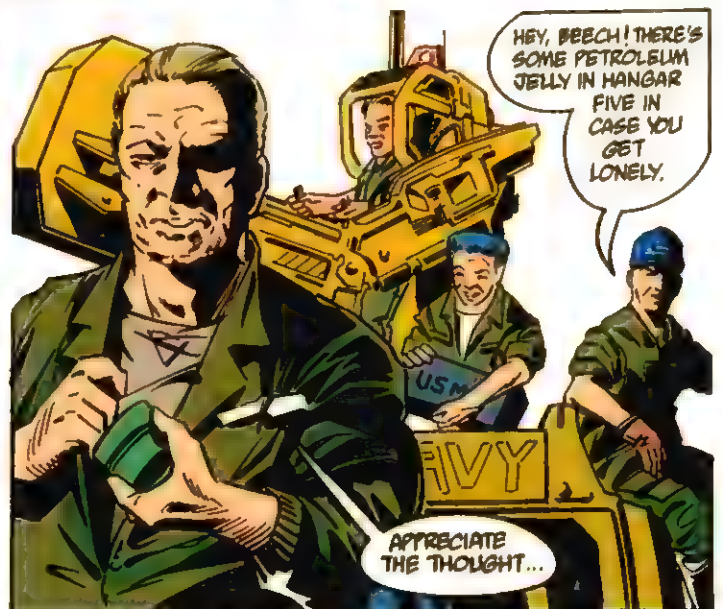
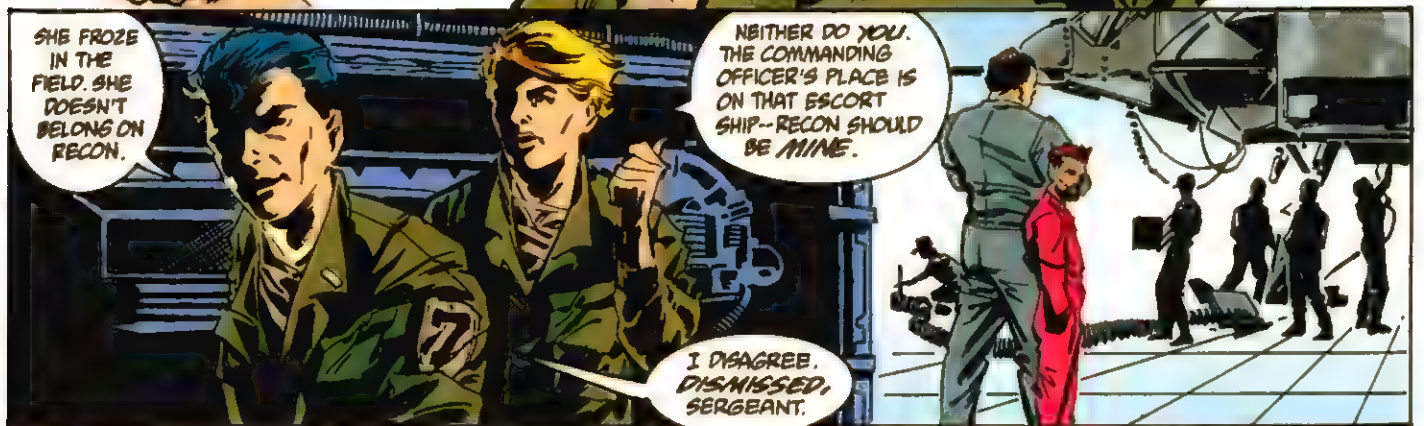
IT WAS THEN THAT WE SAW THE TRUTH, AND LEARNED TO LEAD A RIGHTEOUS ARMY AGAINST THE HEATHEN PLAGUE OF HUMANITY.

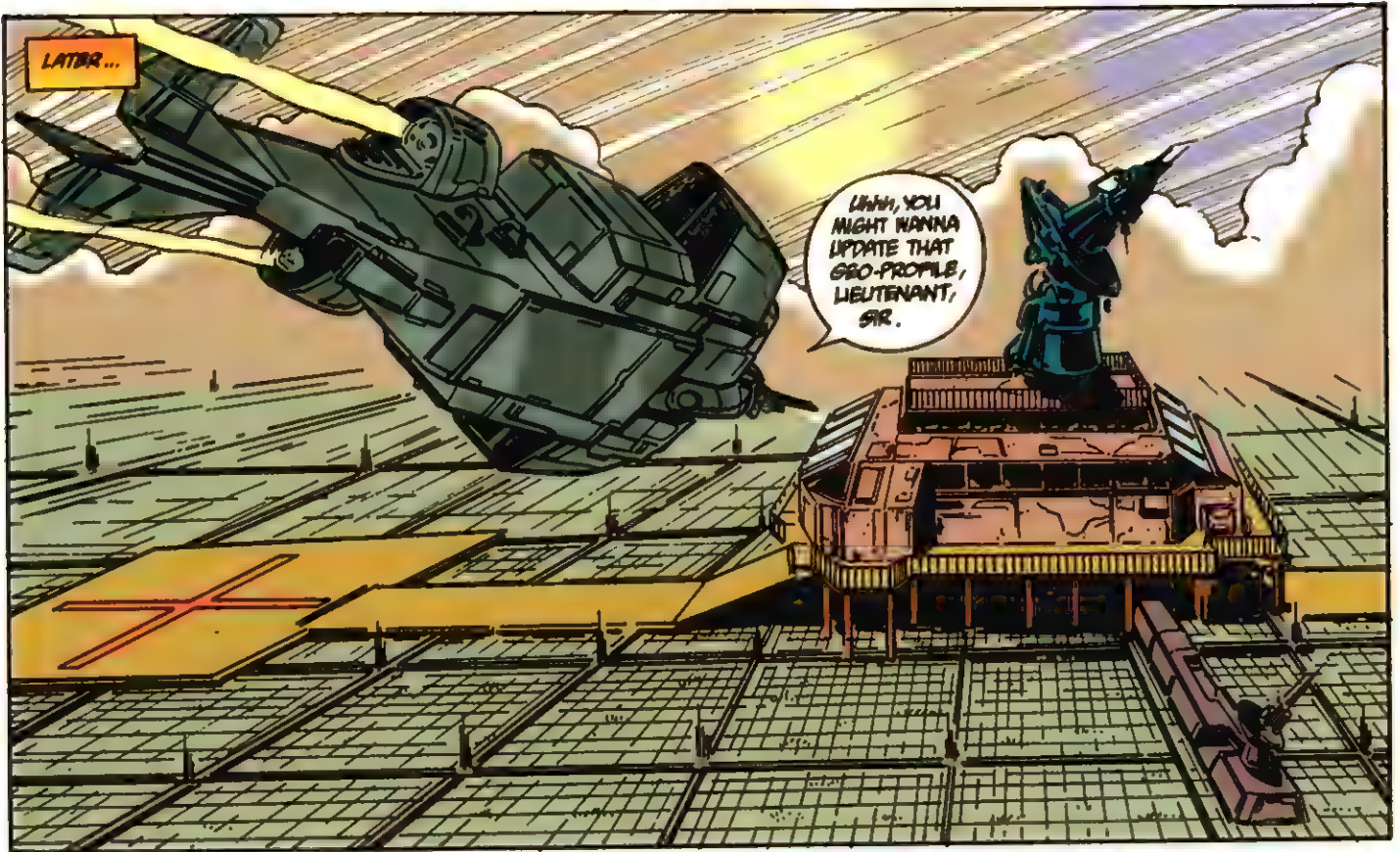
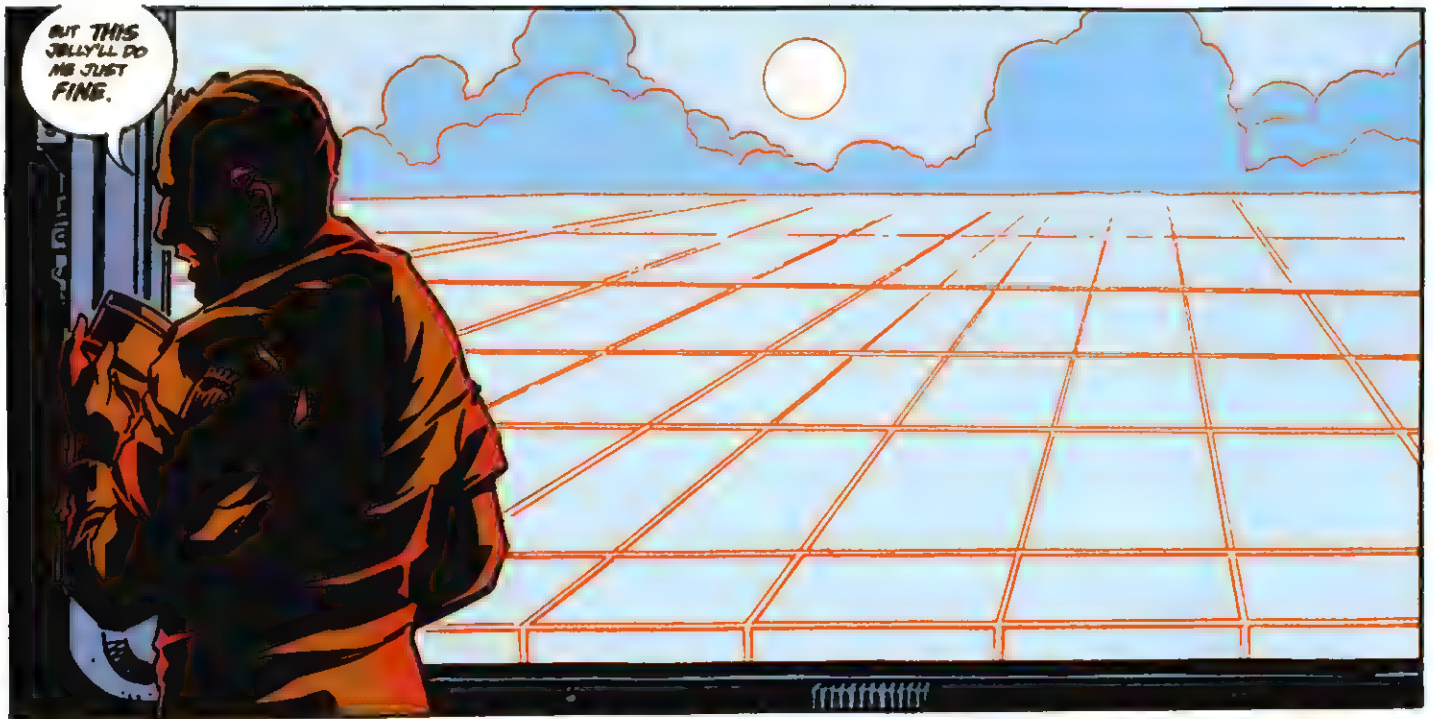


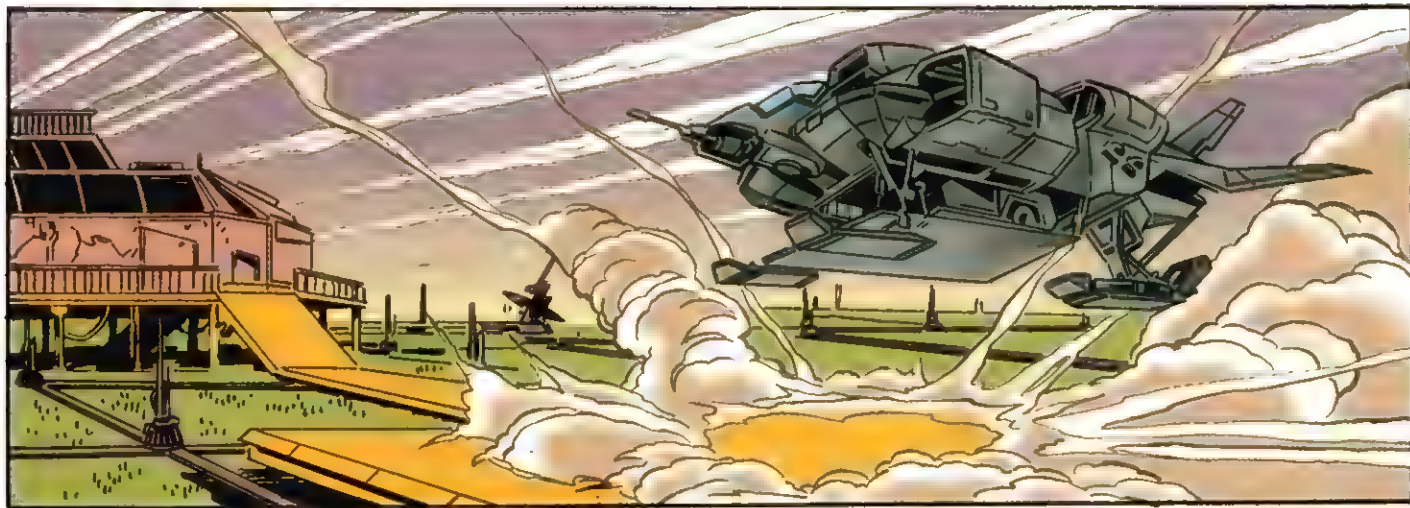


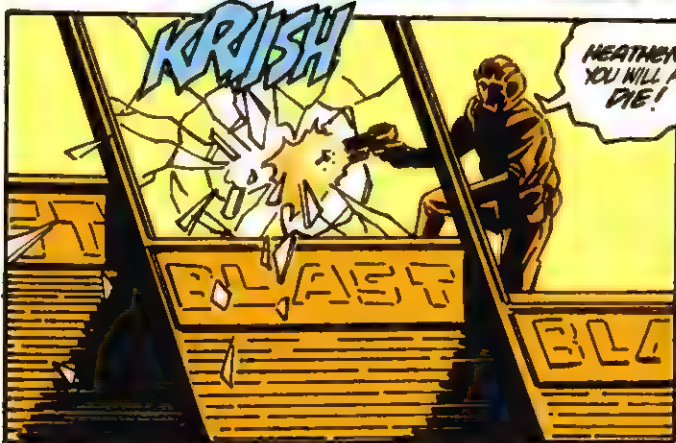














MARYLAND!
GET US THE
HELL OUT
OF HERE!

GET AWAY
FROM THE DOOR!
NOW!

BUDDA

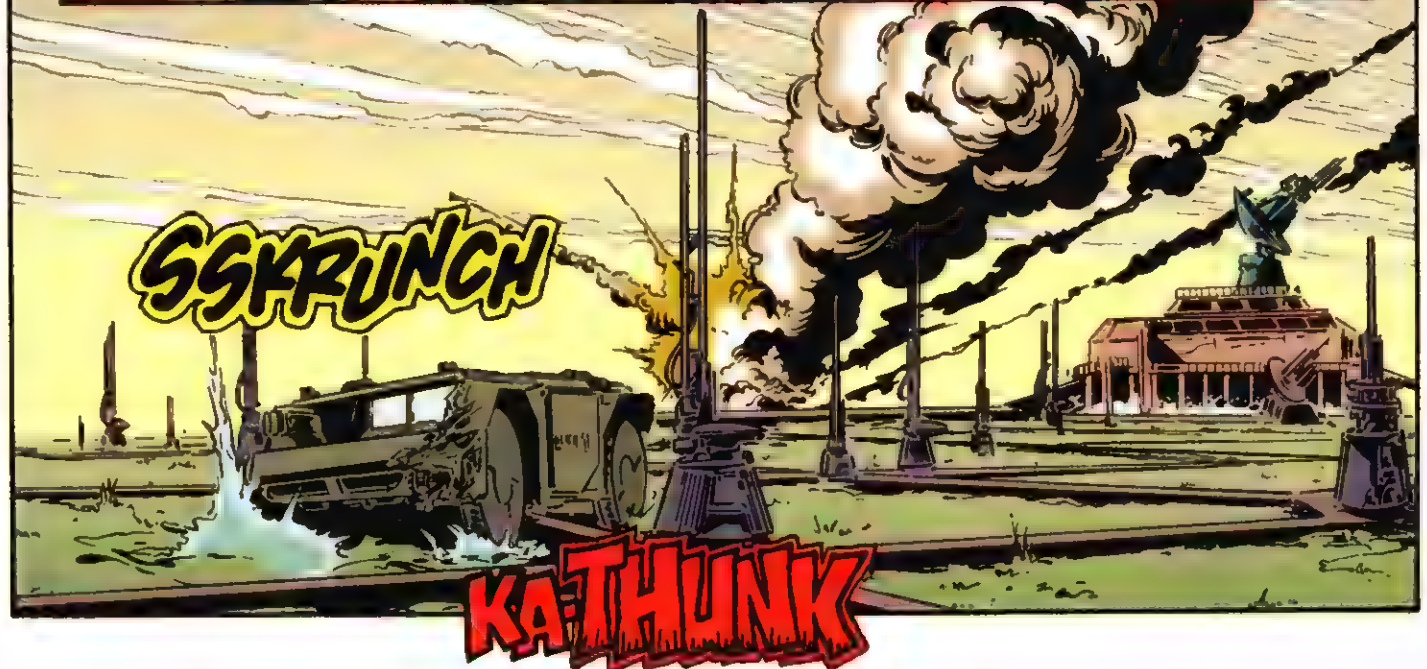
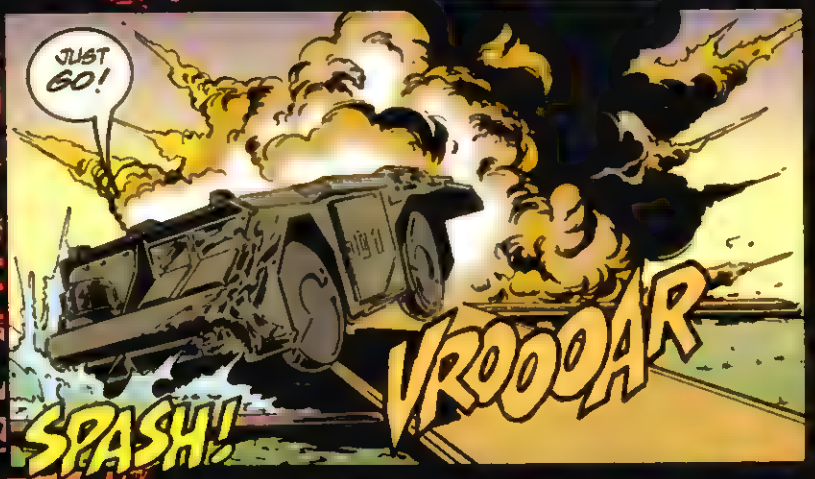
BUDDA
BUDDA

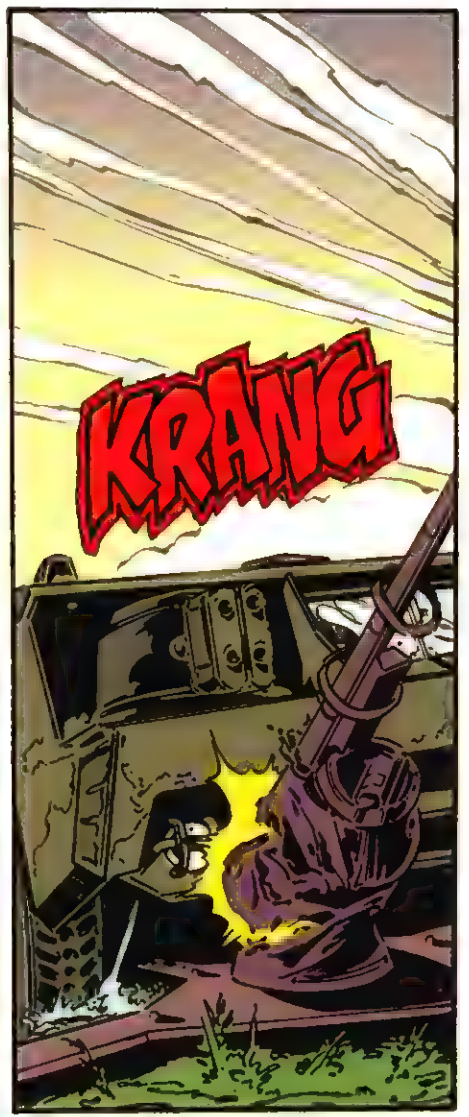
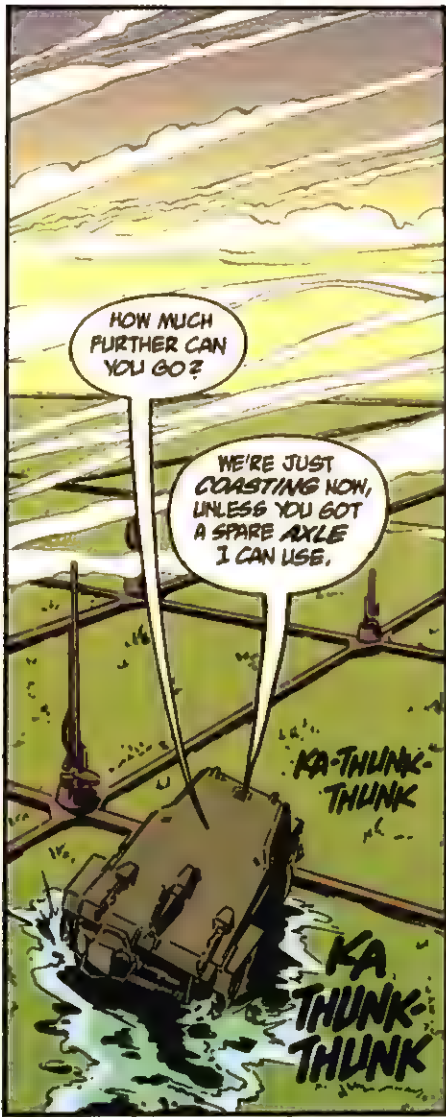
ROGER. WATCH THE
NORTH WALL...
I'M COMIN' IN!

KOOOOOONNNNN

WHUNK

















HERE'S THE SITUATION.
THE APC'S NOT GOING ANY-
WHERE AND WALKING'S OUT
OF THE QUESTION. ALL WE
CAN DO IS WAIT.

WE'RE SCHEDULED TO RENDEZVOUS
WITH NYLAND IN AN HOUR. I GIVE HER
FIFTEEN MINUTES TO START MISSING
US AND ANOTHER FIFTEEN TO GET
OUT HERE.

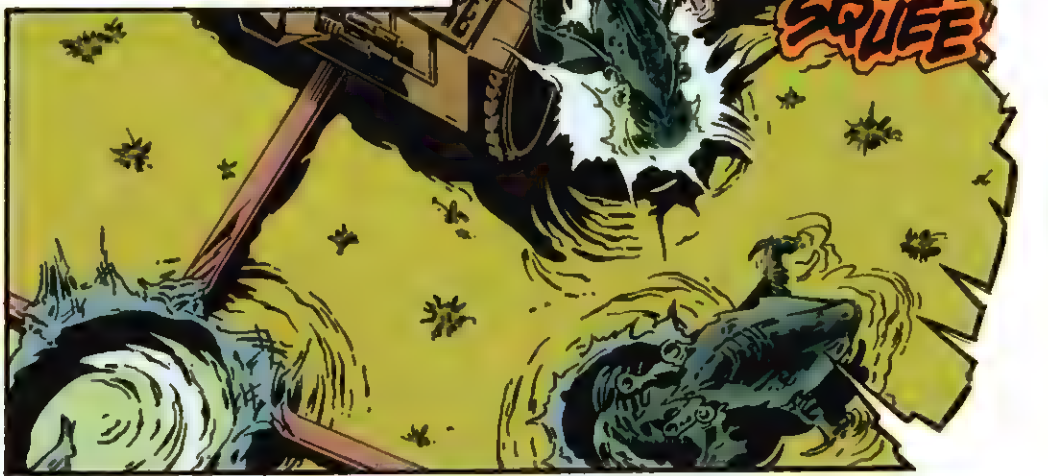
THAT'S
NINETY
MINUTES,
MARINES.
ALL WE
GOTTA DO
IS STAY
ALIVE.

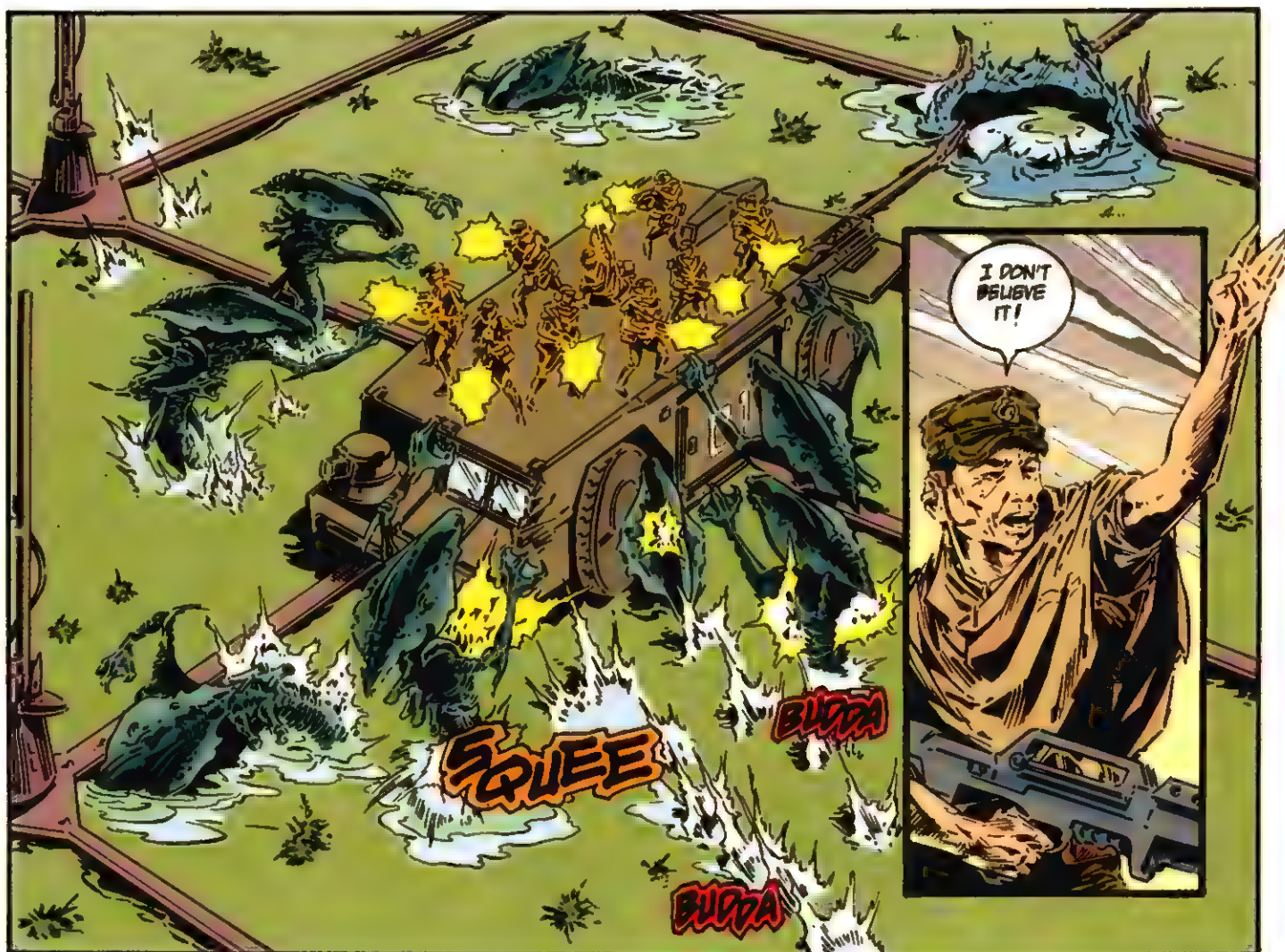
IF YOU'VE
GOT A BETTER ONE,
LET'S HEAR IT.

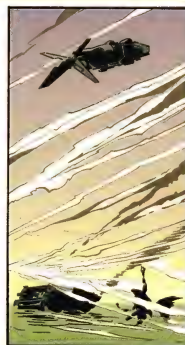
THAT'S YOUR PLAN?
SYT HERE WAITING TO GET
PICKED OFF LIKE CARRANO?

WE'RE
NOT GOING
TO MAKE IT,
ARE WE?

WE'LL
FIND OUT SOON
ENOUGH.







I NEED A CIGARETTE.

I HEARD THAT.

MASQUEZZ? SO YOU CAN PULL A TRIGGER.

EAT ME, CYBERCKO.

I CAME AS SOON AS I LOST CONTACT WITH THE DROPSHIP. WERE YOU ABLE TO CONTACT SECTOR HQ?

UH, NO.

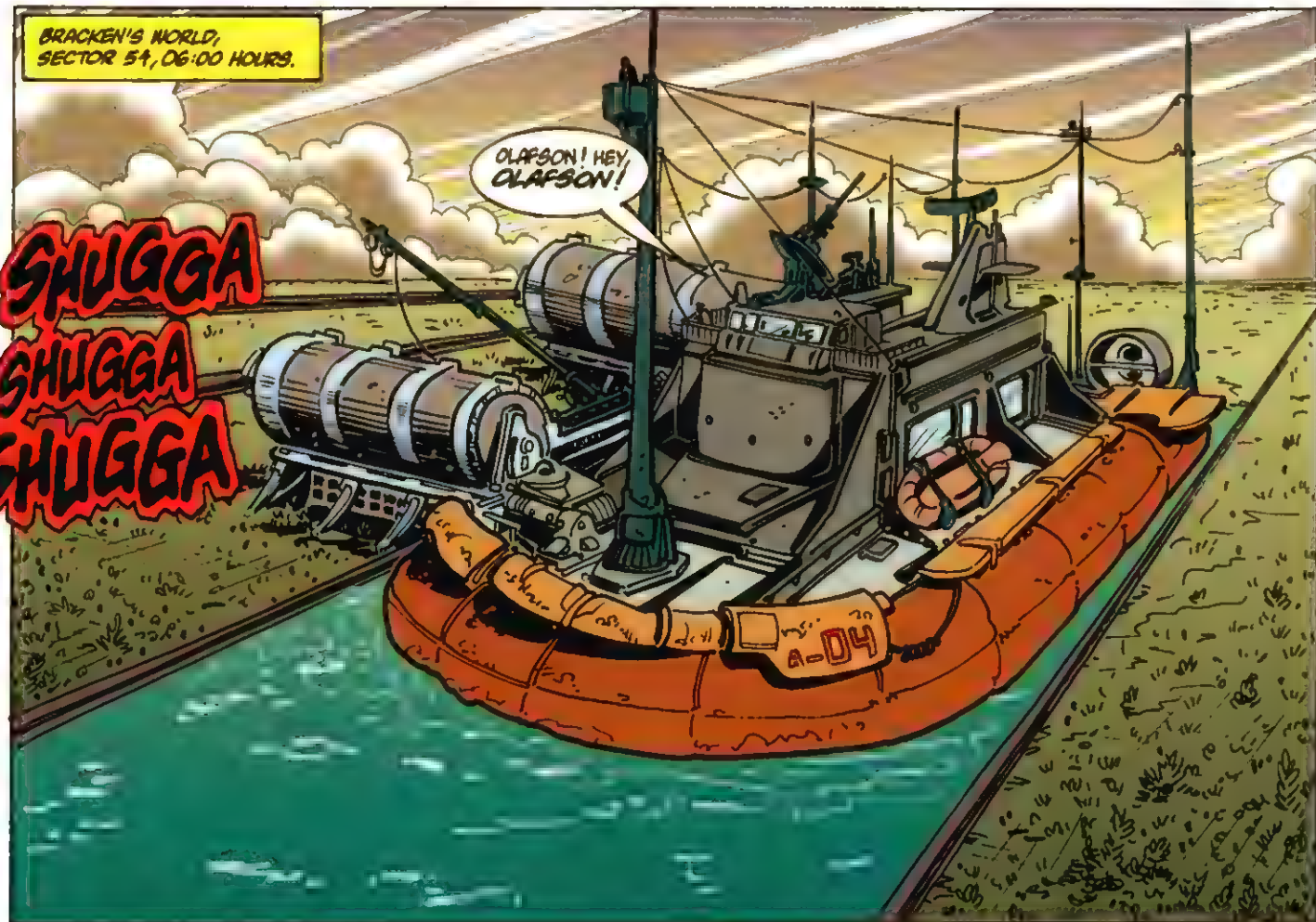
NO, WE WERE AMBUSHED BY MORE OF THOSE "BUG-MEN" BEFORE I COULD LINK UP.

FORGET ABOUT HQ FOR NOW. WE'RE ON OUR OWN.

BRACKEN'S WORLD,
SECTOR 54, 06:00 HOURS.

OLAFSON! HEY,
OLAFSON!

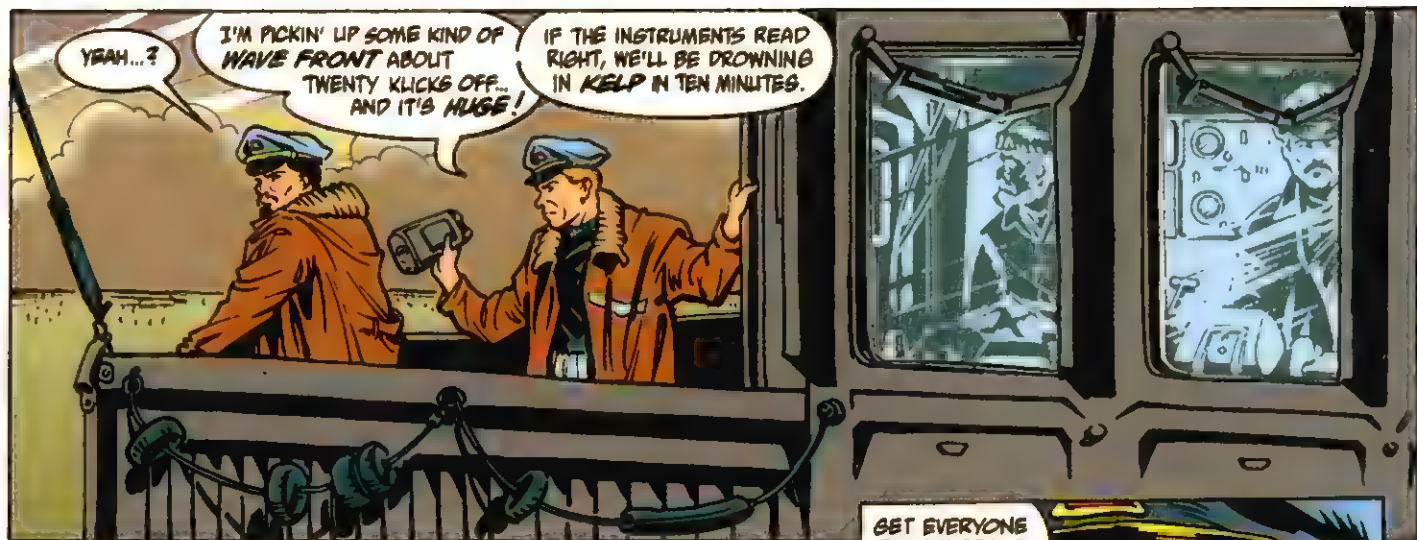
SHUGGA
SHUGGA
SHUGGA



YEAH...?

I'M PICKIN' UP SOME KIND OF
WAVE FRONT ABOUT
TWENTY KILKS OFF...
AND IT'S HUGE!

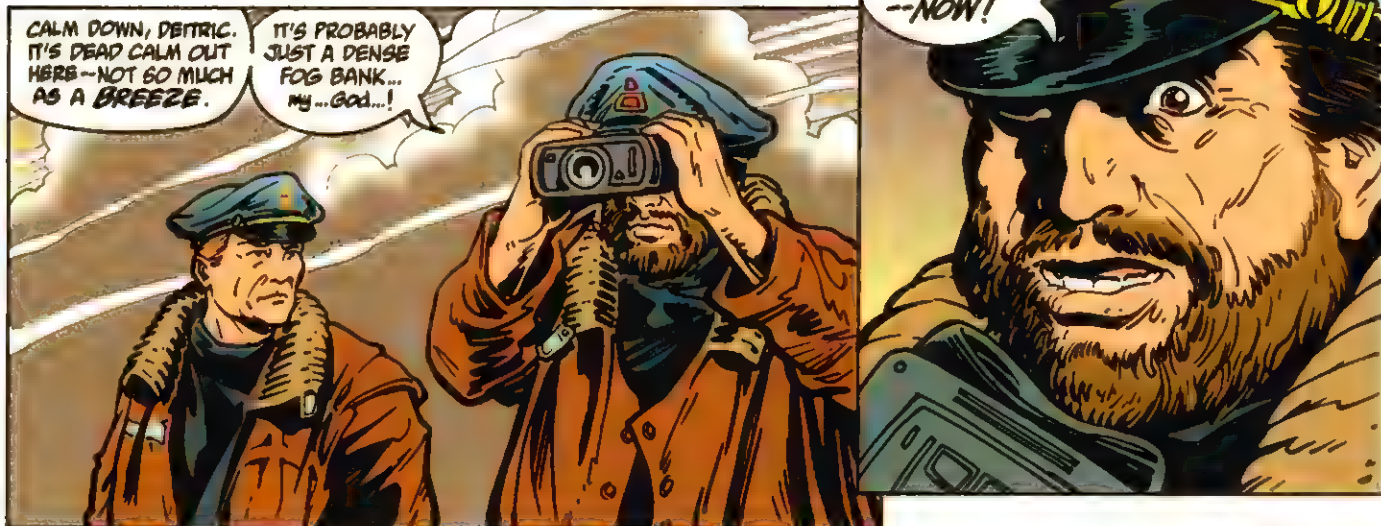
IF THE INSTRUMENTS READ
RIGHT, WE'LL BE DROWNING
IN KELP IN TEN MINUTES.



CALM DOWN, DETRIC.
IT'S DEAD CALM OUT
HERE--NOT SO MUCH
AS A BREEZE.

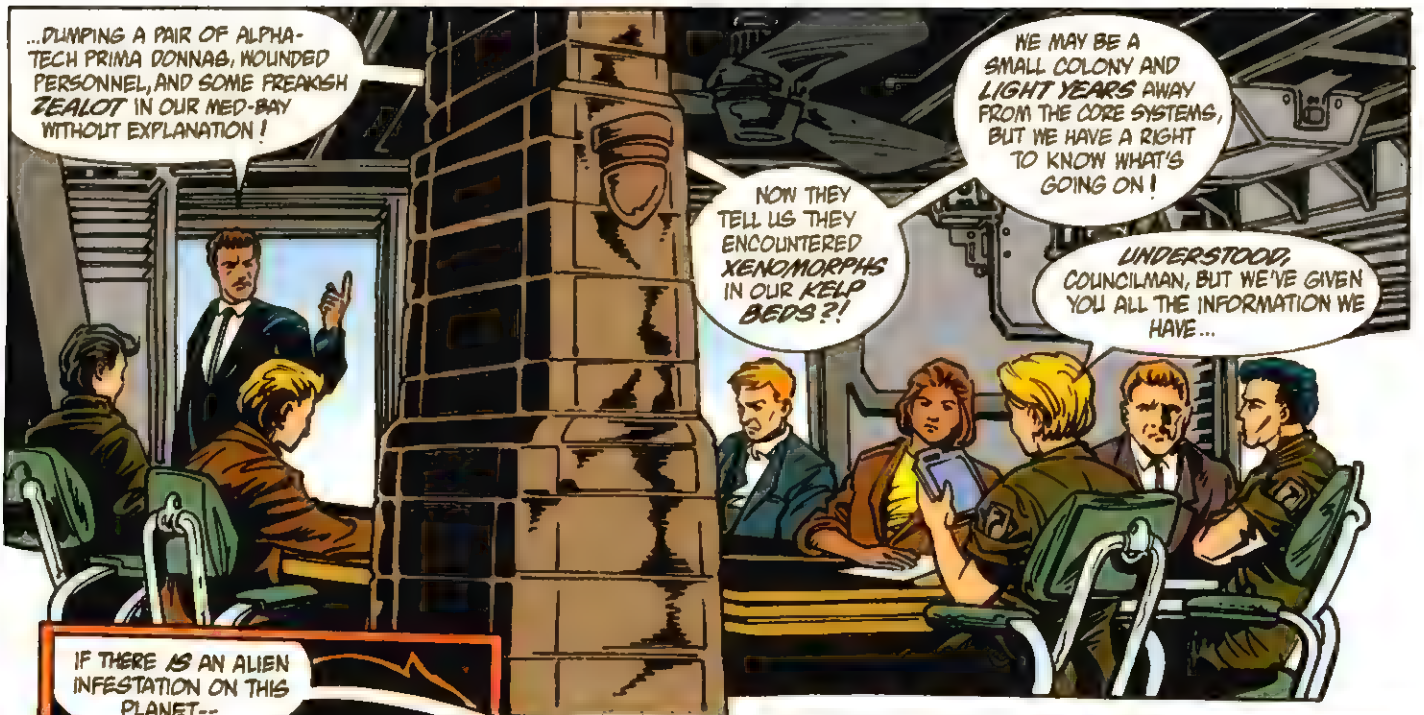
IT'S PROBABLY
JUST A DENSE
FOG BANK...
MY...GOD...!

GET EVERYONE
BELOW DECKS
--NOW!



ROBINSON'S WORLD,
SECTION 1, 01:00 HOURS.





...DUMPING A PAIR OF ALPHA-TECH PRIMA DONNAS, WOUNDED PERSONNEL, AND SOME FREAKISH **ZEALOT** IN OUR MED-BAY WITHOUT EXPLANATION!

WE MAY BE A SMALL COLONY AND **LIGHT YEARS** AWAY FROM THE CORE SYSTEMS, BUT WE HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!

NOW THEY TELL US THEY ENCOUNTERED **XENOMORPHS** IN OUR **KELP BEDS**??!

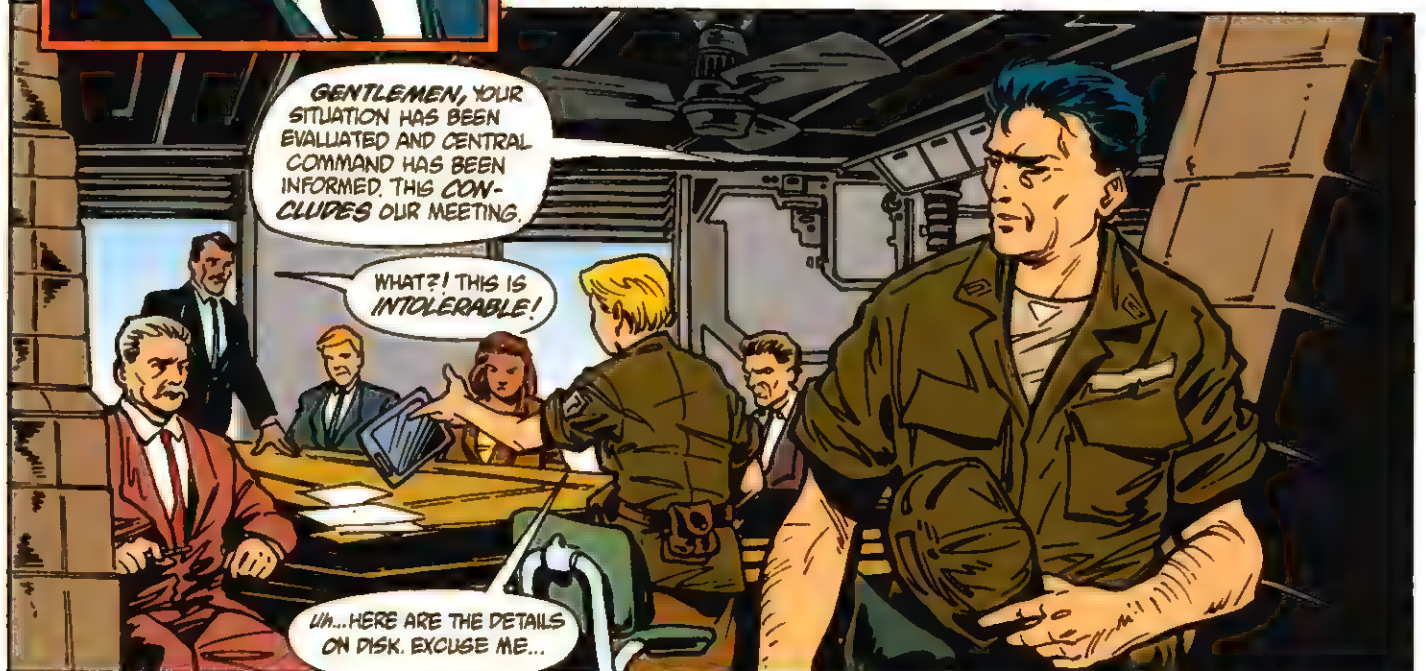
UNDERSTOOD, COUNCILMAN, BUT WE'VE GIVEN YOU ALL THE INFORMATION WE HAVE...

IF THERE **IS** AN ALIEN INFESTATION ON THIS PLANET--

--I **DEMAND** TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT!

PLEASE UNDERSTAND. WE CANNOT ACT WITHOUT ORDERS, AND WE'VE BEEN **UNABLE** TO ESTABLISH COMM--

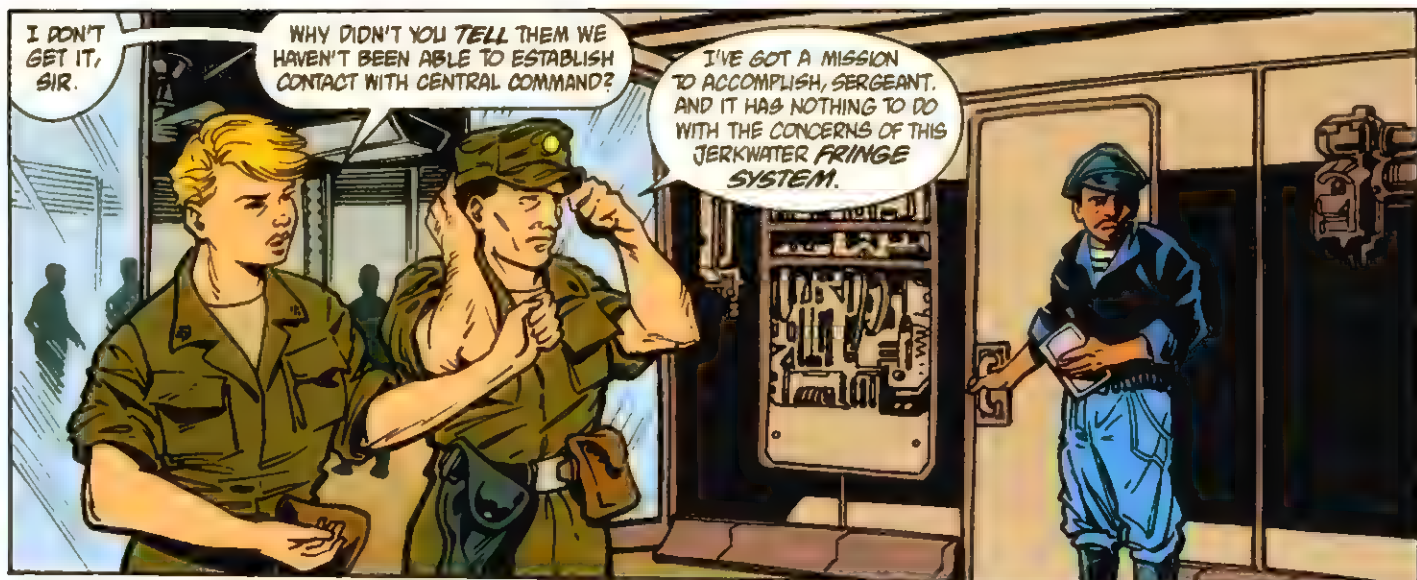
THANK YOU, SERGEANT. THAT'S ENOUGH.



GENTLEMEN, YOUR SITUATION HAS BEEN EVALUATED AND CENTRAL COMMAND HAS BEEN INFORMED. THIS **CONCLUDES** OUR MEETING.

WHAT?! THIS IS **INTOLERABLE!**

Uh...HERE ARE THE DETAILS ON DISK. EXCUSE ME...



BRACKEN'S WORLD,
SECTOR 30. 10.23
HOURS.

...UNIT FOURTEEN
COME IN UNIT
FOURTEEN. 'EY,
OLAFSON!
MAKE UP!

IT'S BEEN
ALMOST FIVE
FRIGGIN' HOURS
SINCE I HOID FROM
YA! WHAT IS IT NIT!
YOU HUMPB?!



WAAAGG

'EY!

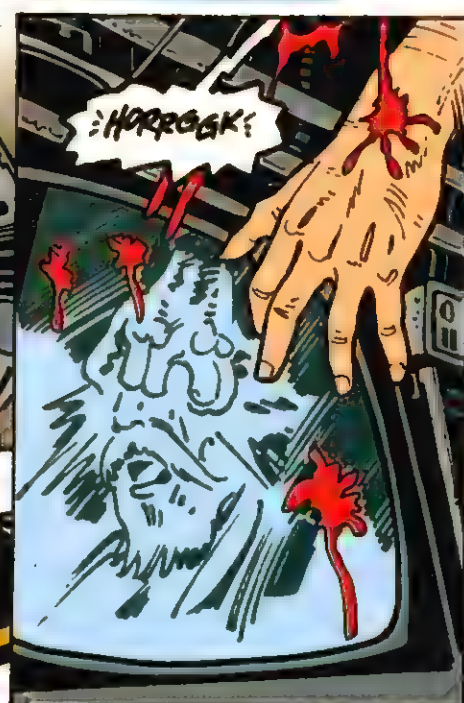


CHEBZ,
WHO'S BUSTIN'
MY HUMP
NOW...



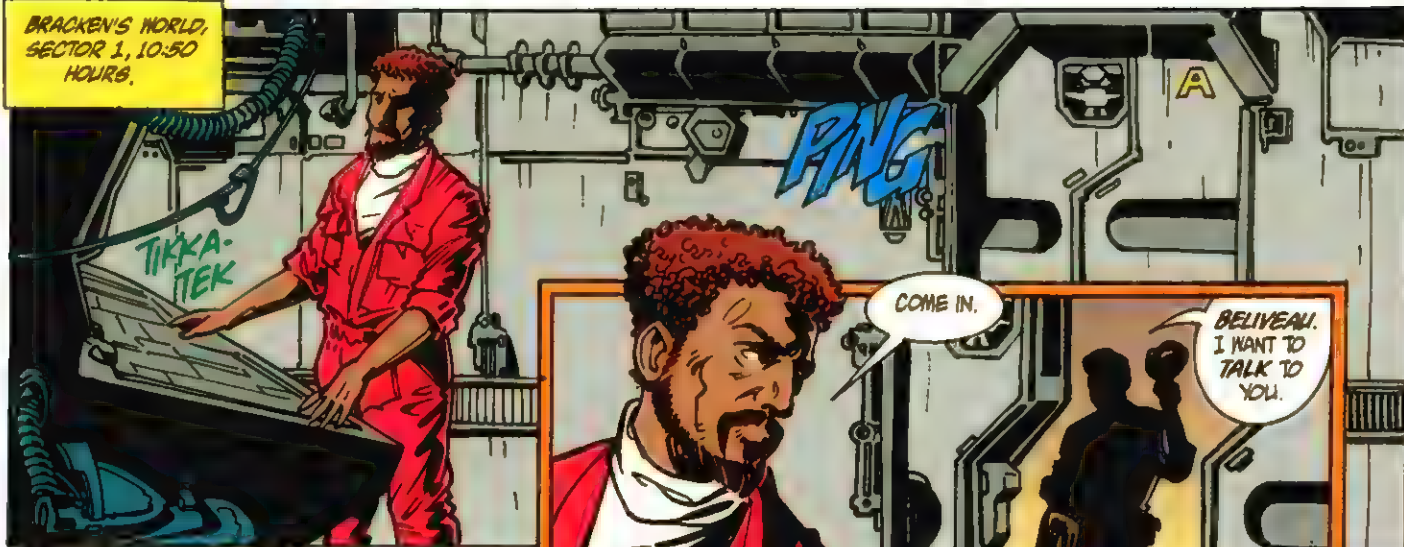
COME IN, UNIT
ZED...ANY HORD
FROM THOSE
MISSING
HARVESTERS?

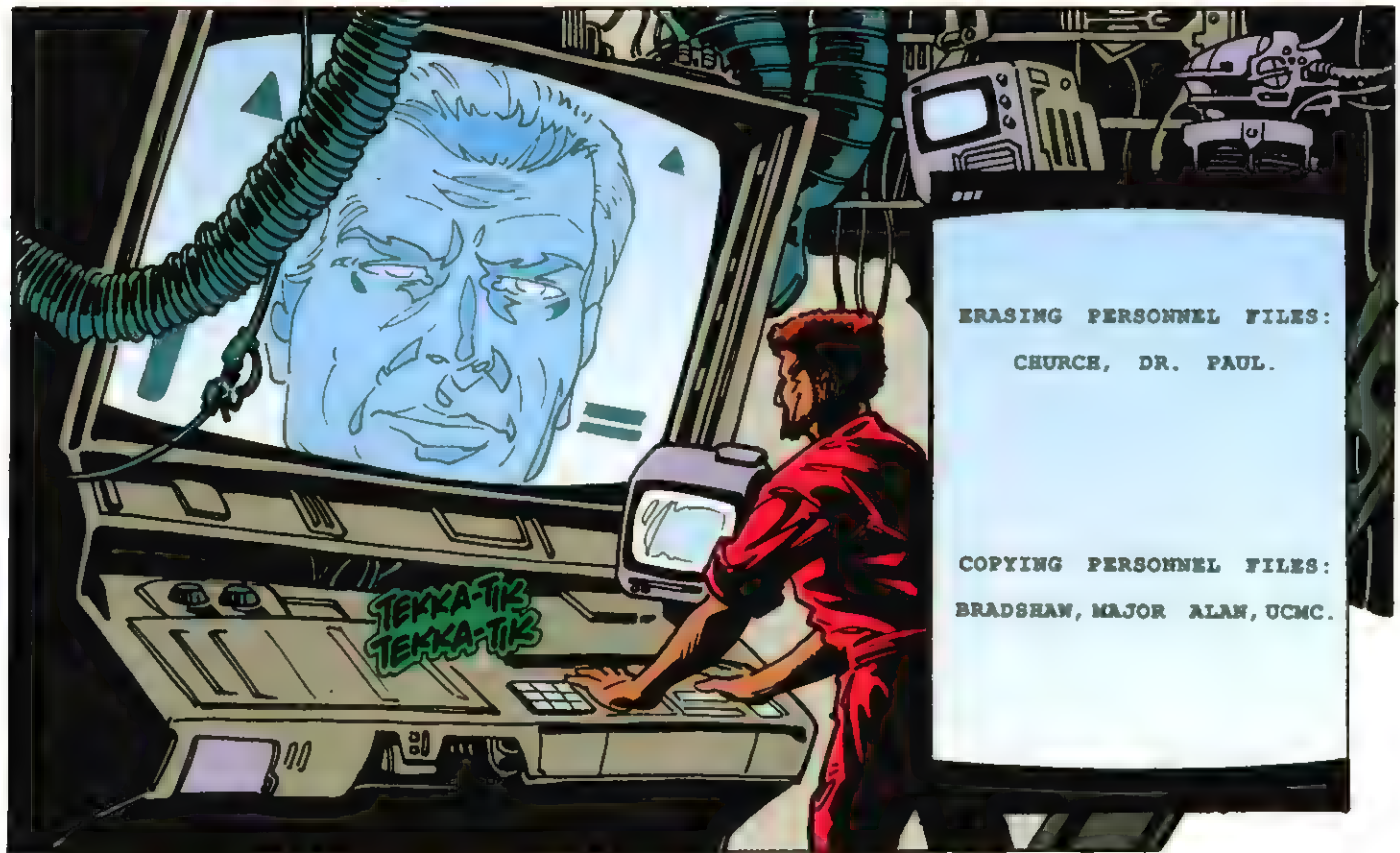
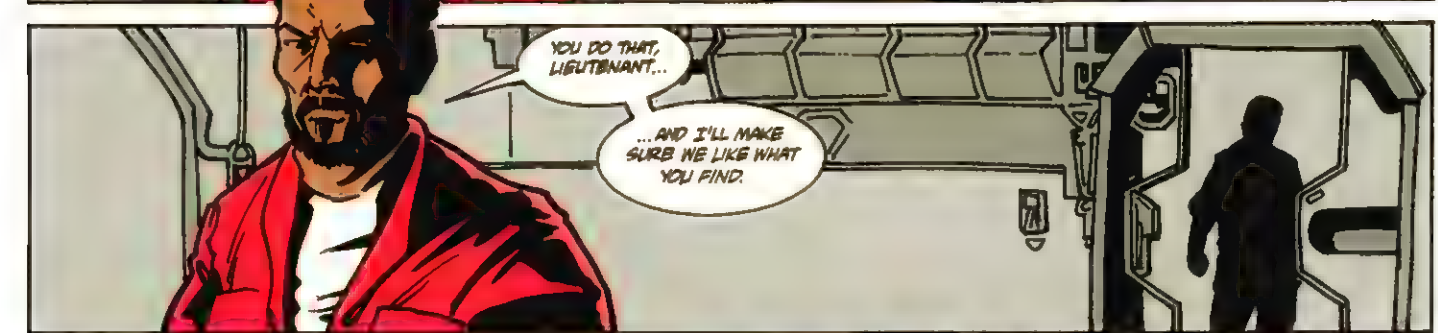
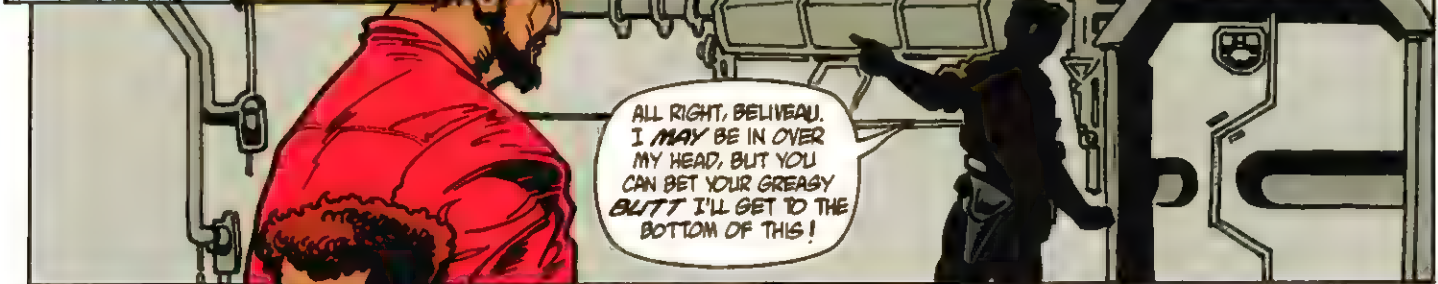
UNIT ZED?
MANNY...?



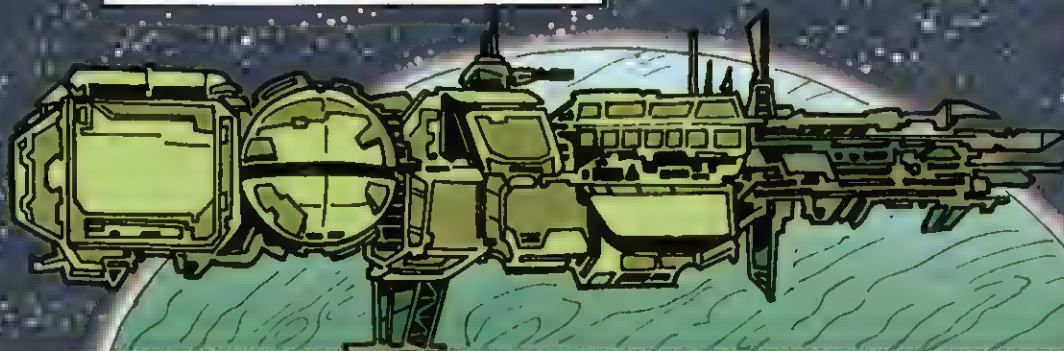
==HORROCK==

BRACKEN'S WORLD,
SECTOR 1, 10:50
HOURS.





MEANWHILE...



YOUR
BUDDY BEECH
IS HIGH AND
DRY!

THESE LITTLE BEAUTIES
CAN PUT YOU IN
ORBIT, SOLDIER!

NO BIGGER THAN A PEA,
BUT WIRED TO A REMOTE
DETONATOR AND PACKED
FULL OF C-19!

TO TRIGGER ONE, ALL
YOU HAVE TO DO IS SET
A RANGE FOR THE REMOTE
DETONATOR...

AND WHEN THE BOMB IS
MOVED OUTSIDE THAT
RANGE--BLAM! NICE
BIG HOLE!

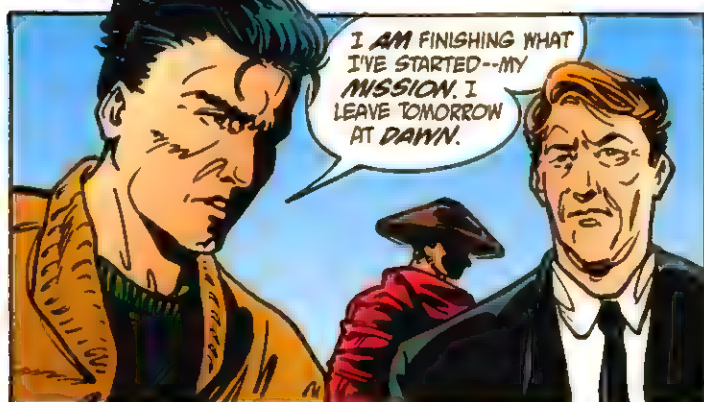
ARE THE
CASINGS NON-
TOXIC?

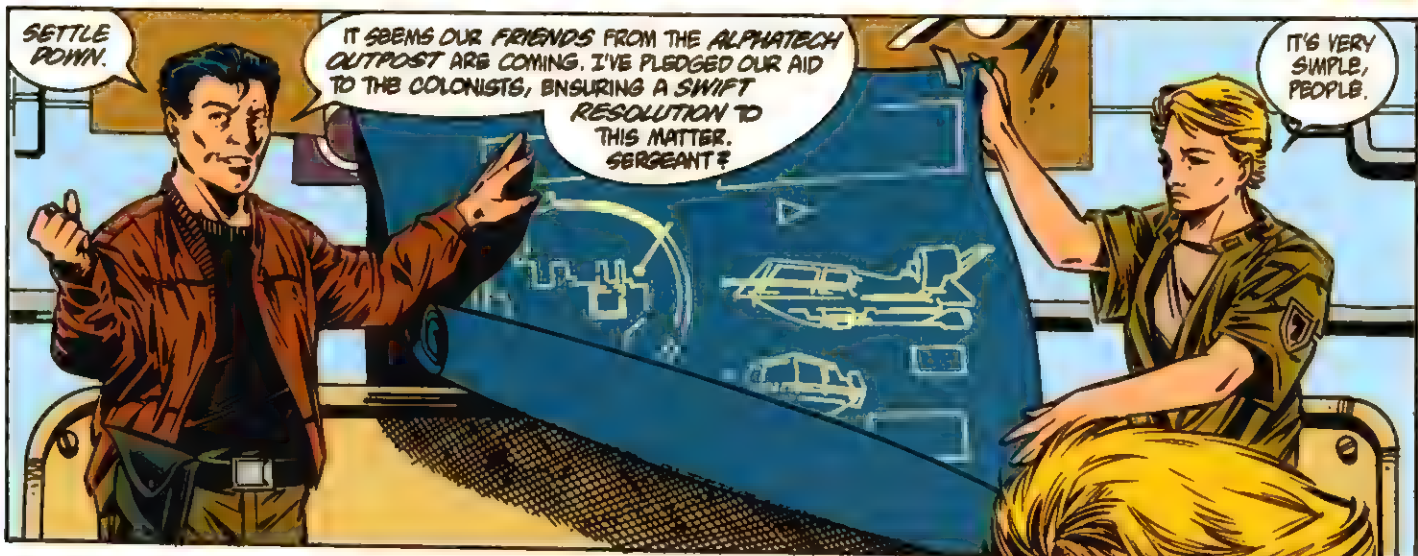
UH, SURE...ARE
YOU PLANNING
TO EAT
THESE?

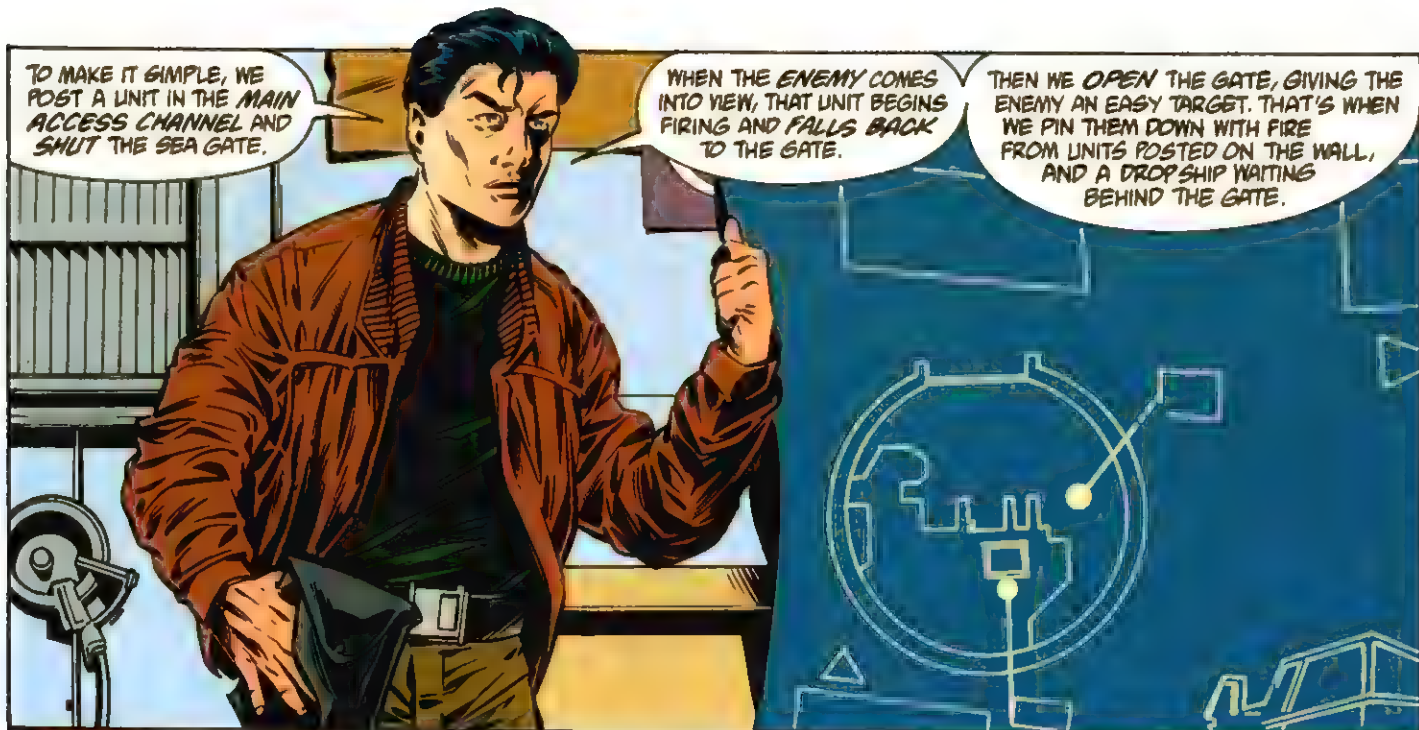
JUST PACK
THEM UP..

KEEP QUIET
ABOUT THIS, I
DON'T LIKE
GOSSIPY
VENDORS.

LIEUTENANT
HENRY? WHAT A STROKE
OF LUCK! YOUR SERGEANT
HAD NO IDEA WHERE
YOU WERE.







TO MAKE IT SIMPLE, WE POST A UNIT IN THE MAIN ACCESS CHANNEL AND SHUT THE SEA GATE.

WHEN THE *ENEMY* COMES INTO VIEW, THAT UNIT BEGINS FIRING AND FALLS BACK TO THE GATE.

THEN WE *OPEN* THE GATE, GIVING THE ENEMY AN EASY TARGET. THAT'S WHEN WE PIN THEM DOWN WITH FIRE FROM UNITS POSTED ON THE WALL, AND A DROP SHIP WAITING BEHIND THE GATE.



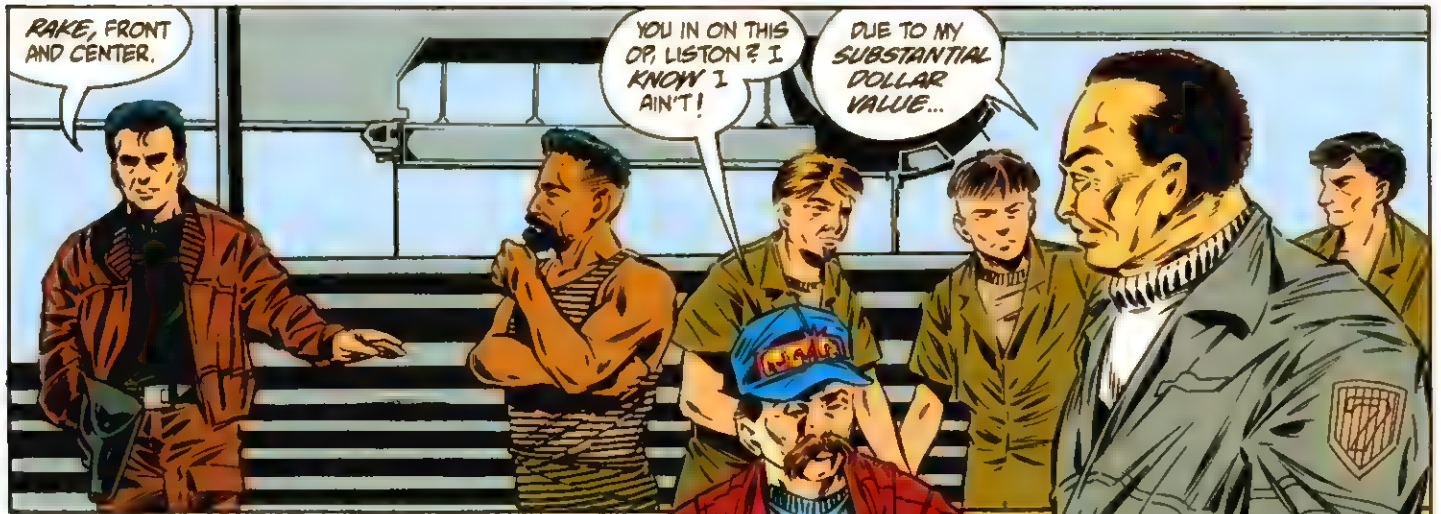
SCREW THAT! WHY DON'T WE JUST BLOW THIS MUDBALL AND LET THE LOCALS--



BECAUSE I GAVE YOU ORDERS, SOLDIER, AND YOU WILL FOLLOW THEM TO THE LETTER! IF ANYONE--ANYONE TRIES TO BOLT FROM THIS OP, THEY WILL BE SHOT! UNDERSTOOD?



I'M HEARIN' YA...



BRACKEN'S WORLD,
SECTOR 1,
1400 HOURS.

DEAD
CALM.

WHAT'S
YOUR STATUS,
MARYLAND?

ALL
CLEAR,
SIR.

MARYLAND

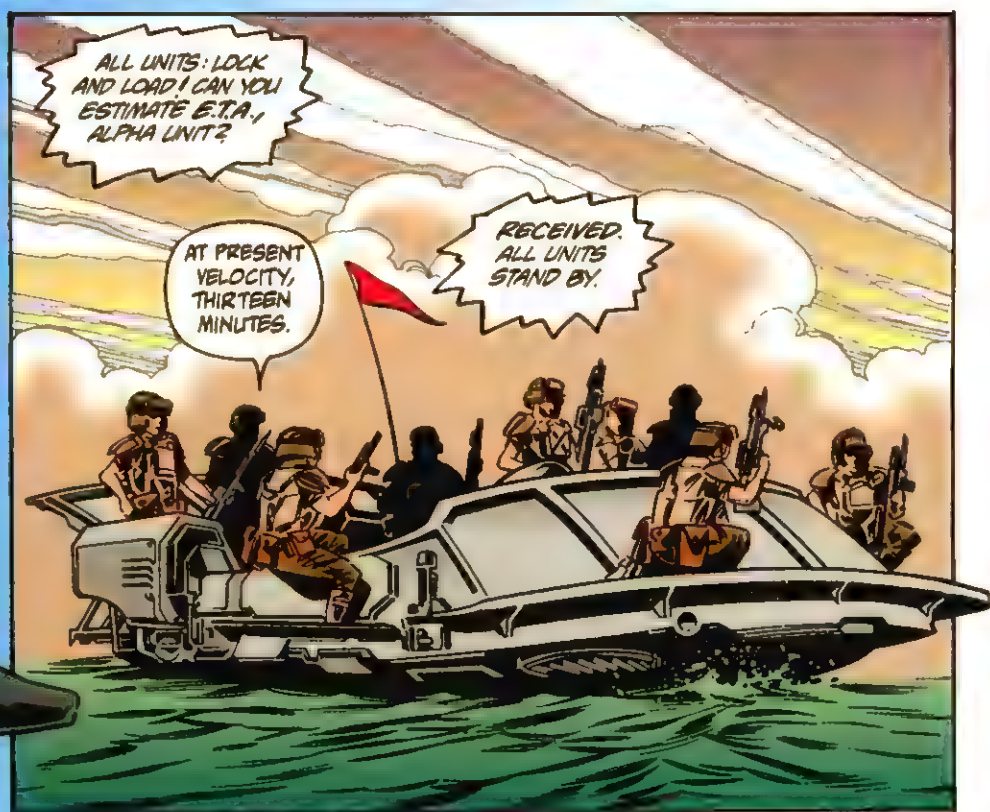
JUST
BURNING
FUEL.

BRavo
UNIT?

ALL
CLEAR.

ALPHA
UNIT?

NOT SO MUCH
AS A NERVOUS
PRAWN, SIR.





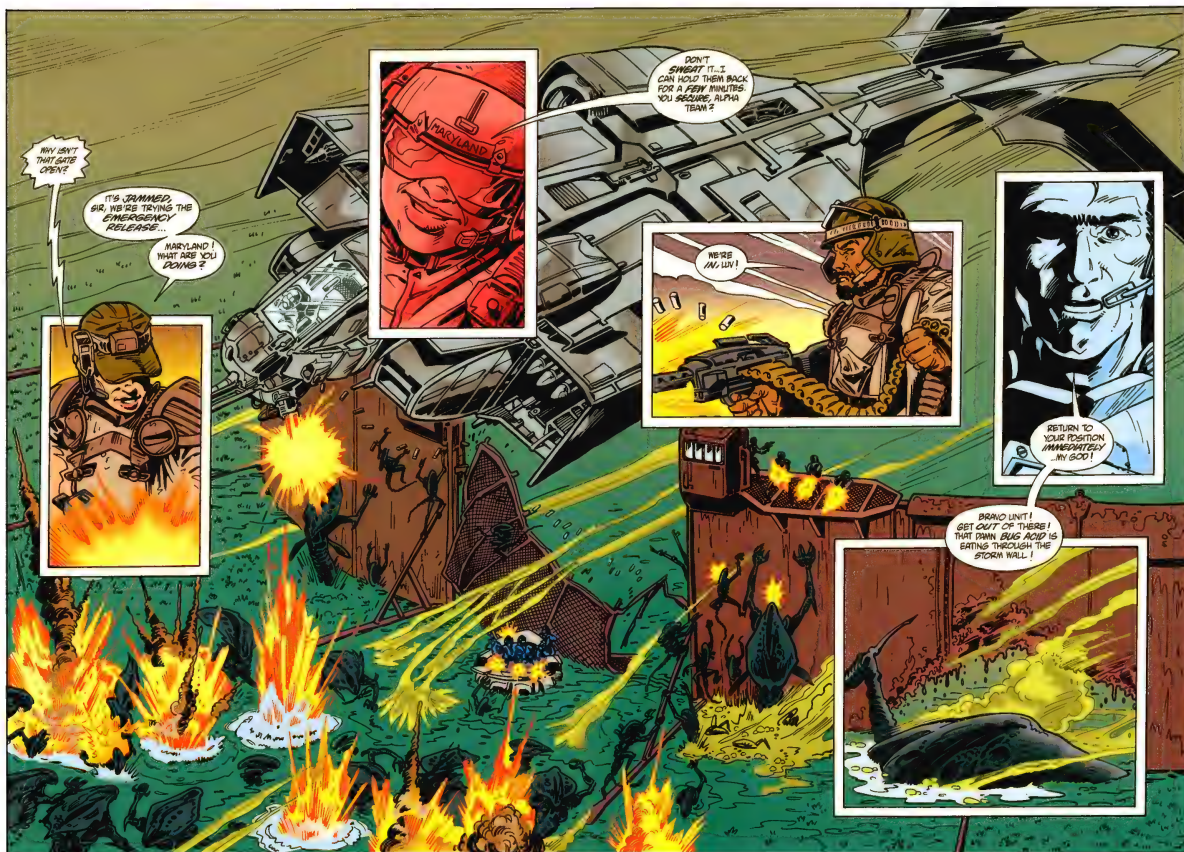
HRRRAAA

YAAAH!

SOME-ONE GRAB CHEN!

ALPHA TEAM! WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?





WHY HAVEN'T
THAT GATE
OPENED?

IT'S JAMMED,
SIR. WE'RE TRYING THE
EMERGENCY
RELEASE...

MARYLAND!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?



DON'T
SWEAT IT...I
CAN HOLD THEM BACK
FOR A FEW MINUTES.
YOU SECURE, ALPHA
TEAM?

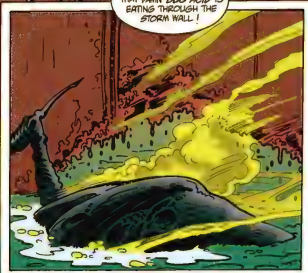


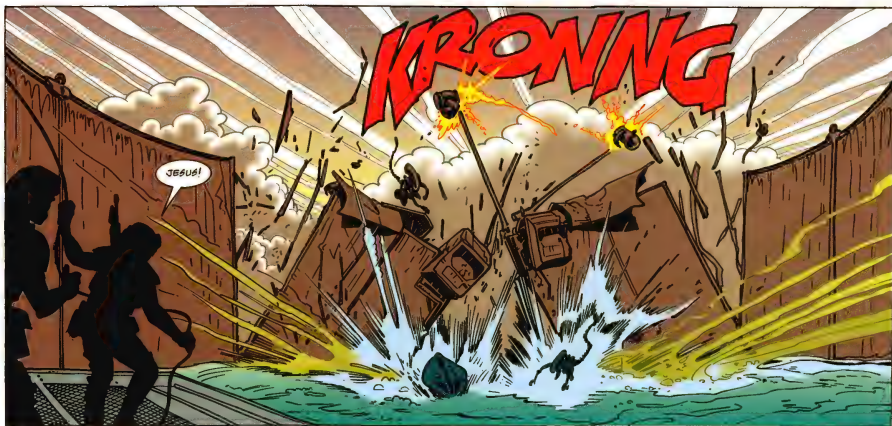
WE'RE
IN, LUT!



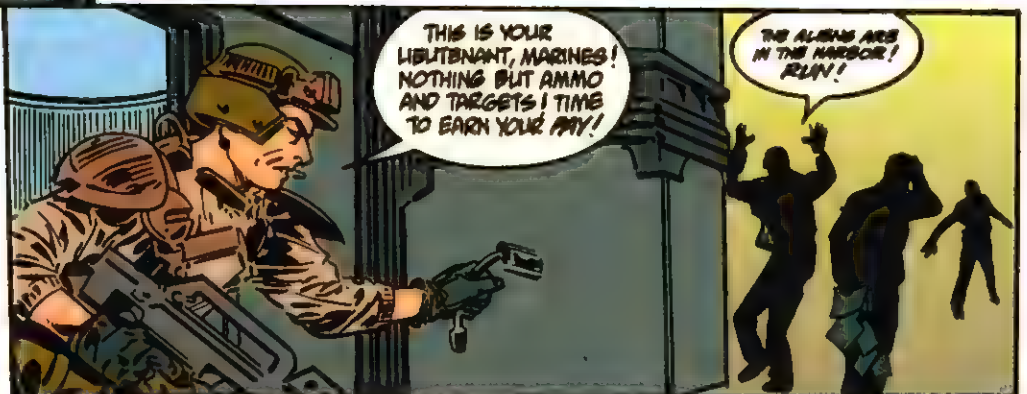
RETURN TO
YOUR POSITION
IMMEDIATELY
...IN GOD!

BRAVO UNIT!
GET OUT OF THERE!
THAT RUIN BUG ASS IS
EATING THROUGH THE
STORM WALL!









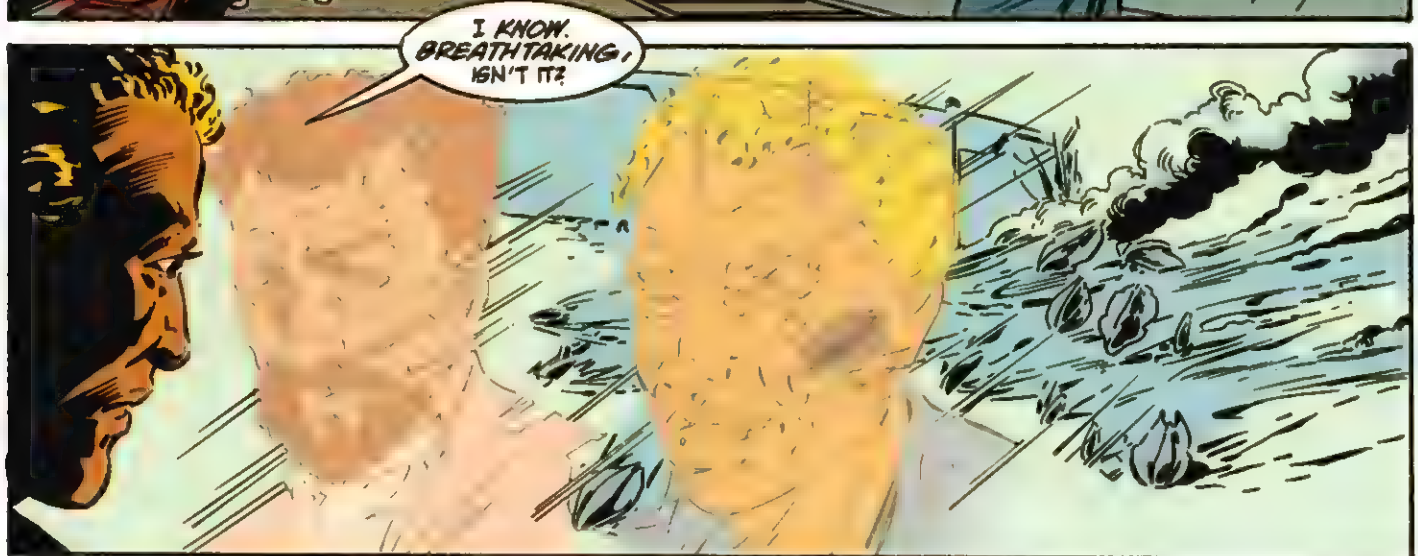
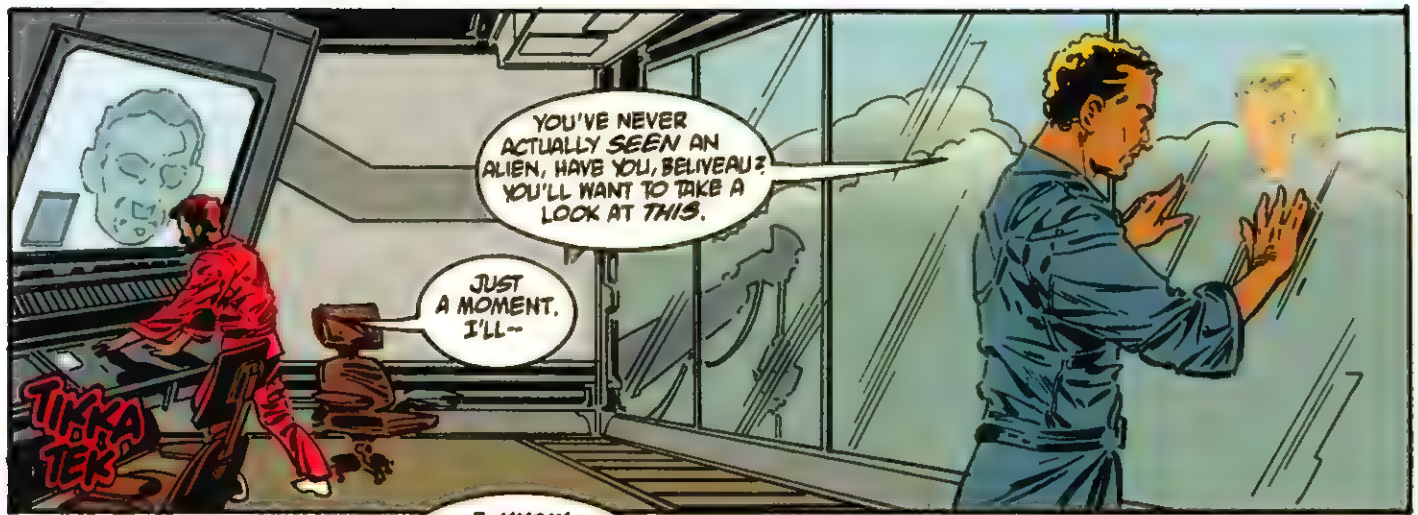


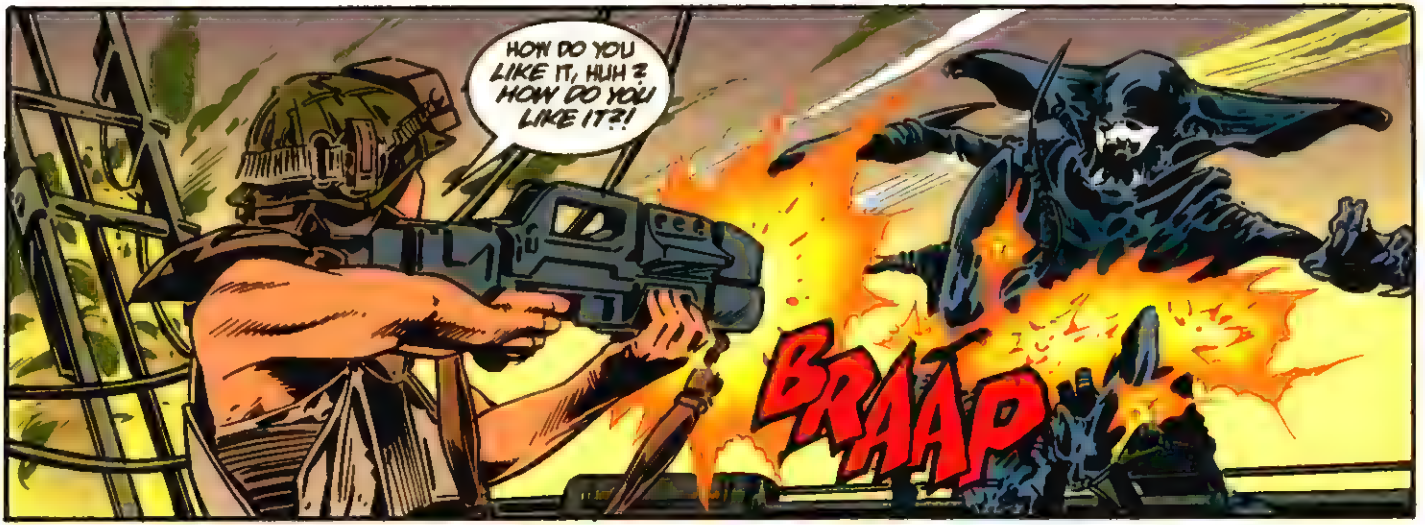
BRACKEN'S WORLD,
SECTION ONE,
14:35 HOURS

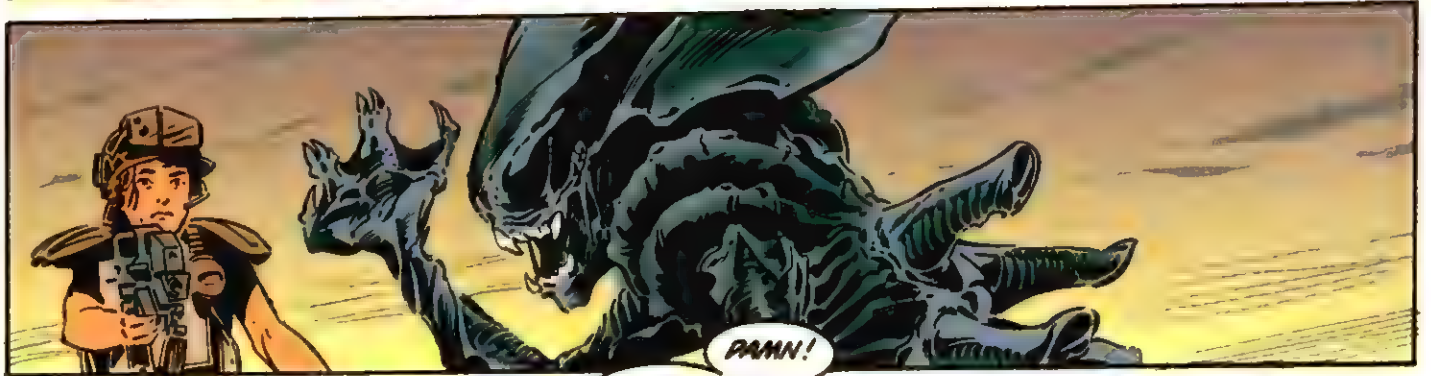
LEUTENANT!
WHERE DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
GOING?

THIS STOPPED
BEING A
TACTICAL BATTLE
WHEN THAT BOMB
CAME DOWN.
SERGEANT.

NOW IT'S
JUST A MATTER
OF WHO DIES
FIRST.









OH, YEEAAAHH! YOU ARE ONE
PRIME GRADE SPECIMEN, MY FRIEND!
JUST COME A LITTLE BIT CLOSER!

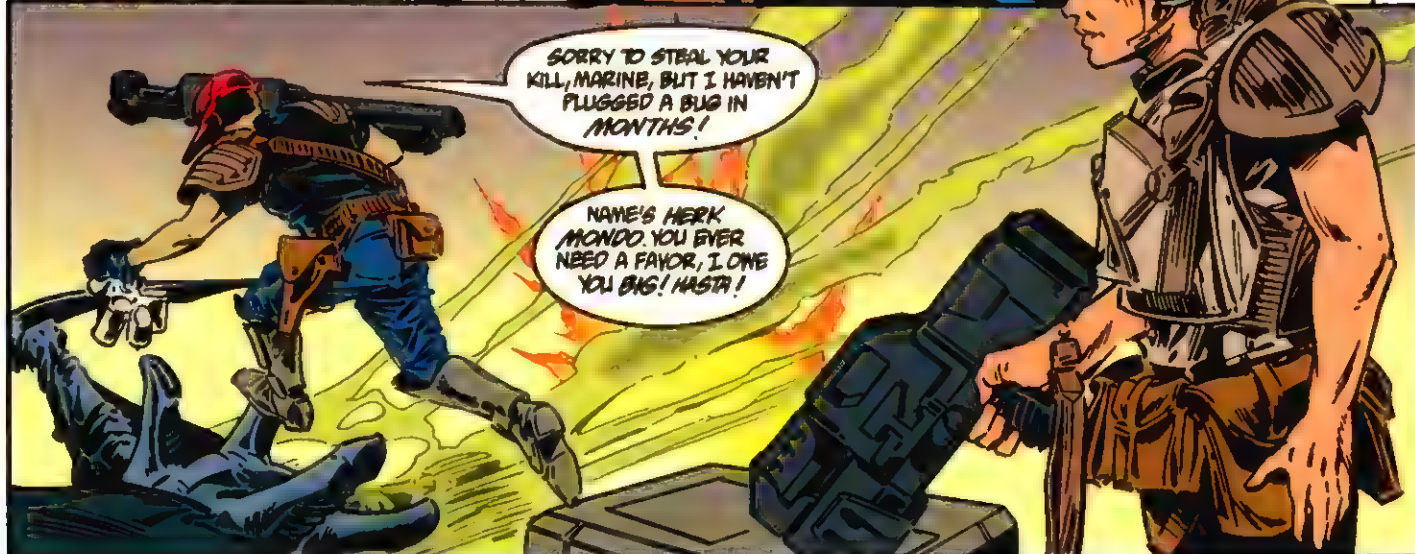
COME ON, NOW!
I'M NOT GONNA HURT
YA! I'M NOT GONNA
HURT YA!



**BUK
CHOOM!**

I'M GONNA BLOW YOUR
FREAKIN' BRAINS OUT, BUT
I AIN'T GONNA HURT YA!

OOOH...
THAT FELT
GOOD!

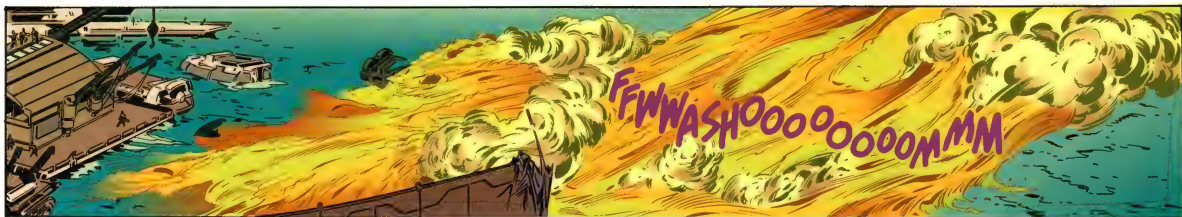


SORRY TO STEAL YOUR
KILL, MARINE, BUT I HAVEN'T
PLUGGED A BUG IN
MONTHS!

NAME'S MERK
MONDO. YOU EVER
NEED A FAVOR, I OWE
YOU BIG! NASTA!







REMINDS ME OF SOLANO'S MOON.





WHO THE HELL WAS THAT?

THAT IS A LIVING LEGEND.



"HERK MONDO. SELF-PROCLAIMED PROFESSIONAL BUG HUNTER. THEY TOLD STORIES ABOUT HIM IN BOOT CAMP. SAID HE'S TAKEN ON ENTIRE HIVE'S SINGLE-HANDEDLY.

"WORD IS, THE GUY'S A TOTAL PSYCHO. HE ACTUALLY ENJOYS THIS CRAP."

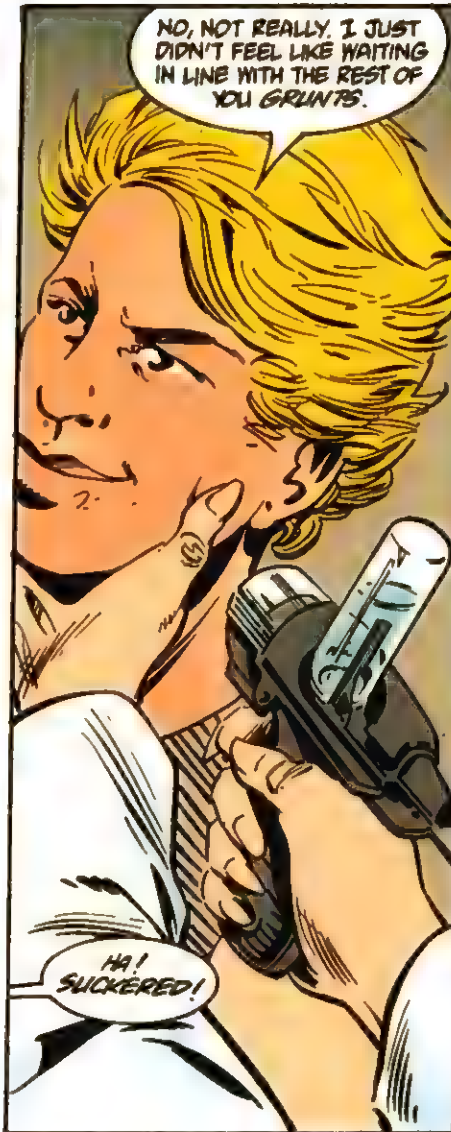
"HE'S GOT TO HAVE SERIOUS IMPLANTS. THINK HE'D JOIN THE MISSION?"

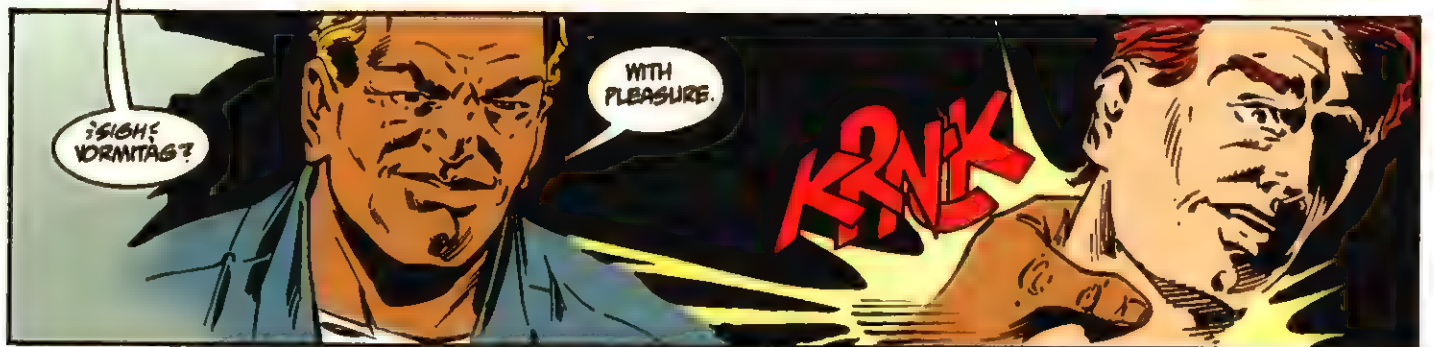


DOUBT IT. HE'S GOT A PROBLEM WITH AUTHORITY FIGURES.

LIKE THEY DON'T?

ALL RIGHT, MARINES. REPORT TO THE MED-CENTER AND THEN ASSEMBLE IN THE COMMAND ROOM. WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE.







...THERE'S NOTHING LEFT! WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?!

PLEASE! I UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERNS, BUT WE'RE HERE TO DISCUSS SOLUTIONS--



SOLUTIONS?! MOST OF OUR KELP FARMS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED! IT'S GOING TO TAKE YEARS TO RESTORE THEM!



IT WAS THE MILITARY THAT BROUGHT ON THIS ATTACK AND THE MILITARY THAT DESTROYED OUR FARMS!



I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU AND YOUR MARINES ARE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT!

YEAH!

CLAP
CLAP CLAP







ARE YOU INSANE?
YOU'RE GOING TO TELL
HIM ABOUT THE PROJECT?
IF HE KNOWS ABOUT
BRADSHAW AND DOCTOR--

GET A
GRIP ON
YOURSELF.



WE NEED HENRY IN
ORDER TO GET TO
THE RESEARCH
STATION.

I'LL GIVE HIM BITS
AND PIECES OF THE
PUZZLE--STRING HIM
ALONG UNTIL WE FINISH
OUR MISSION.



HE'S NOT AN
IDIOT! WHAT IF
HE STARTS TO
PUT IT
TOGETHER?

IT'S NOT WORTH
THE RISK!

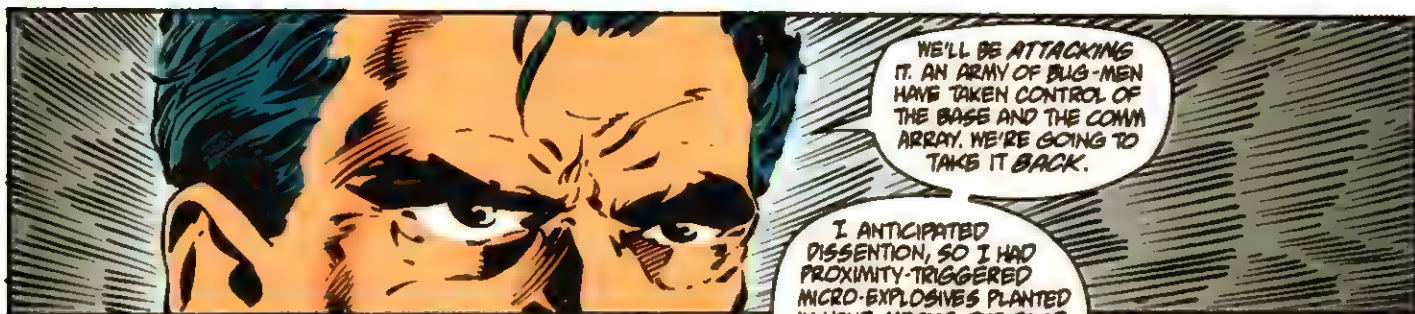


MAJOR
BRADSHAW
MUST BE
PROTECTED
AT ALL
COSTS!

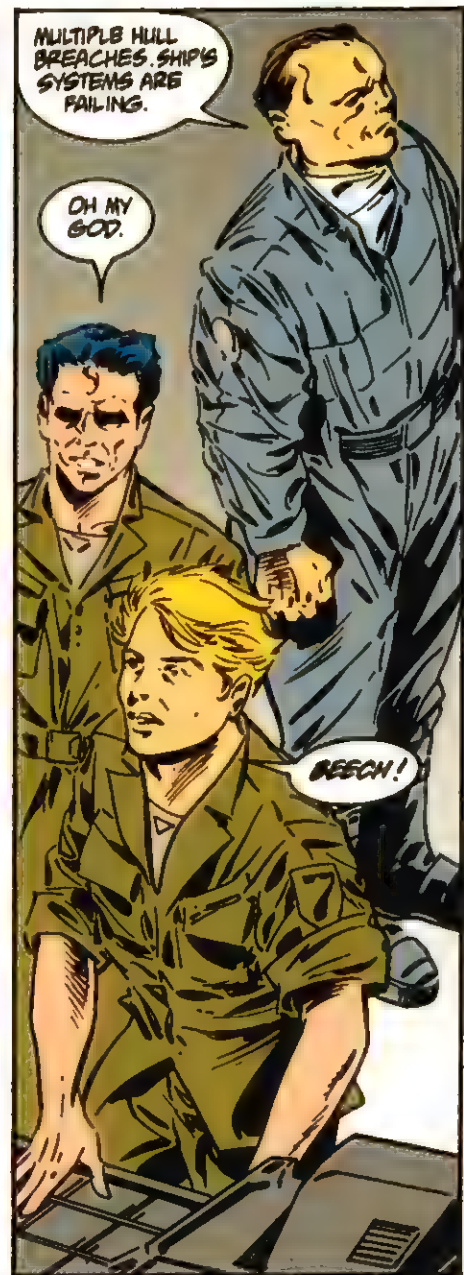


WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?
WE'RE HERE TO PROTECT
OURSELVES AND ALPHA-
TECH, NOT THAT
MANIAC!

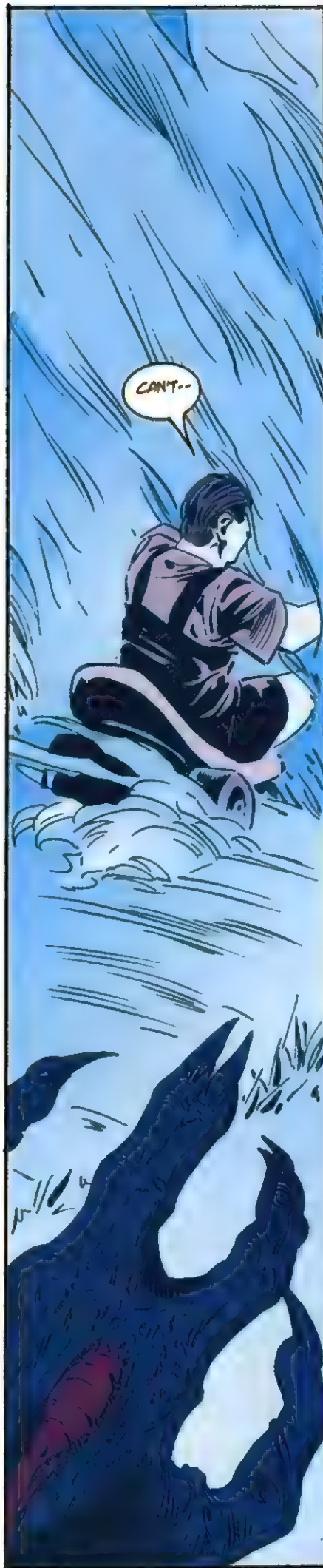
UH... OF COURSE.
THAT'S WHAT I
MEANT.





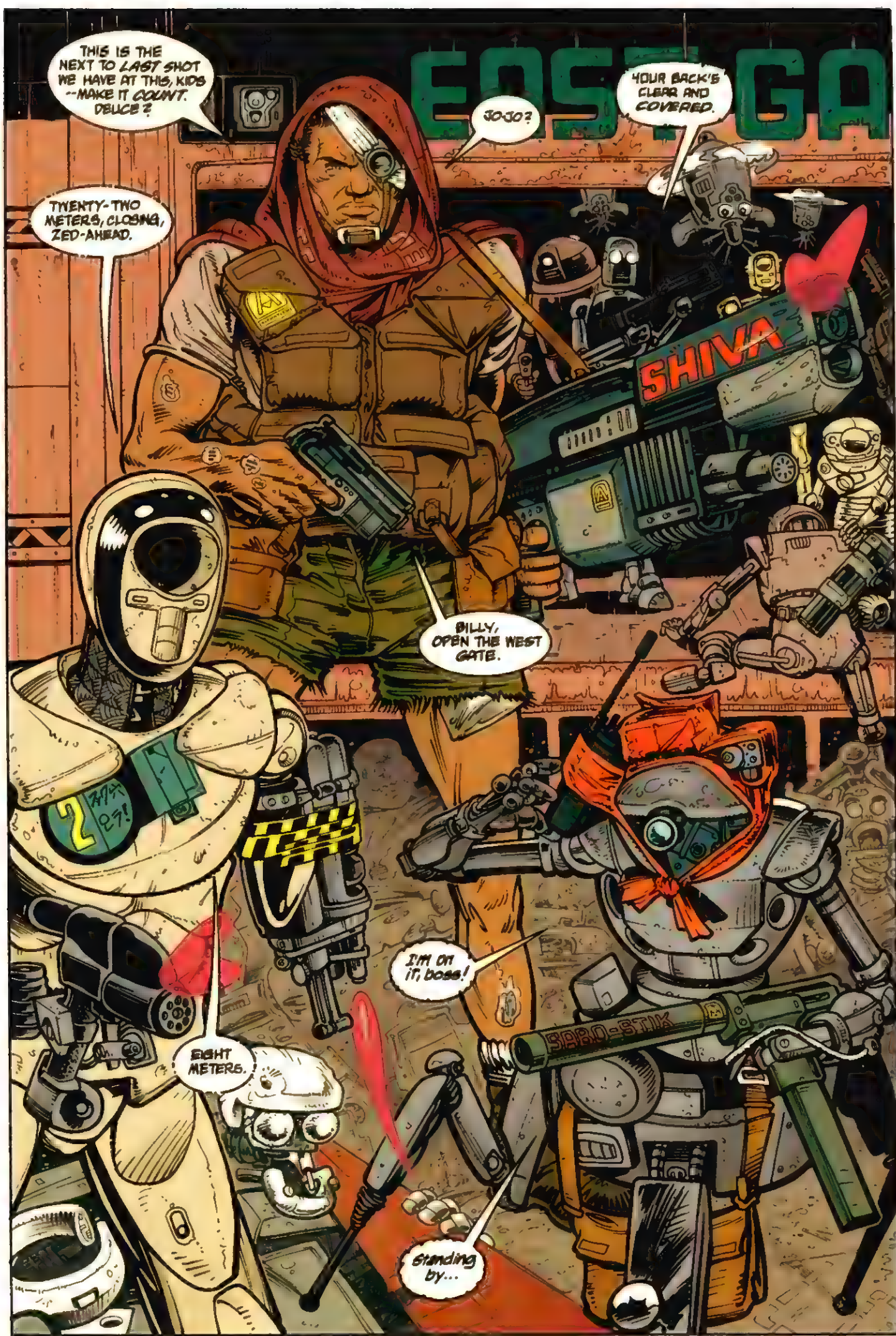








EAST GA



THIS IS THE
NEXT TO LAST SHOT
WE HAVE AT THIS, KIDS
--MAKE IT COUNT.
DEUCE?

TWENTY-TWO
METERS, CLOSING,
ZED-AHEAD.

30-30?

YOUR BACK'S
CLEAR AND
COVERED.

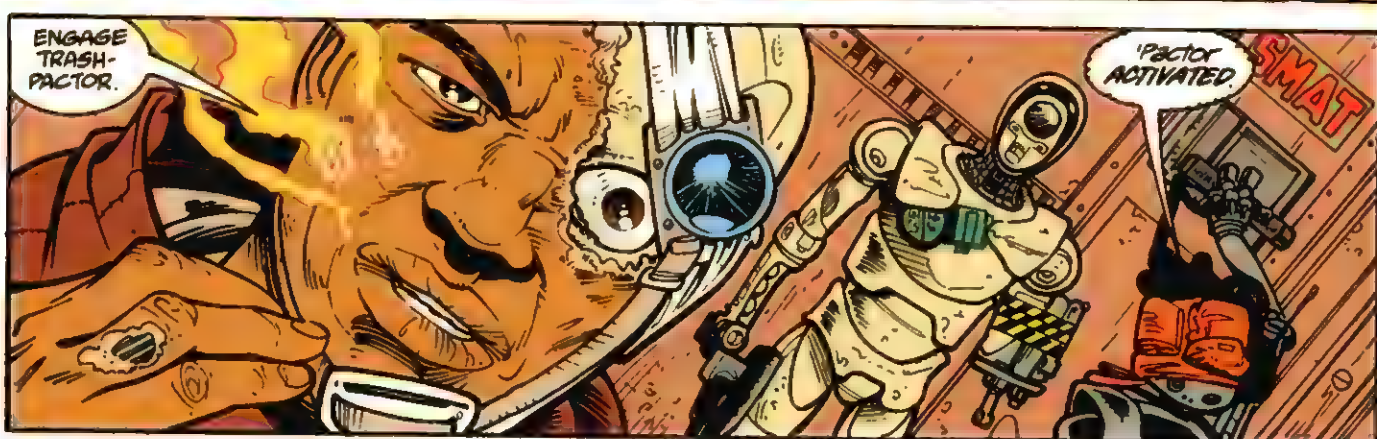
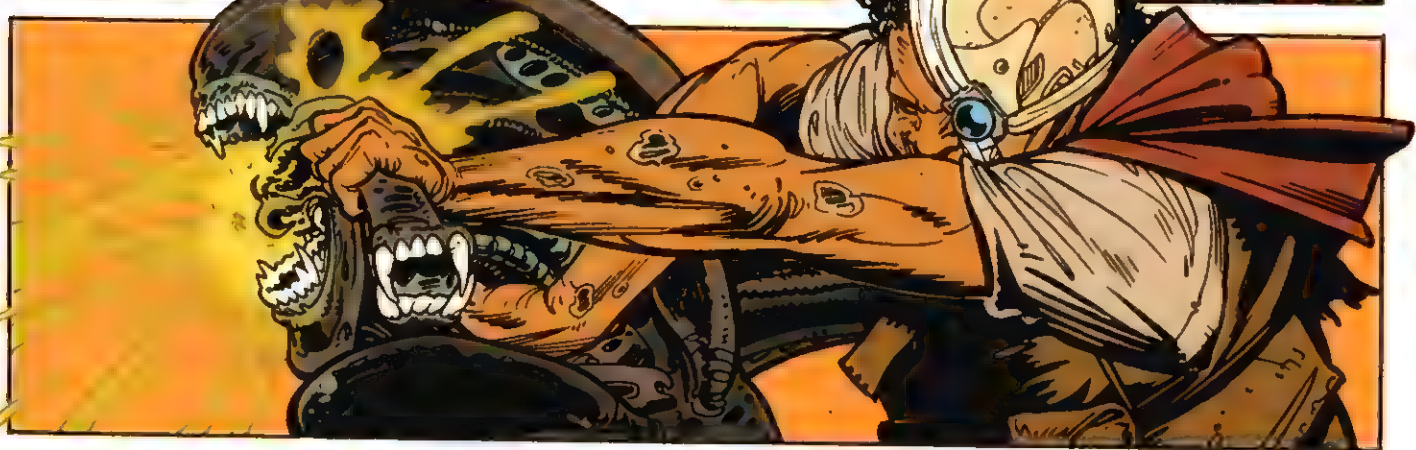
BILLY,
OPEN THE WEST
GATE.

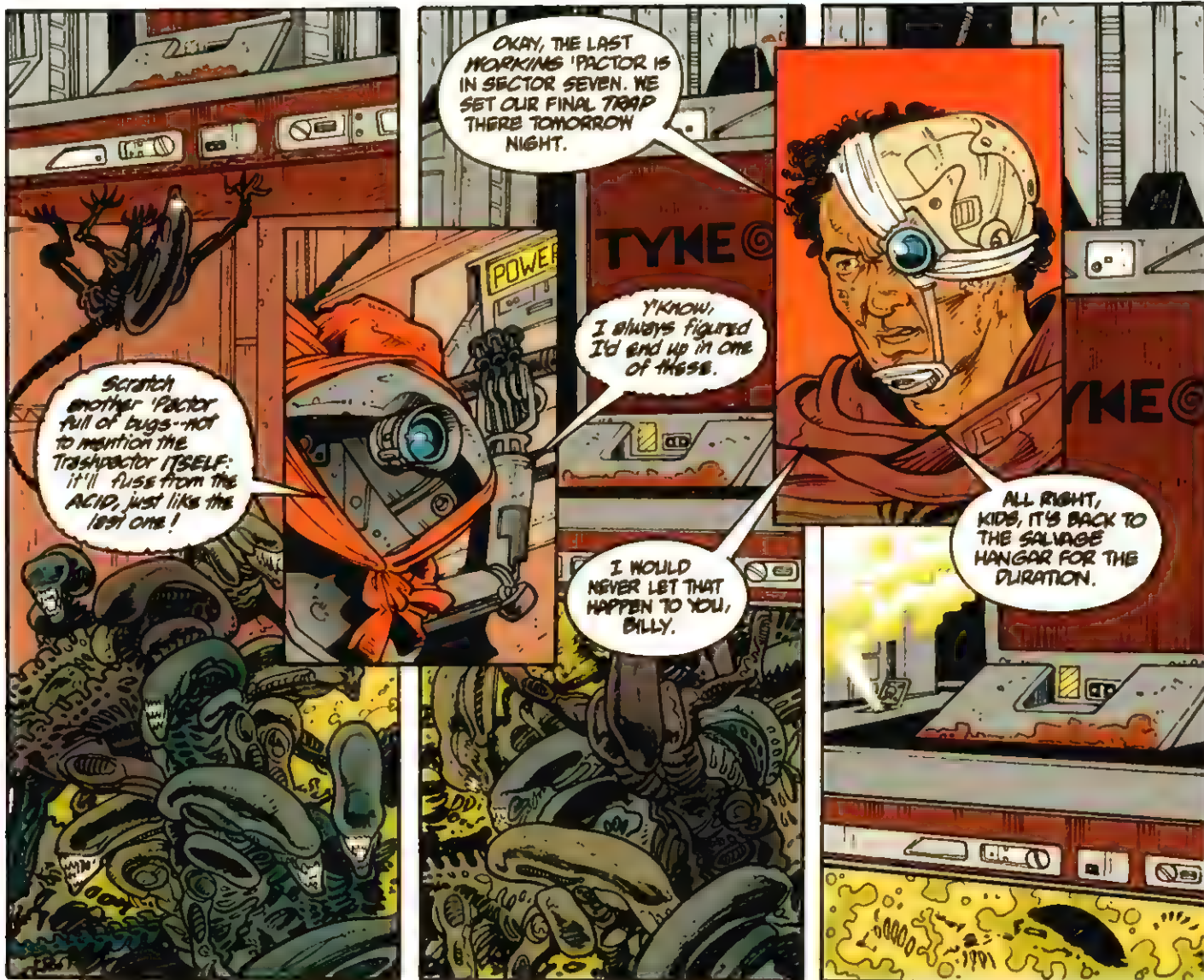
I'M ON
IT, BOSS!

EIGHT
METERS.

standing
by...







OKAY, THE LAST WORKING 'FACTOR IS IN SECTOR SEVEN. WE SET OUR FINAL TRAP THERE TOMORROW NIGHT.

SCRATCH ANOTHER 'FACTOR FULL OF BUGS--NOT TO MENTION THE TRASHFACTOR ITSELF. IT'LL RISE FROM THE ACID, JUST LIKE THE LAST ONE!

Y'KNOW, I ALWAYS FIGURED I'D END UP IN ONE OF THESE.

I WOULD NEVER LET THAT HAPPEN TO YOU, BILLY.

ALL RIGHT, KIDS, IT'S BACK TO THE SALVAGE HANGAR FOR THE DURATION.

STEWARD UNIT--INQUIRY: BASED ON CURRENT DATA, WHAT IS EXTRAPOLATION FOR RETURN OF HUMANS?

IT HAS BEEN OVER TWO WEEKS SINCE THE LAST SHUTTLE, AND BRACKEN'S WORLD IS ONLY A DAY'S JOURNEY AT SUB-LIGHT SPEEDS.



I DON'T KNOW. BUT I DO KNOW THAT THEY WILL RETURN.

DO YOU THINK THE BUGS HAVE INFESTED BRACKEN'S WORLD LIKE THEY HAVE HERE, BOSS?

YOU MUST HAVE WHAT HUMANS CALL FAITH.



IT'S BEEN ALMOST TWO YEARS SINCE I ARRANGED TO HAVE A WEAPONS CACHE HIDDEN HERE. WHAT BETTER HIDING PLACE THAN AN AUTOMATED MINING OPERATION ORBITING A MUDBALL LIKE BRACKEN'S WORLD, #1, LIEUTENANT?

IF YOU WERE SO DAMN CLEVER, BELIVEAU, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE LET THIS SITUATION GET OUT OF HAND IN THE FIRST PLACE. MARYLAND, ANY SIGN OF ALIEN ACTIVITY?

NEGATIVE, LIEUTENANT. WE'RE CLEAR ON FINAL WITH A GREEN THREE-SIX-ZERO. APPROACHING NORTH GATE OF SALVAGE HANGAR.



THE JOLIET MINING FACILITY IS SUPERVISED BY A FEW HUMANS, BUT THE REST OF THE CREW ARE OBSOLETE SYNTHETICS.

THE SYNTHS ARE ALL PROTOTYPES, BUILT DURING EARLY RESEARCH INTO ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE. SOME OF THEM ARE QUITE AMUSING, RESEMBLING TOASTERS WITH POSITRONIC BRAINS.

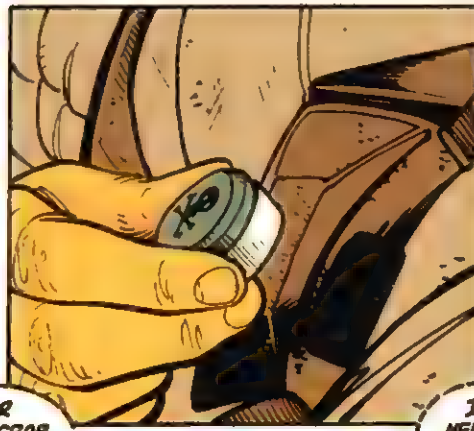
THE SHOP STEWARD IS A CURRENT MODEL, HOWEVER. I PLACED HIM MYSELF. HE HAS COMBAT PRO-GRAMMING, AND CAN HANDLE ANY FORESEEN CONTINGENCY.



GEE, THANKS, SARGE.

OKAY, LISTEN UP! I WANT A STANDARD NINETY-FAN DEPLOY OUT OF THE APC, FRONT AND BACK, TWO SQUADS.

VASQUEZ, FORSYTHE, RAKE: ON POINT FOR FIRST-ROSEMAS, CYERKO, CHEN: ON POINT FOR SECOND.



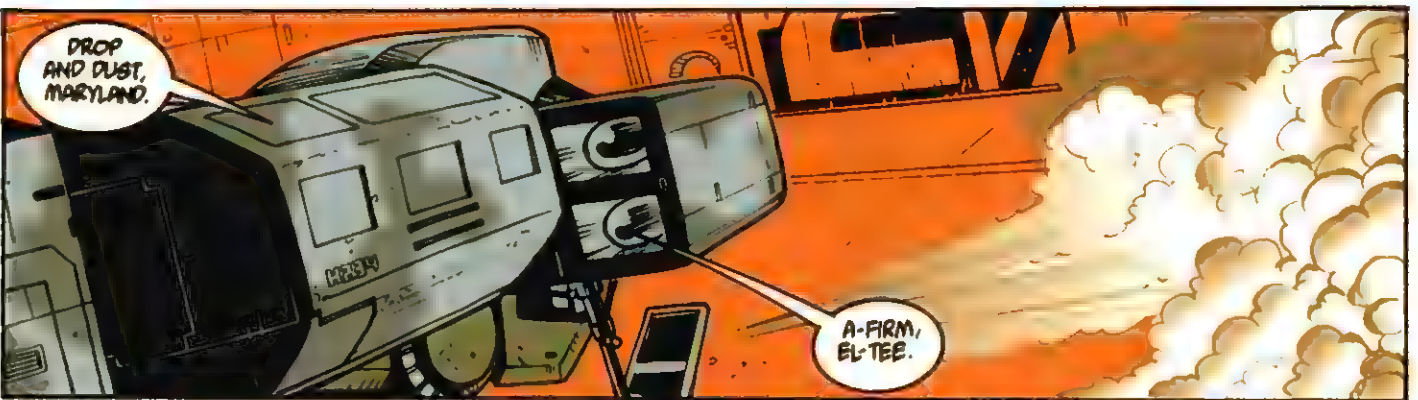
FOR
THIS CRAP
DETAIL...

I'LL
NEED TO
FORTIFY...



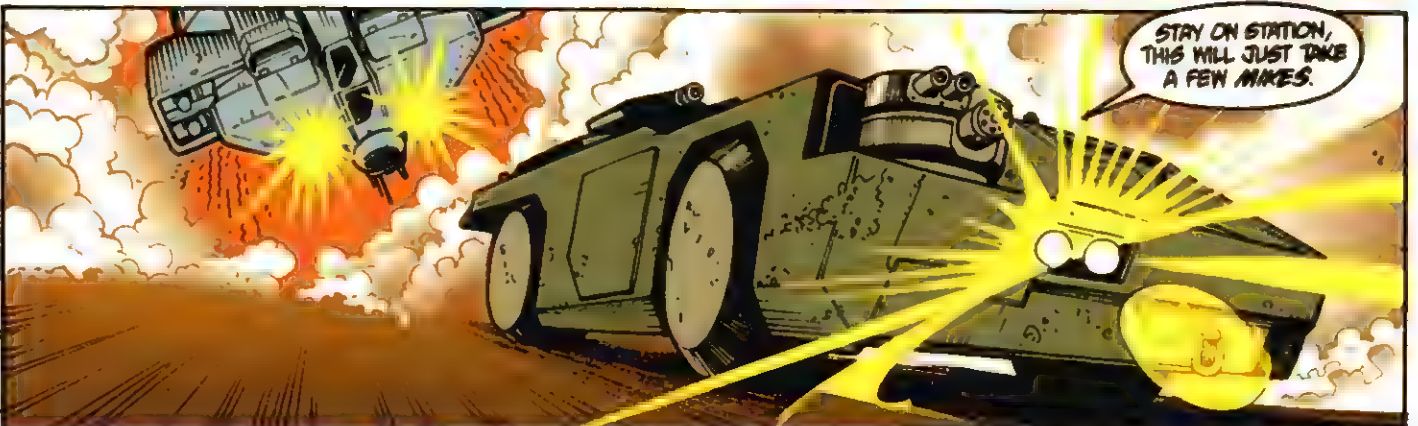
A LITTLE
BUG BALM...

I'LL
GAIN NO
PAIN...

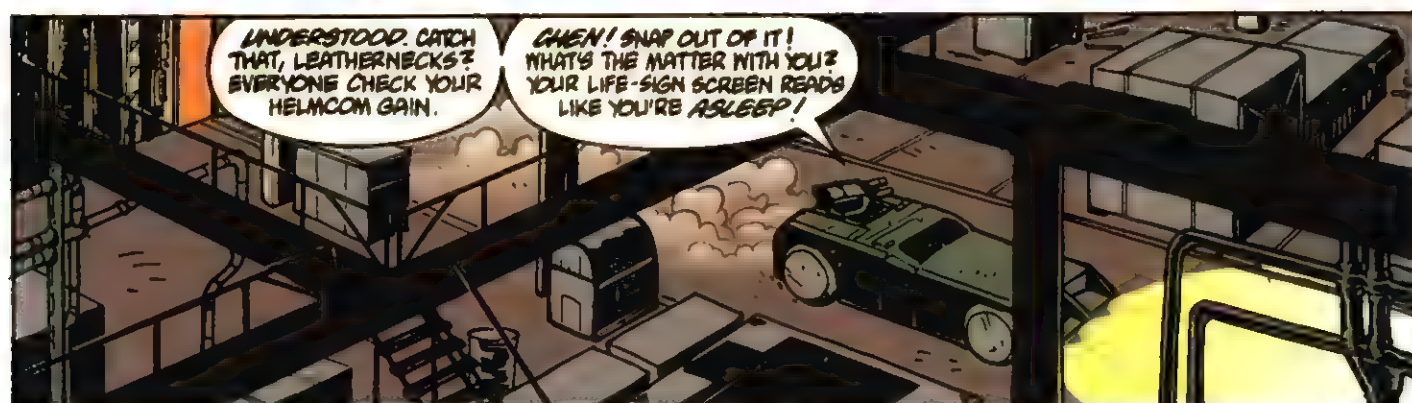


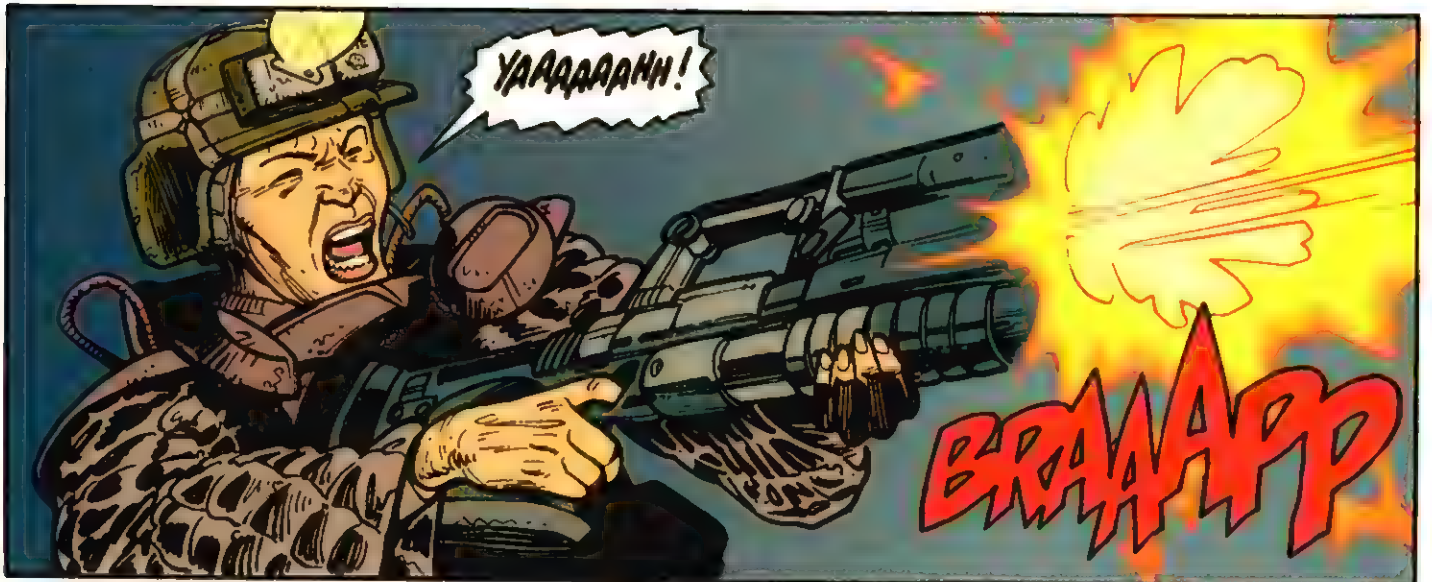
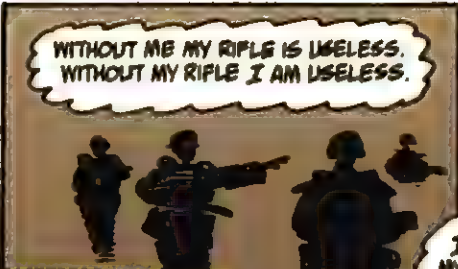
DROP
AND DUST,
MARYLAND.

A-FIRM,
EL-TEE.

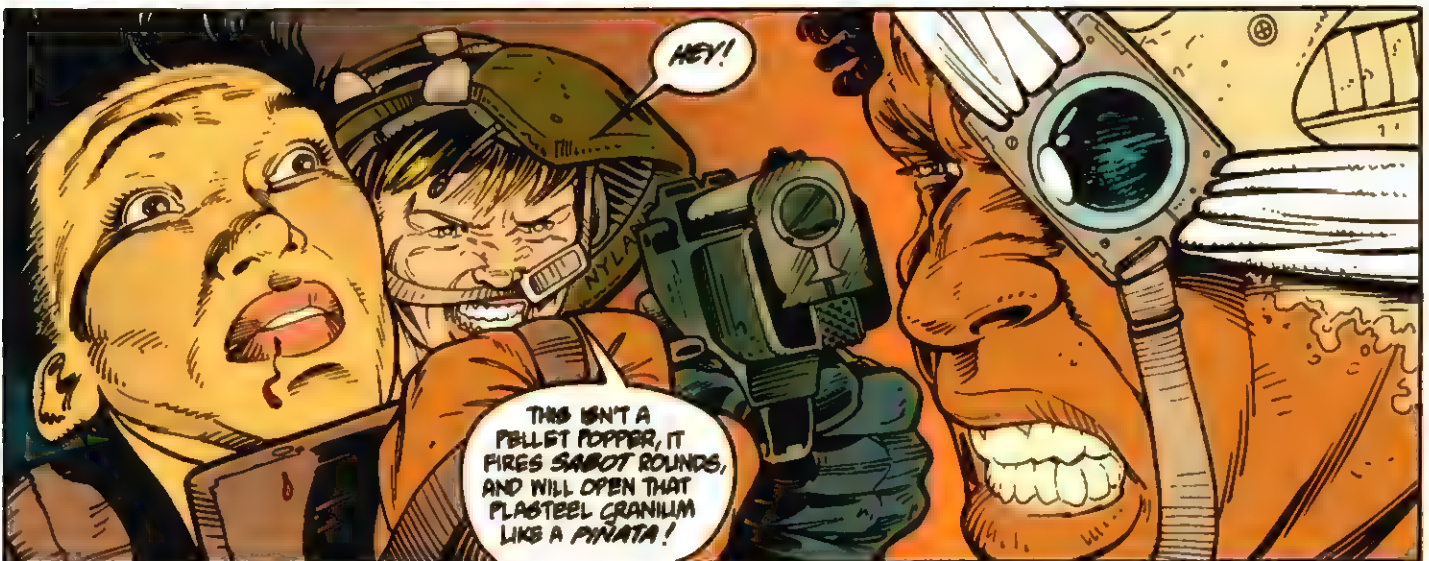
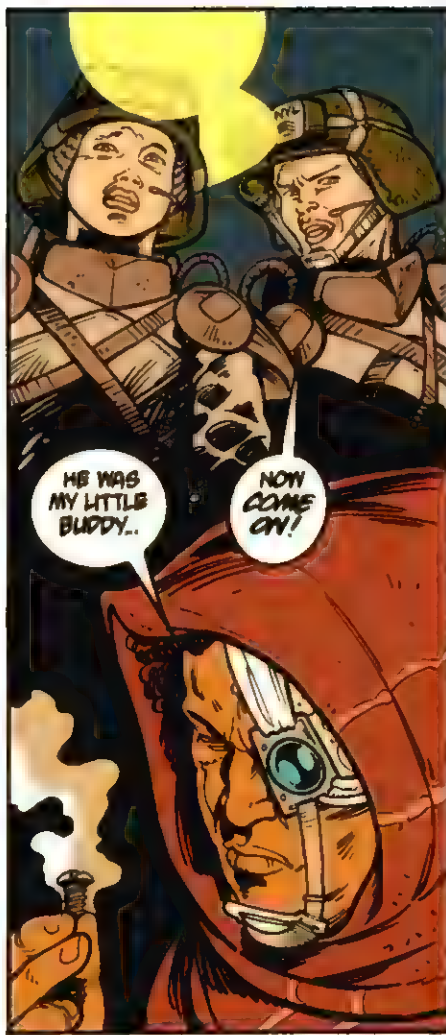


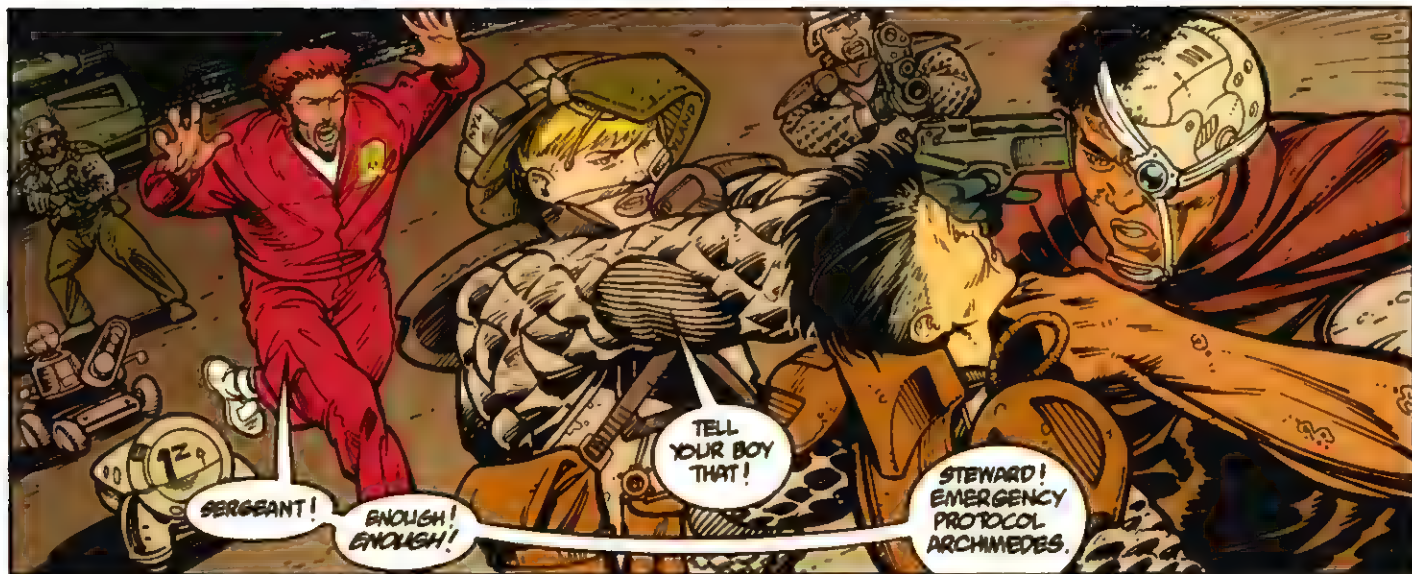
STAY ON STATION,
THIS WILL JUST TAKE
A FEW MIKES.





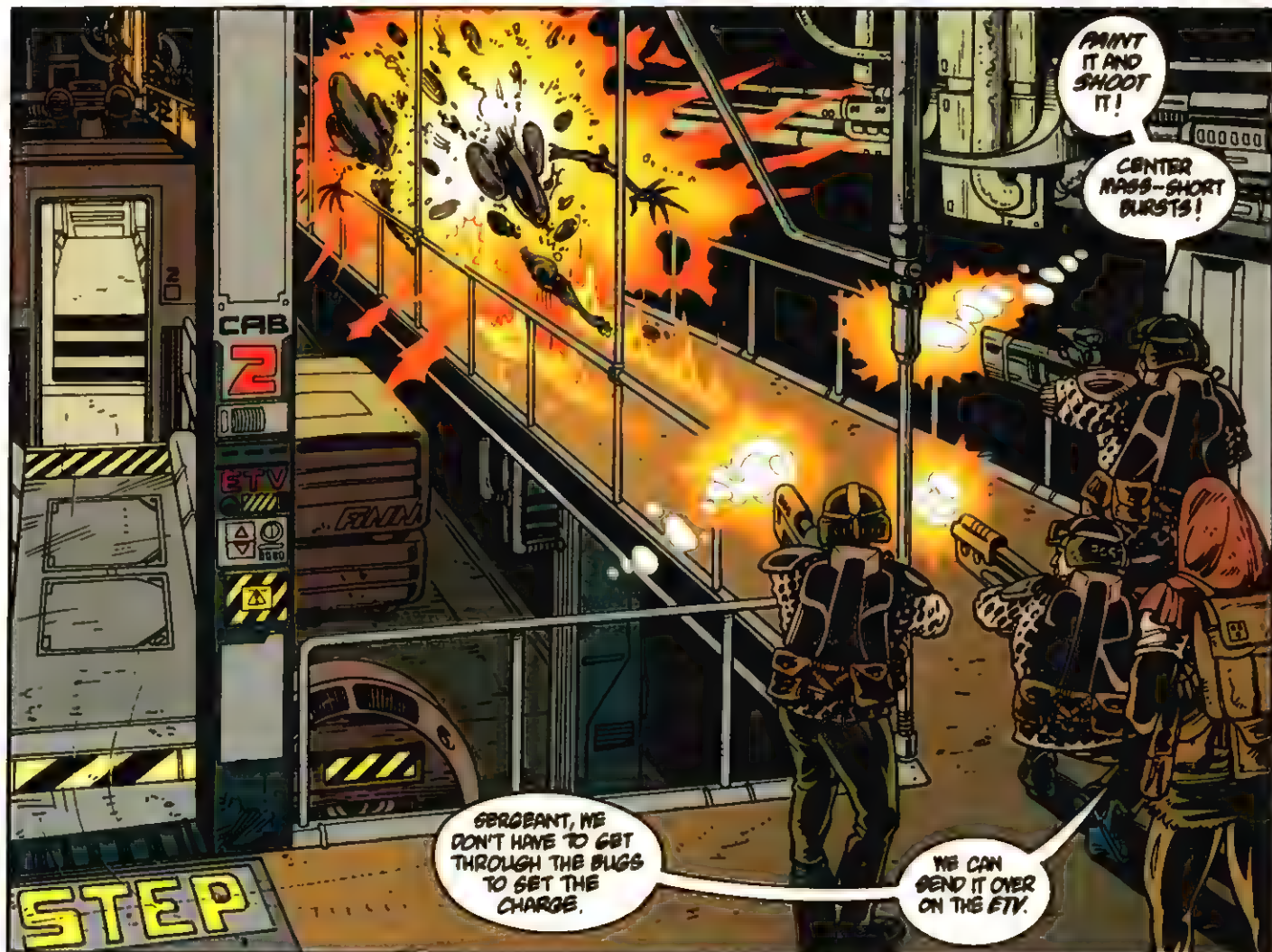














THERE'S
A CATCH.

**ALWAYS
IS.**

MANUAL DETONATOR.
SOMEONE HAS TO RIDE
THE ETV OVER.



I'll take
that ride.



ARE YOU CERTAIN, JODY?

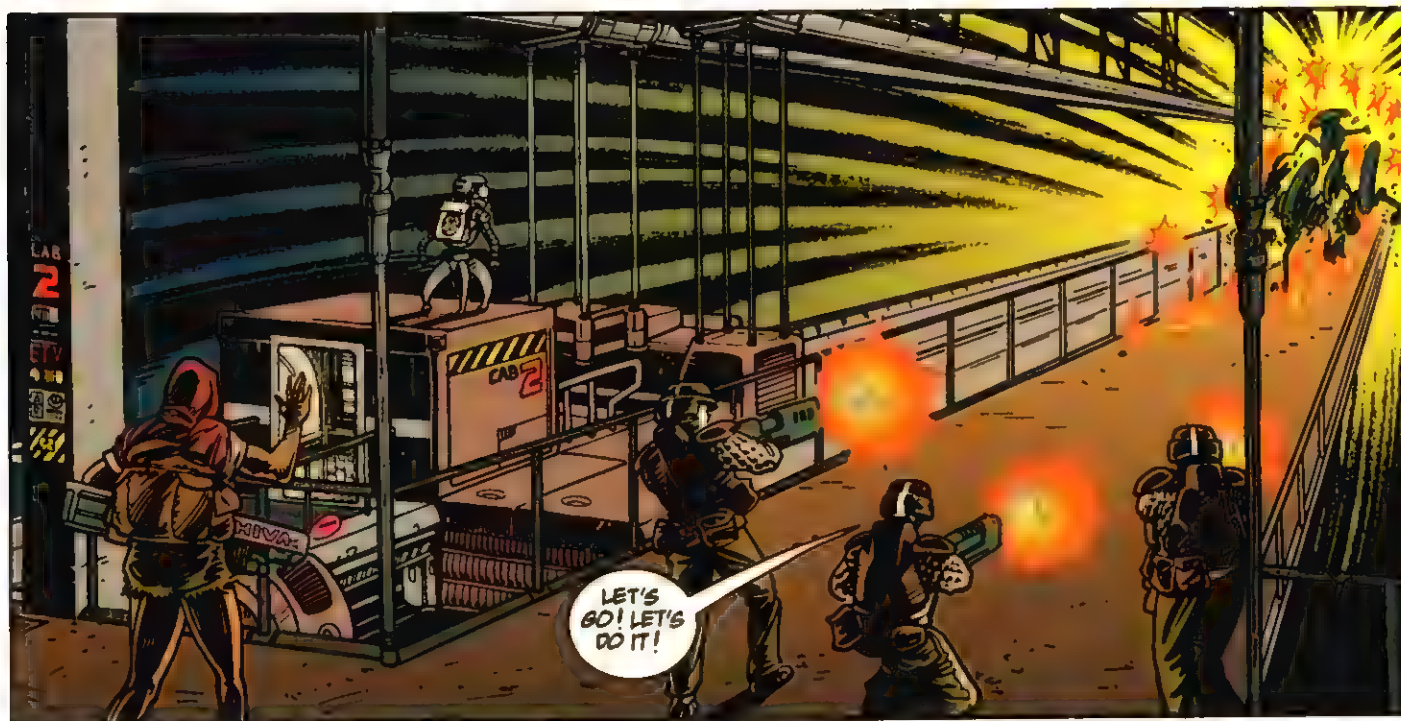
Oh, YES.
Please, I'll do
a very good
job.



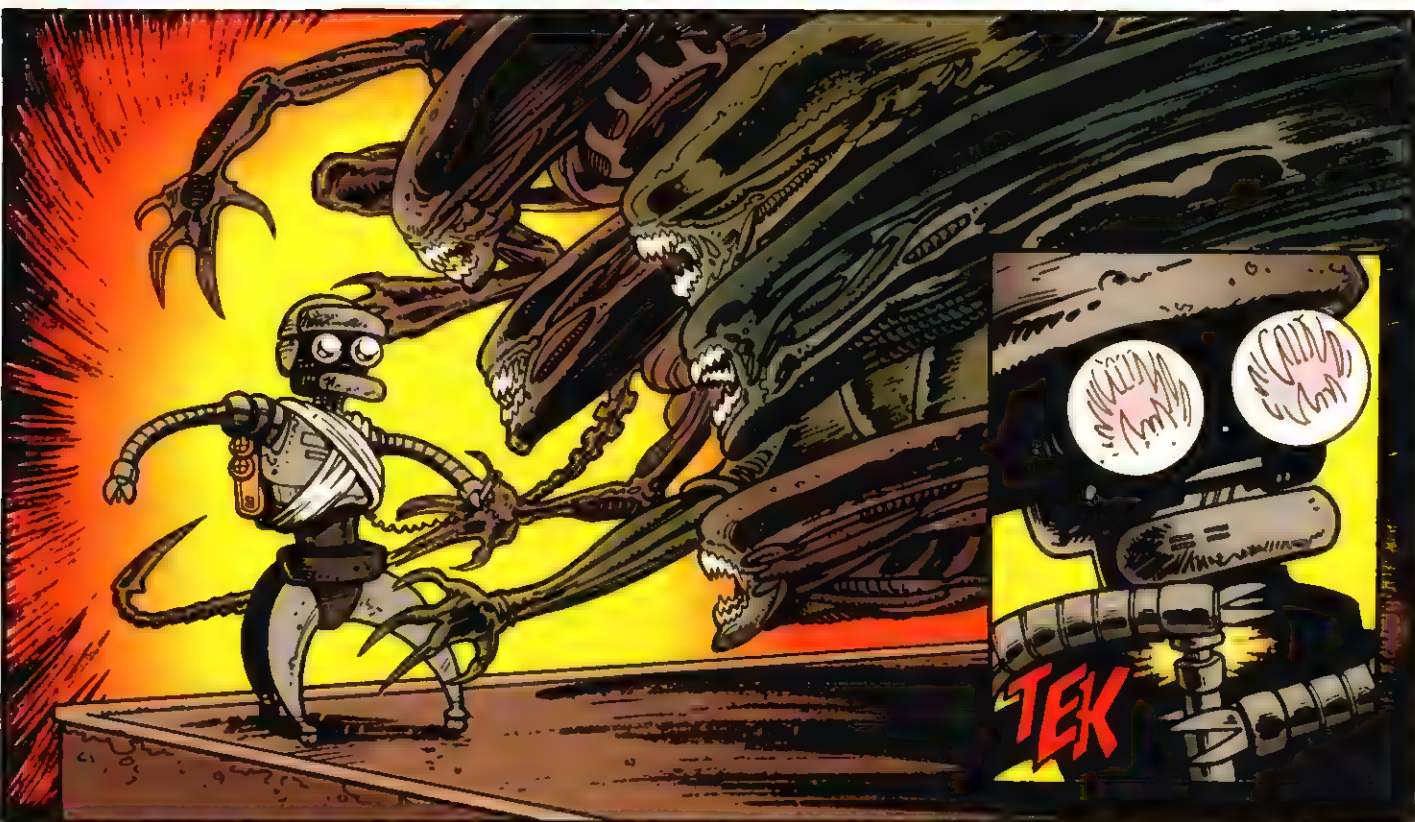
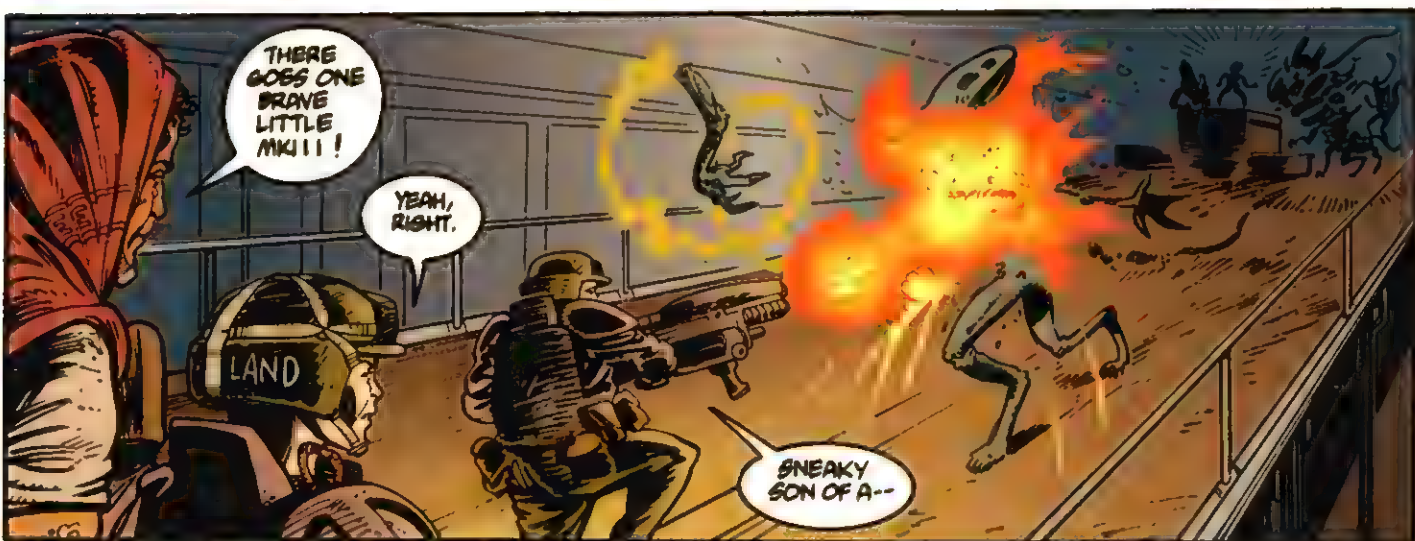
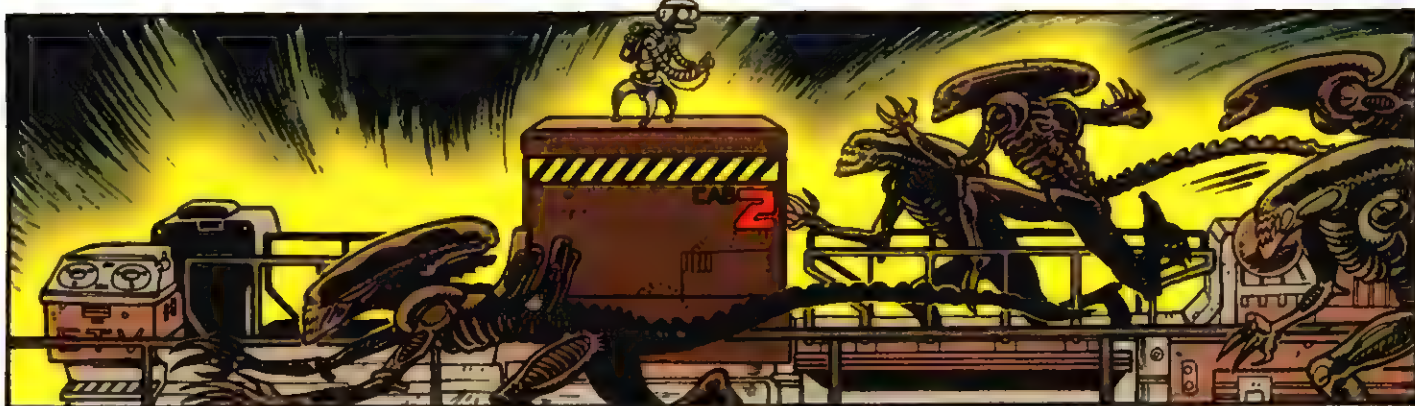
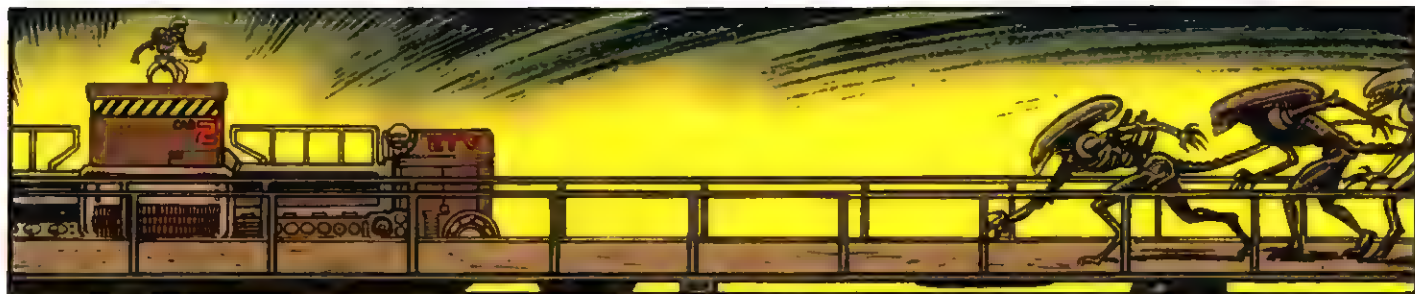
IT MEANS AN
IRREPARABLE
SWITCH-OFF
FOR YOU.

I KNOW.

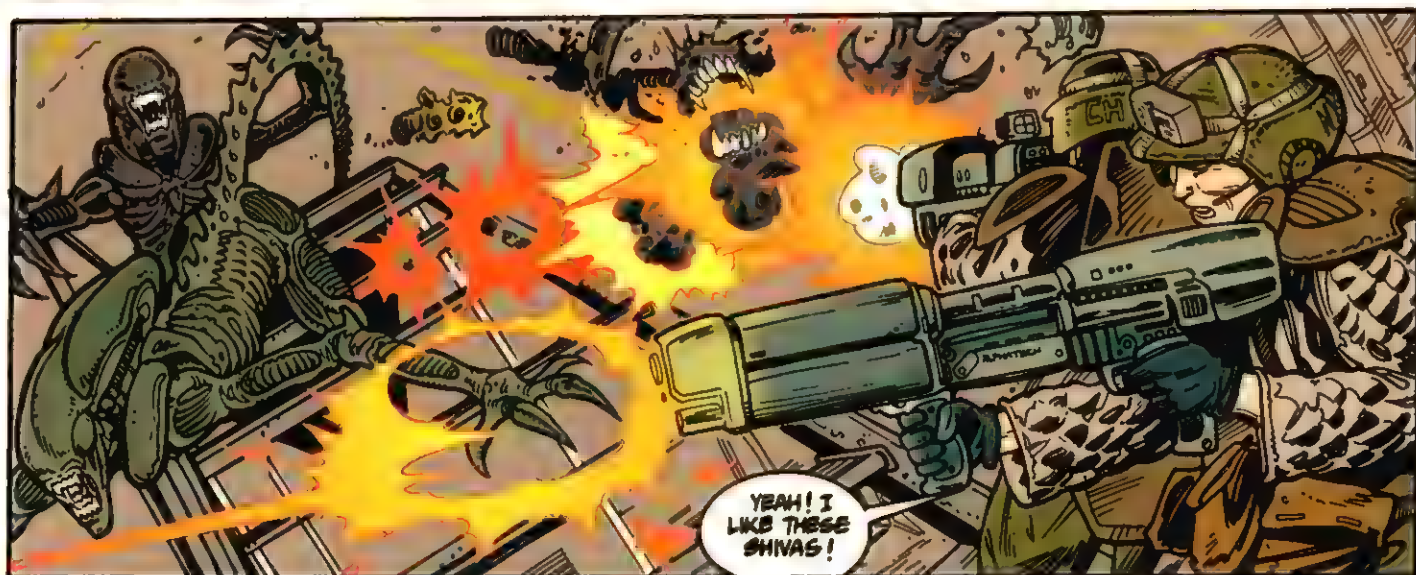
THE HUMANS
are in trouble.
and I can help.



LET'S
GO! LET'S
DO IT!











AHH--
BASTARDS!
LET'S DO
IT!

C'MON, PRIVATE! WE
ARE LEAVING!

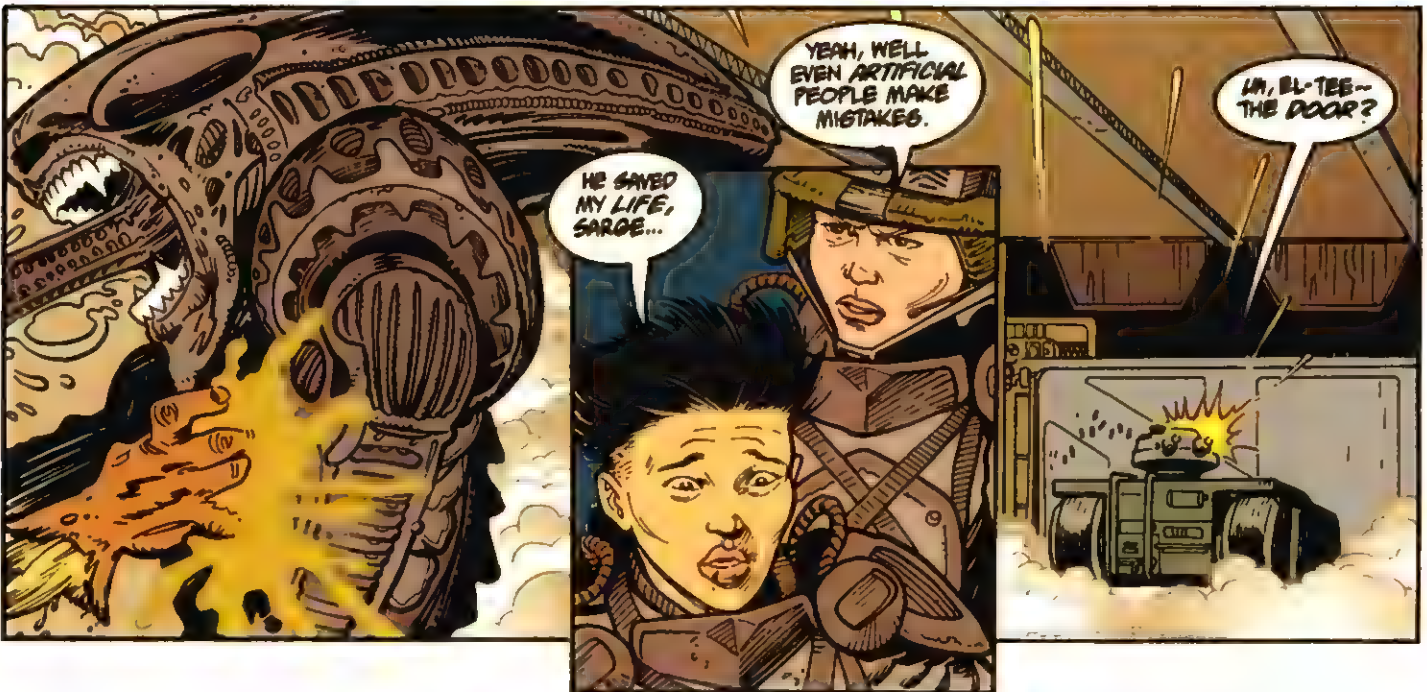
OUT--THE
SYNTH--
STEWARD!



GO!

OUR MISSIONS
HERE ARE
FINISHED!

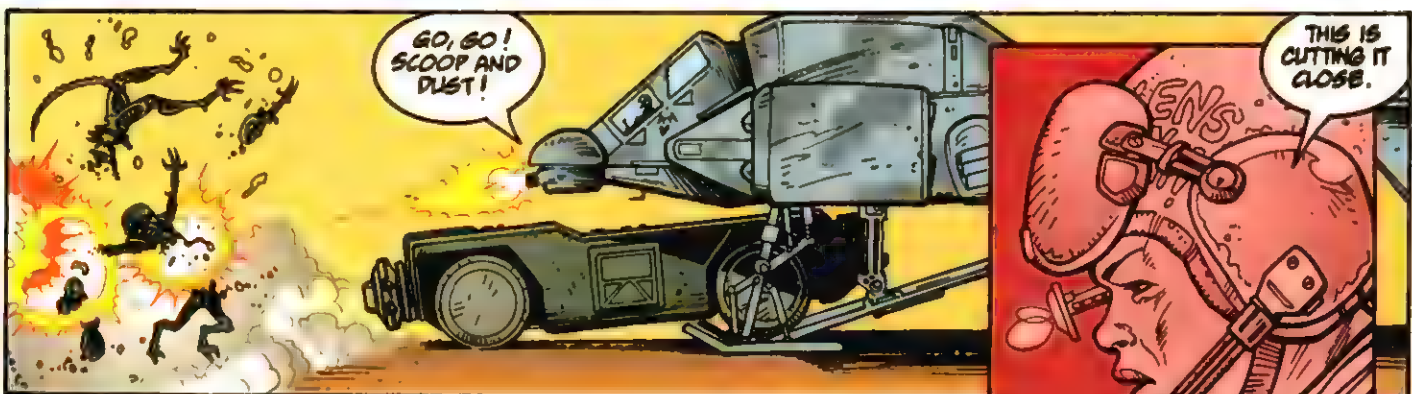
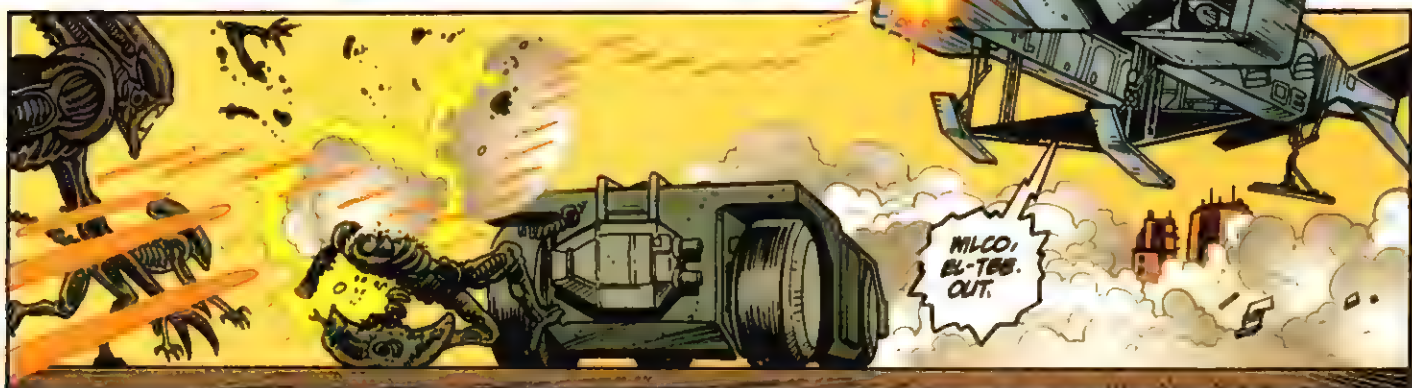
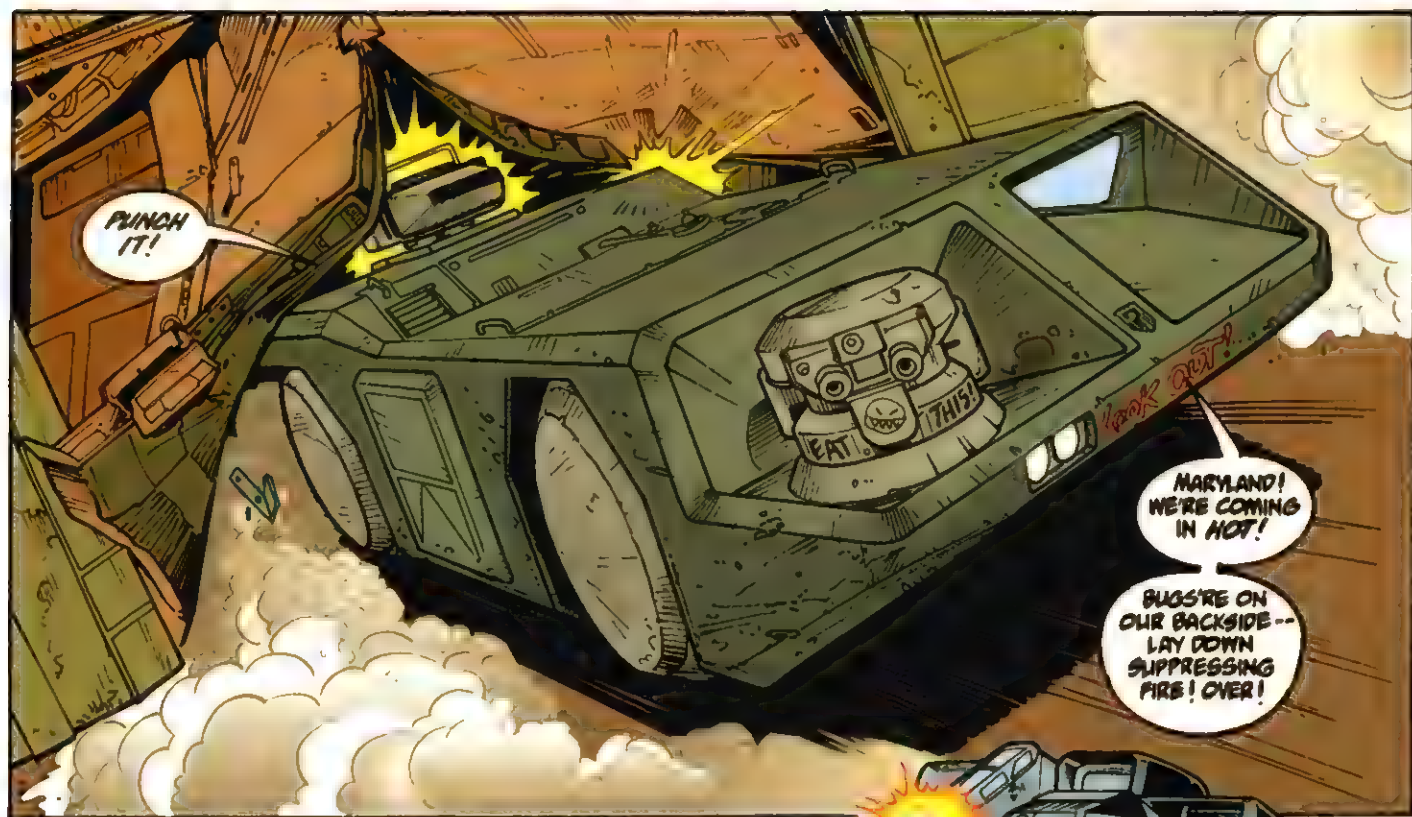
NO!

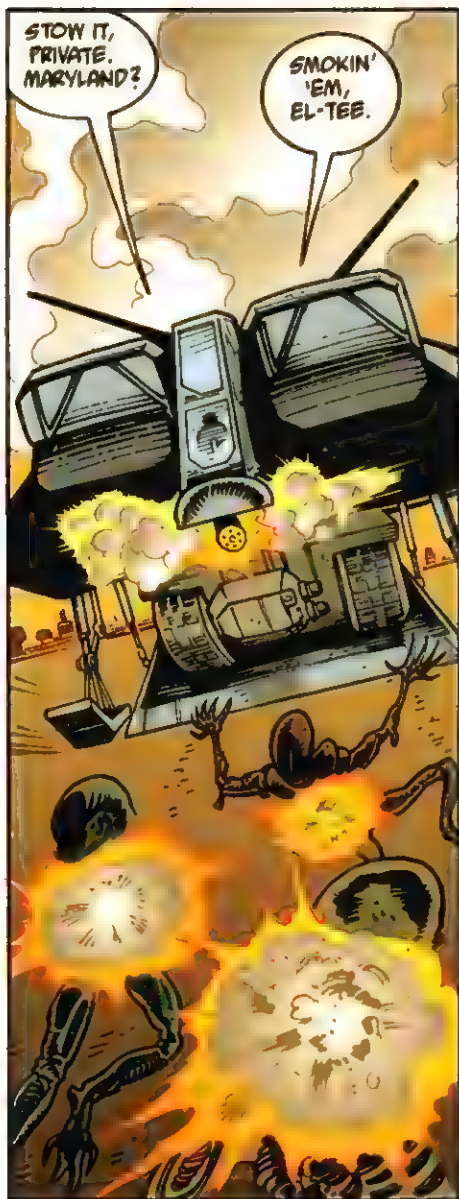


HE SAVED
MY LIFE,
SARGE...

YEAH, WELL
EVEN ARTIFICIAL
PEOPLE MAKE
MISTAKES.

UH, BL-TEE--
THE DOOR?





STOW IT,
PRIVATE.
MARYLAND?

SMOKIN'
'EM,
EL-TEE.



FREE AND CLEAR--
WE'RE OUTTA HERE.

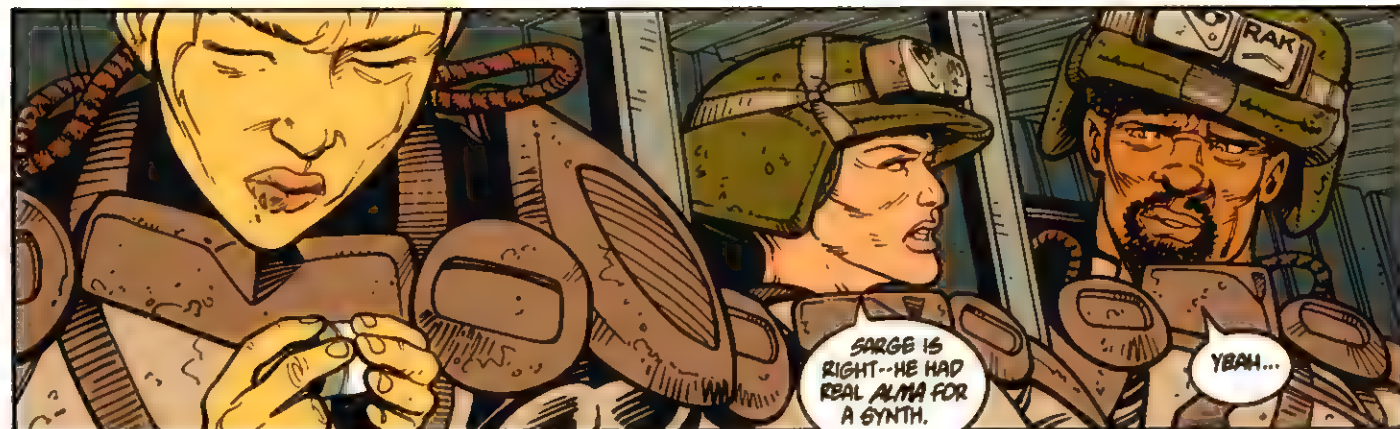


LISTEN UP, YOU
SHAMMING WASHOUT:
STEWART WAS A STRACK
SOLDIER!

YOU FEEL BAD?
HONOR HIS SACRIFICE
BY SCREWING YOUR
HEAD ON STRAIGHT
FOR ONCE!

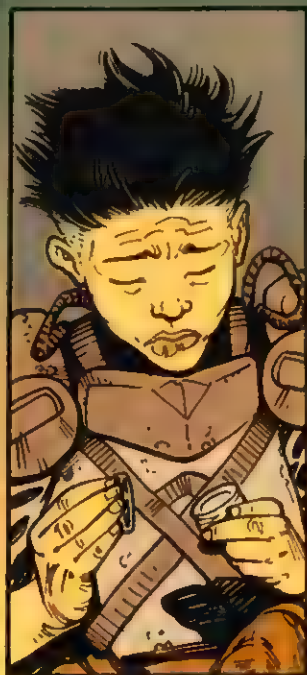


WITH A LITTLE
WORK, YOU COULD
BE ALMOST AS
HUMAN AS
HE WAS.



SARGE IS
RIGHT--HE HAD
REAL ALPHA FOR
A SYNTH.

YEAH...



CEREBUS SYSTEM,
09:00 HOURS.

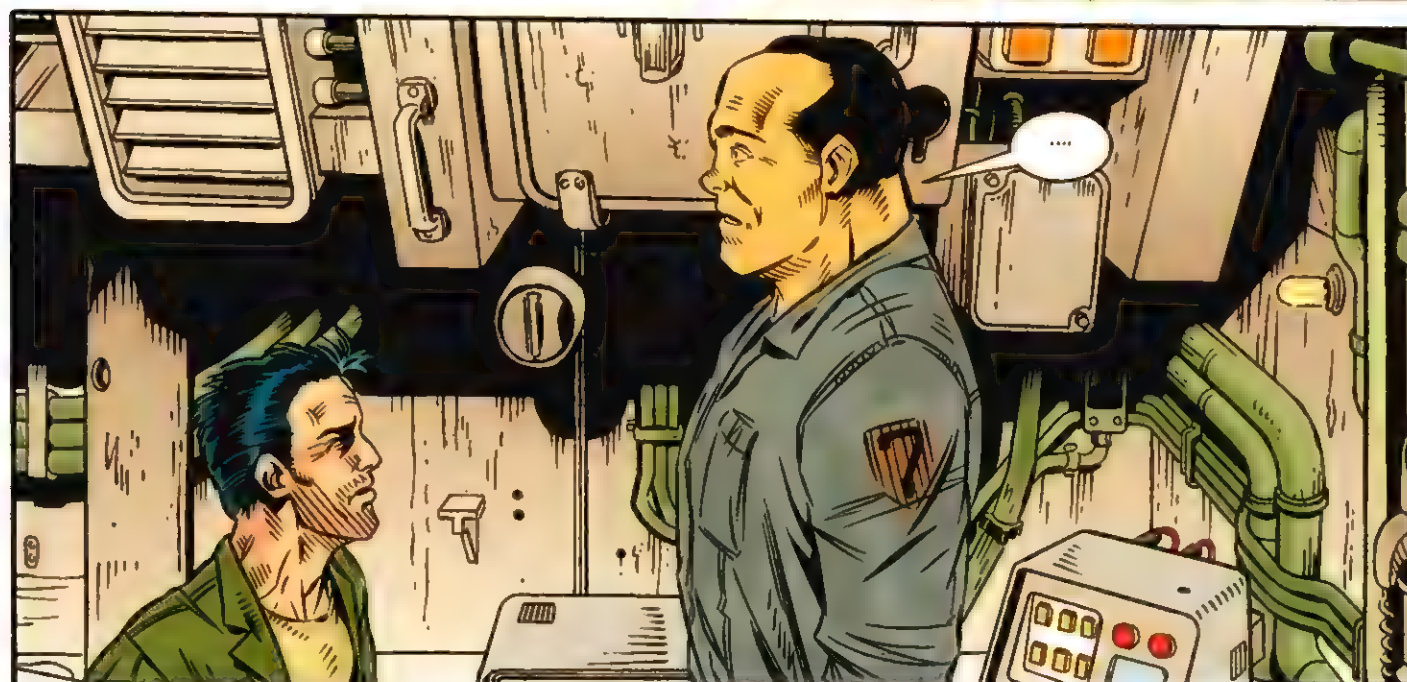
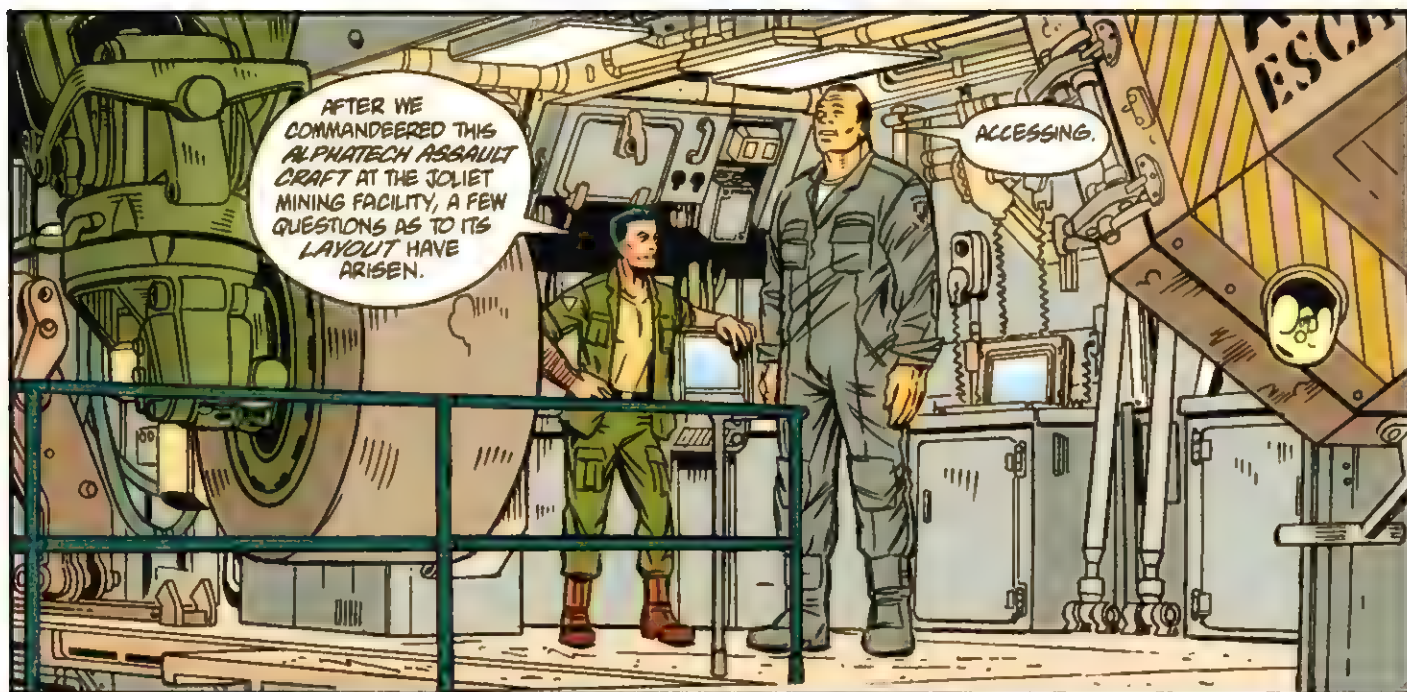


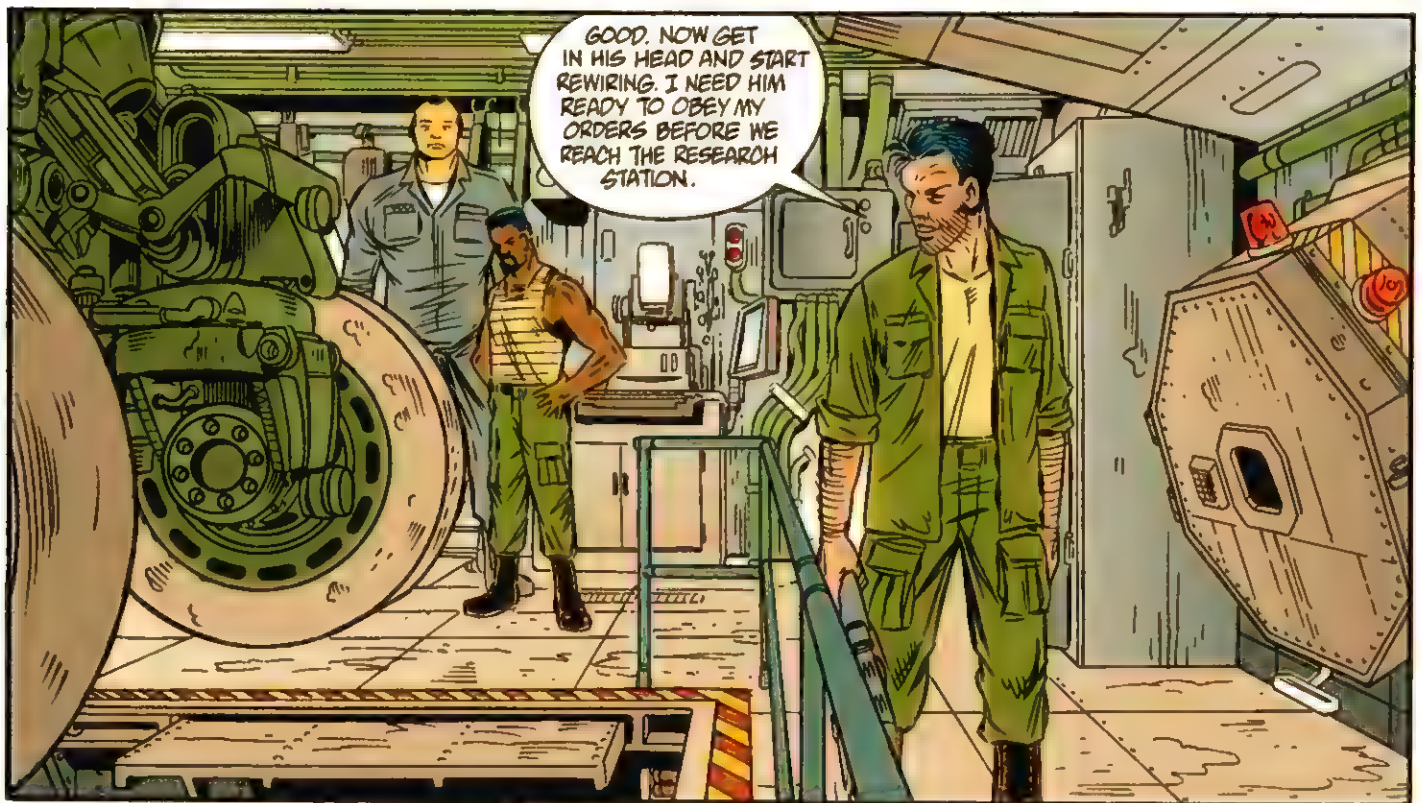
YOU CALLED ME,
LIEUTENANT HENRY?

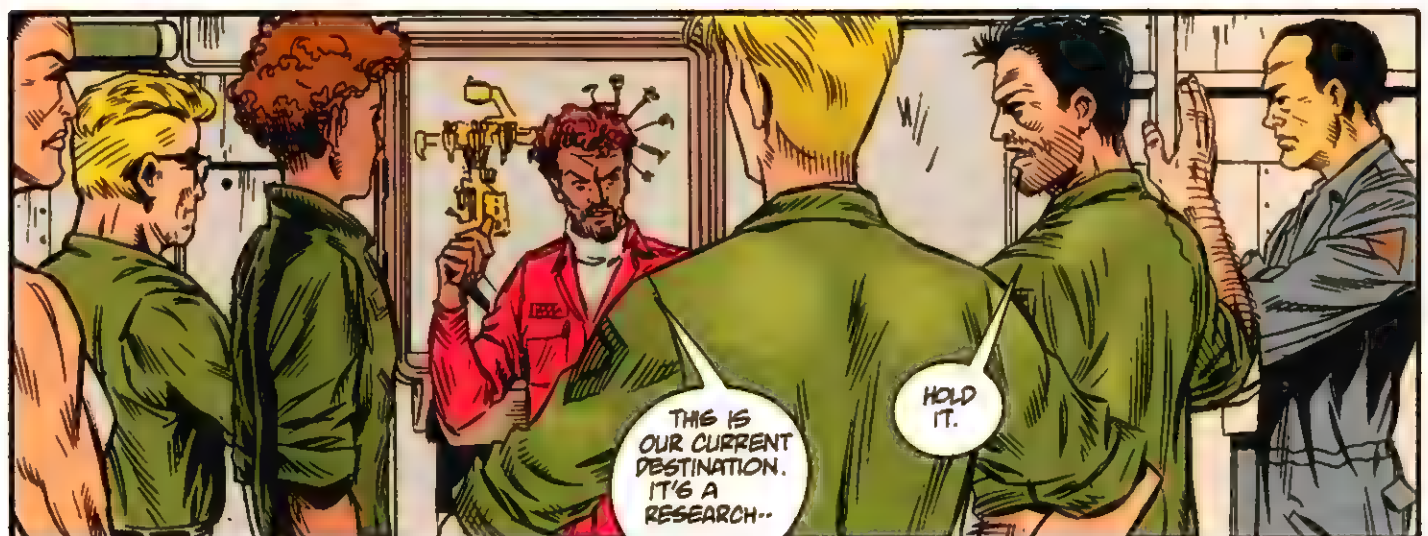
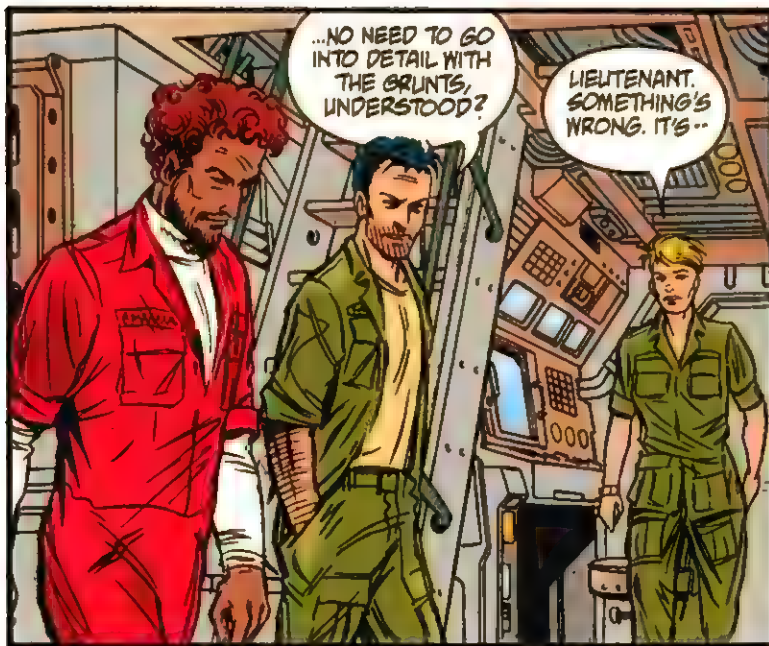


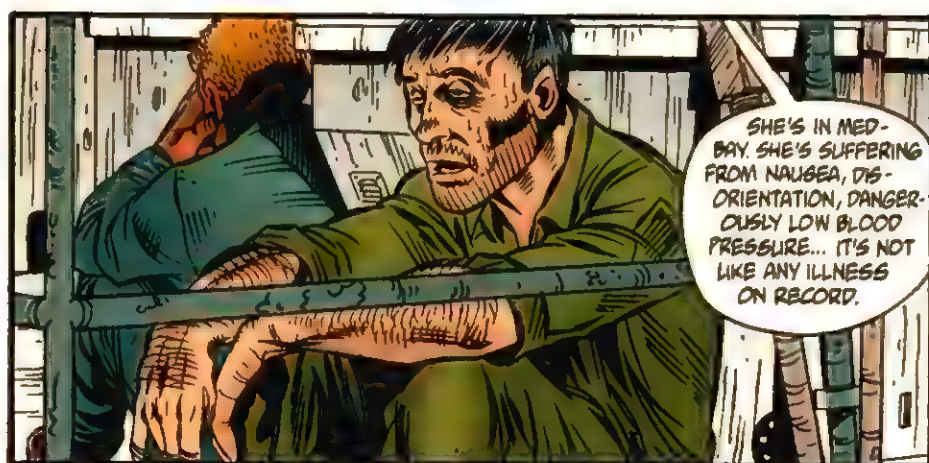
YES, LISTON. I HAVE A
QUESTION ABOUT THIS SHIP.
ACCESS THE COMPUTER'S
STRUCTURAL DIAGRAMS.

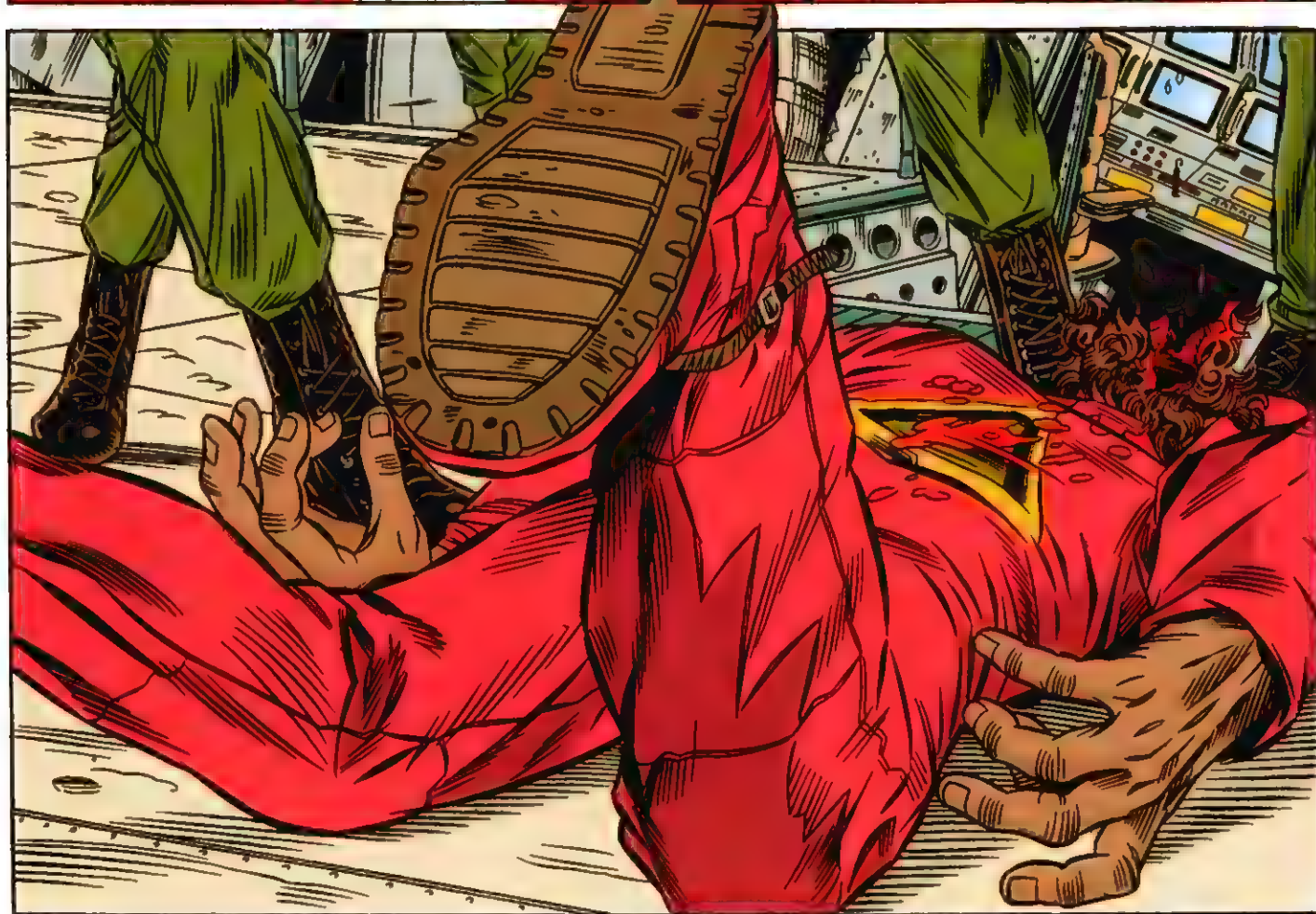




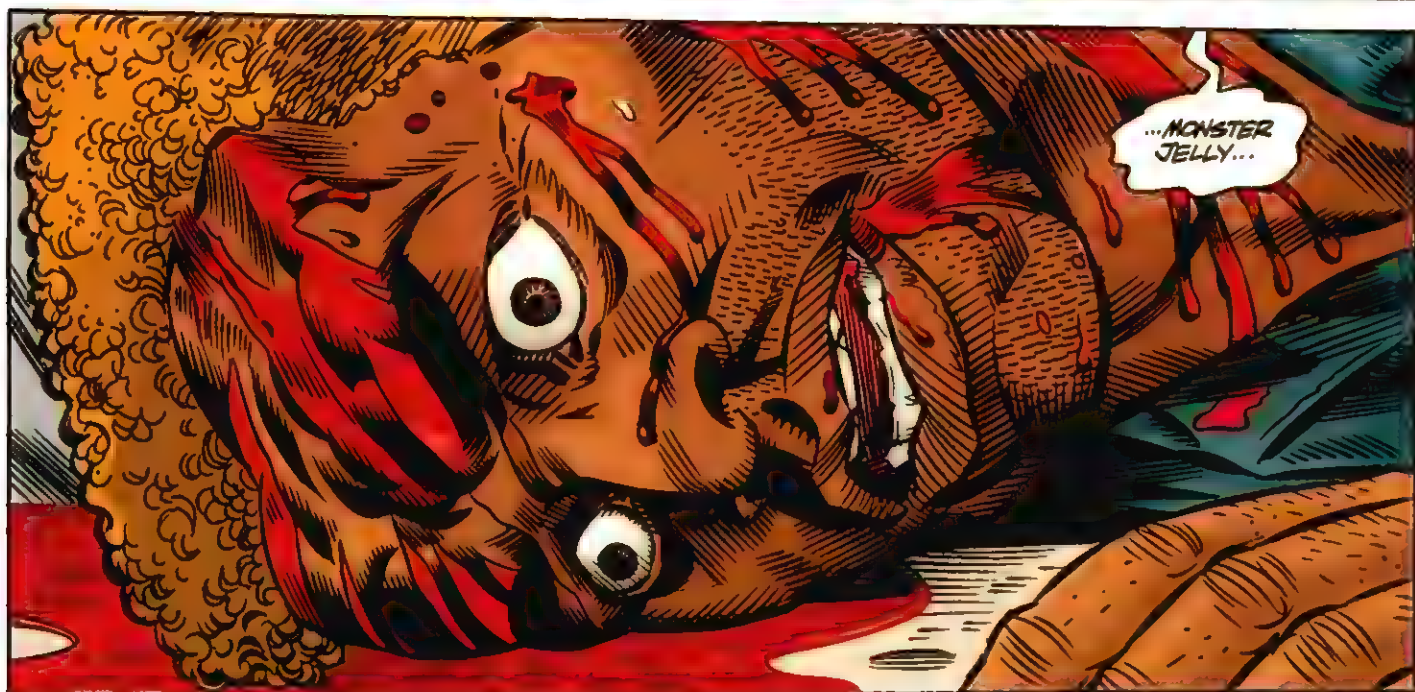


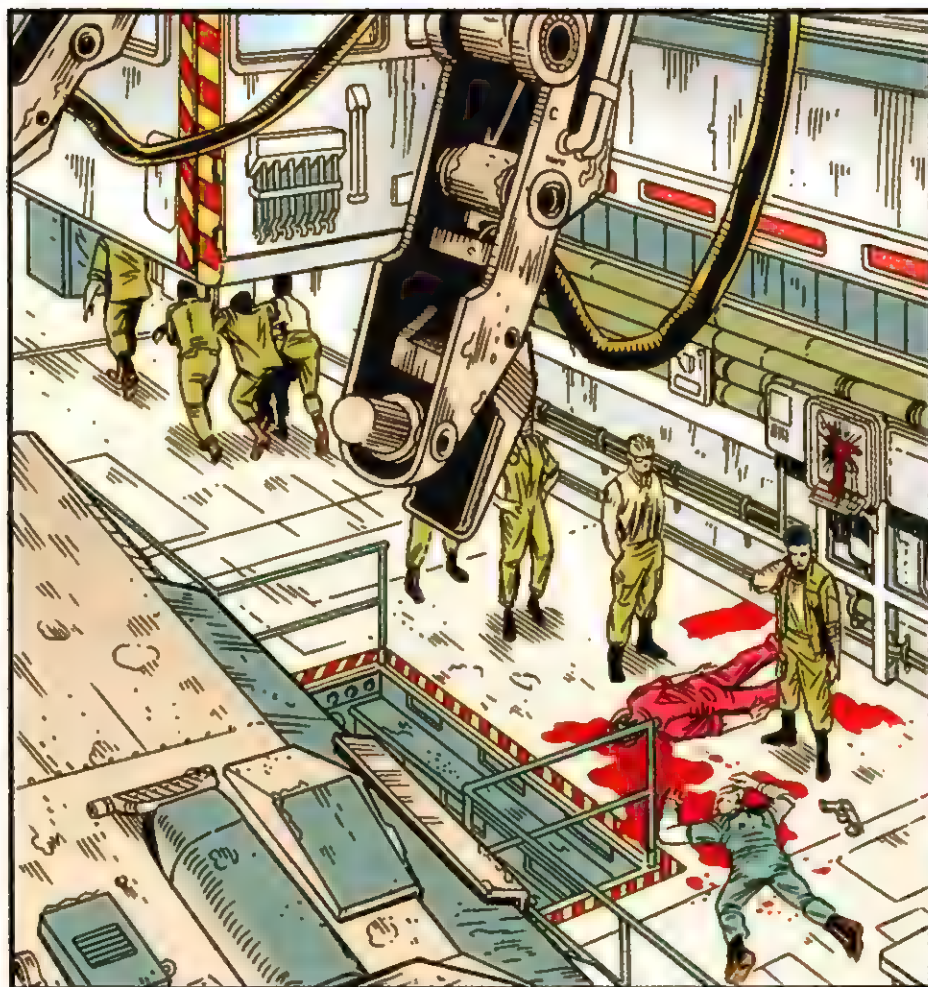
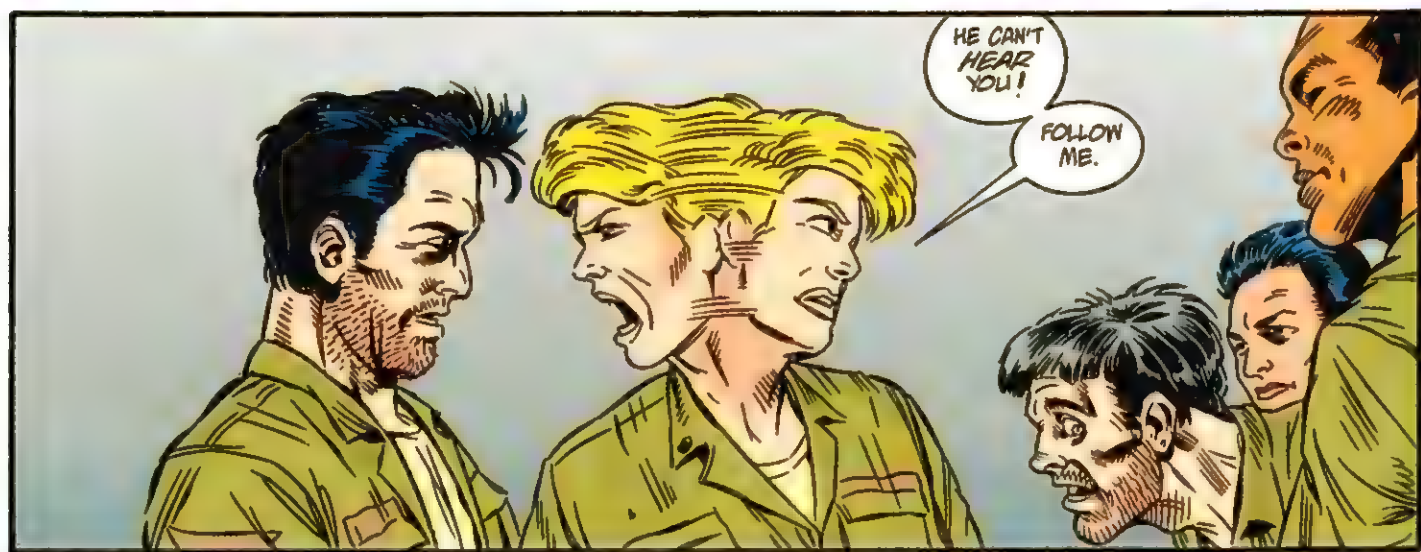


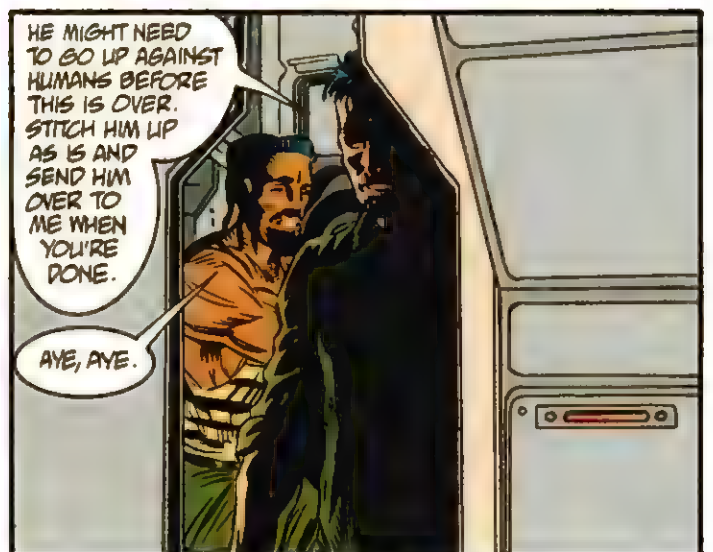
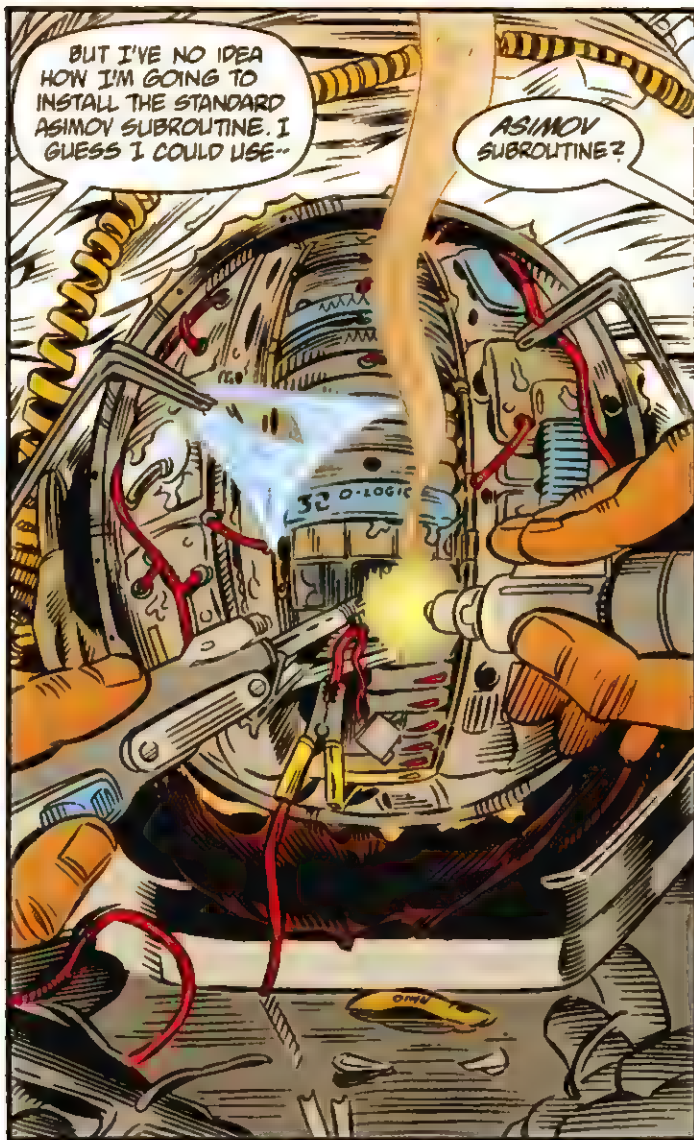


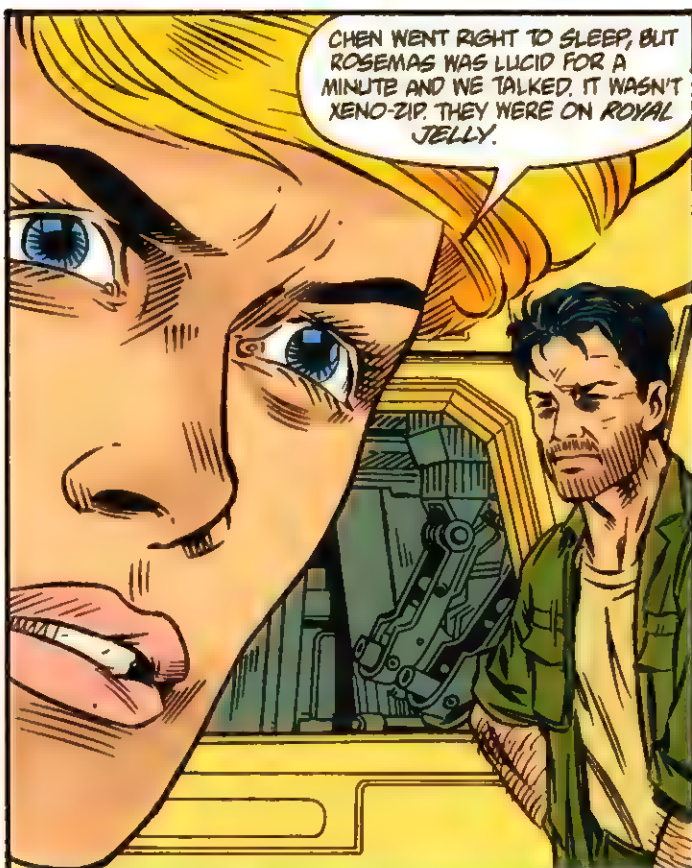
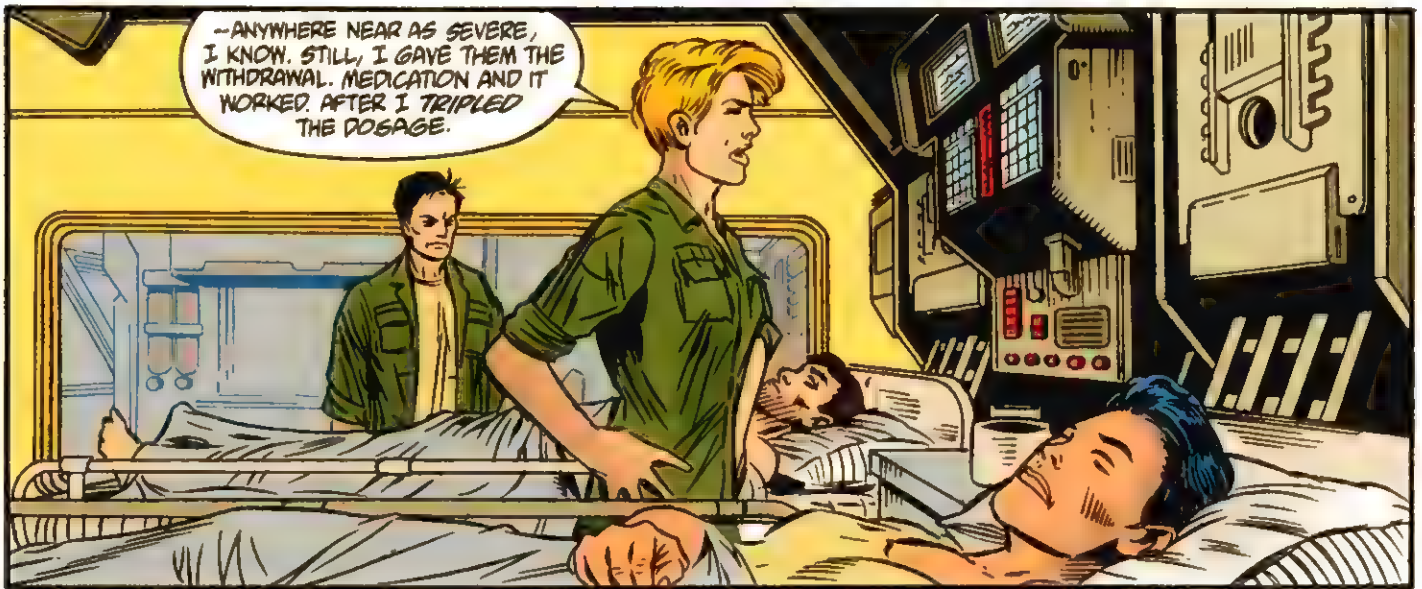
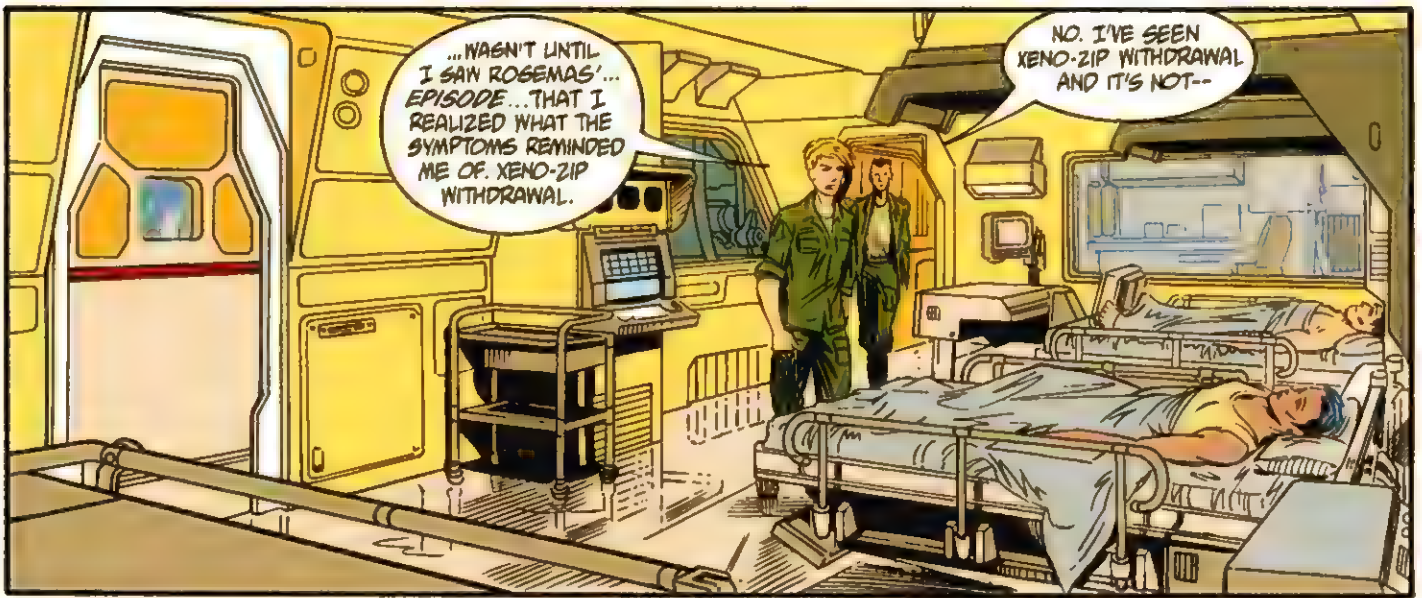


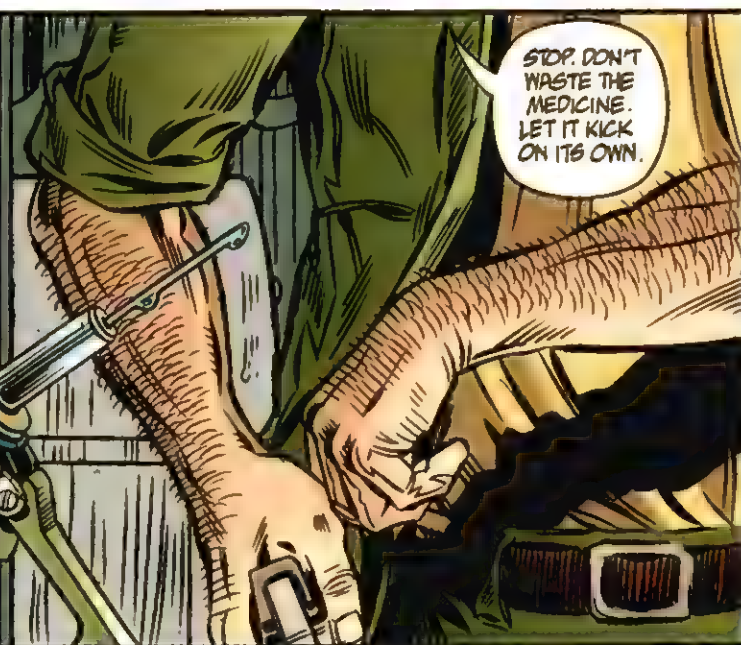


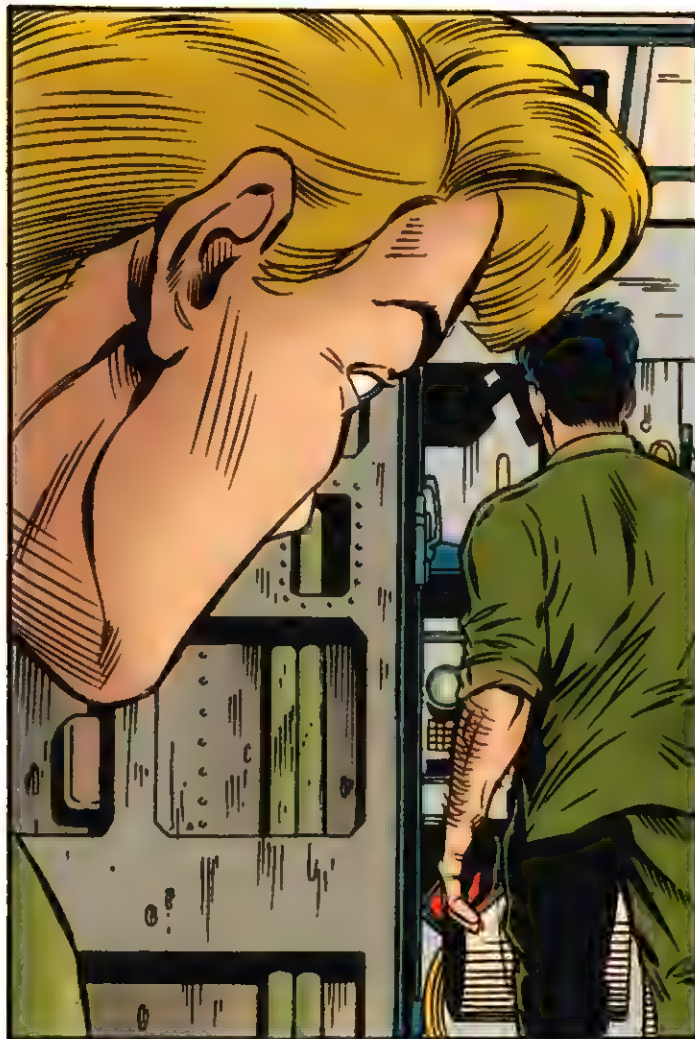
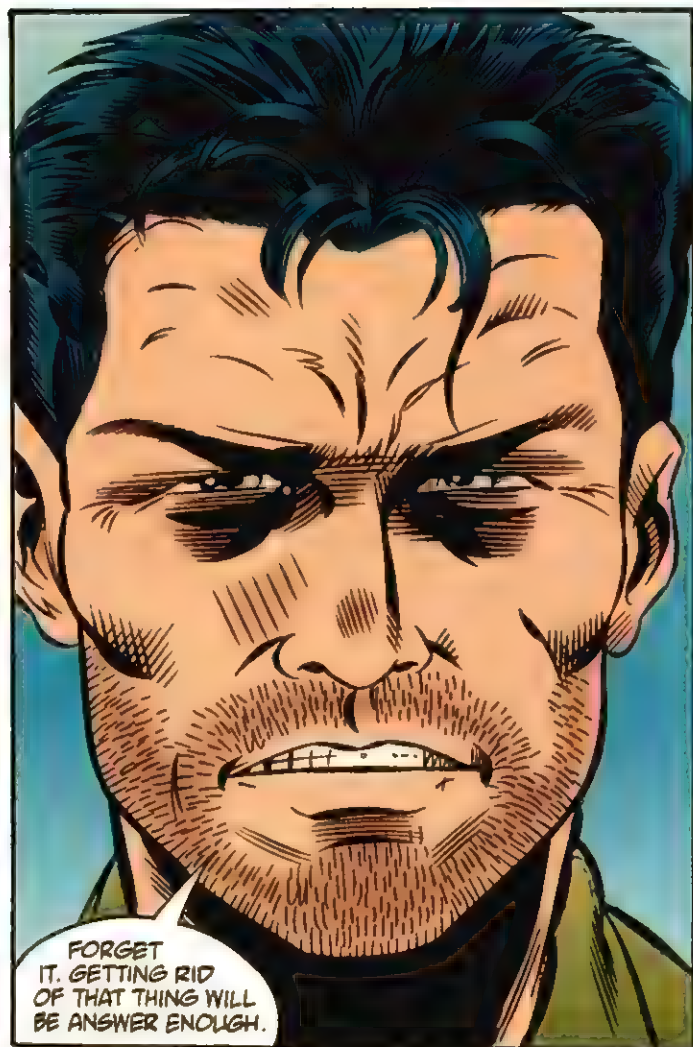


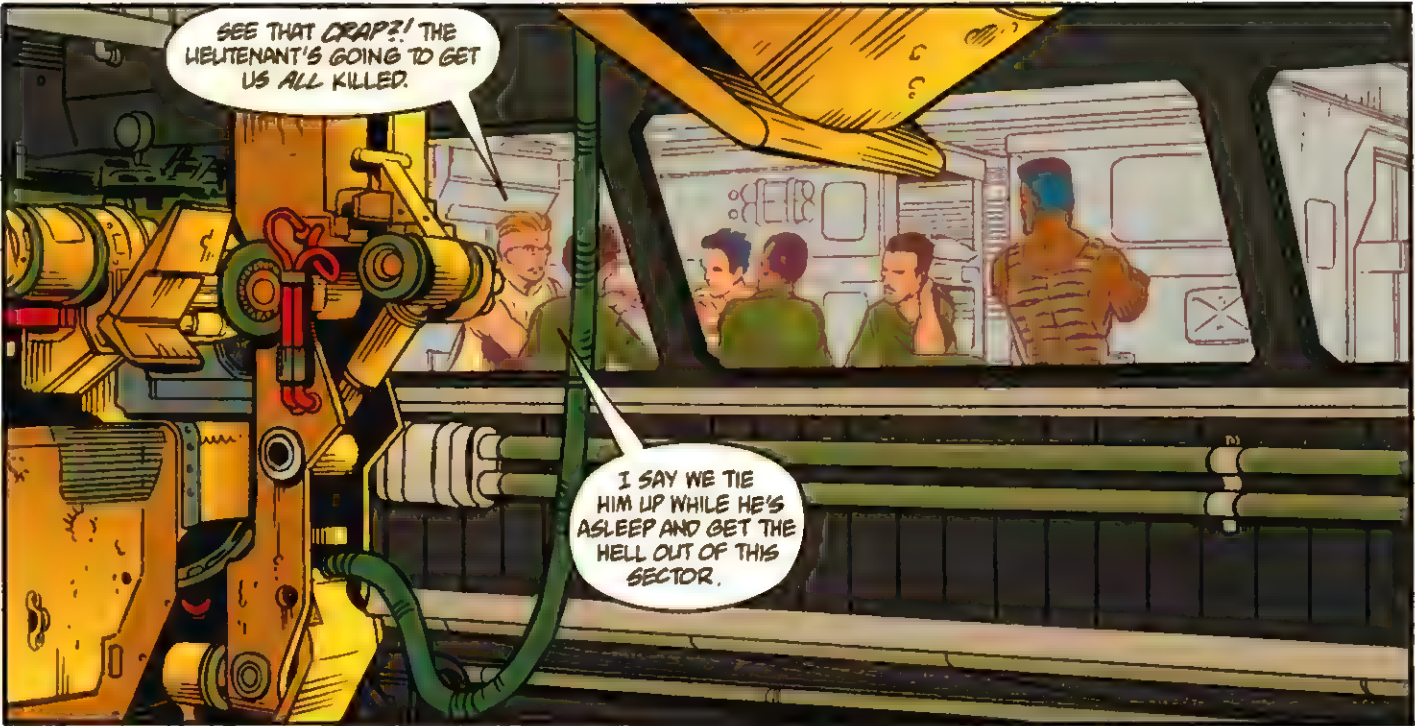


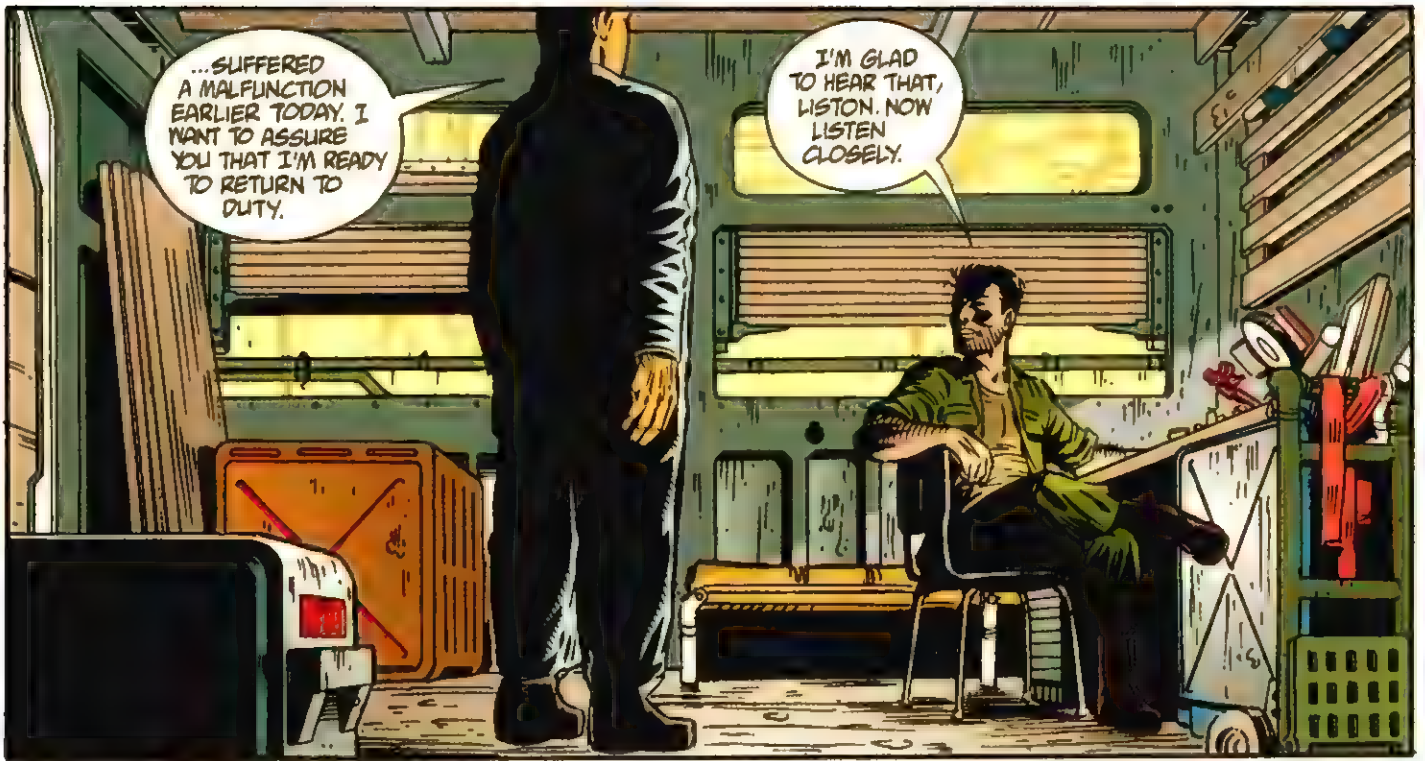












CEREBUS SYSTEM,
03:28 HOURS.

...QUICK AND SILENT.
GOT IT?



LIGHTS
OUT.



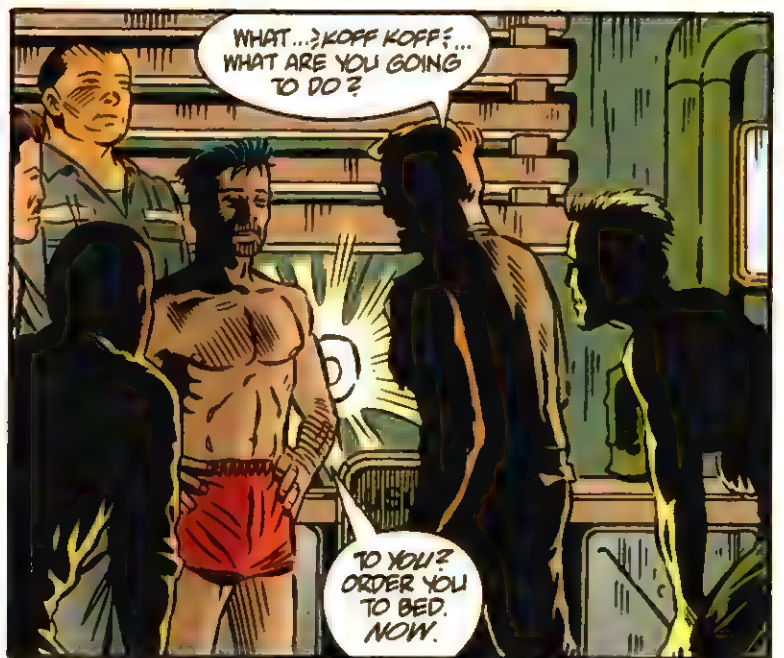
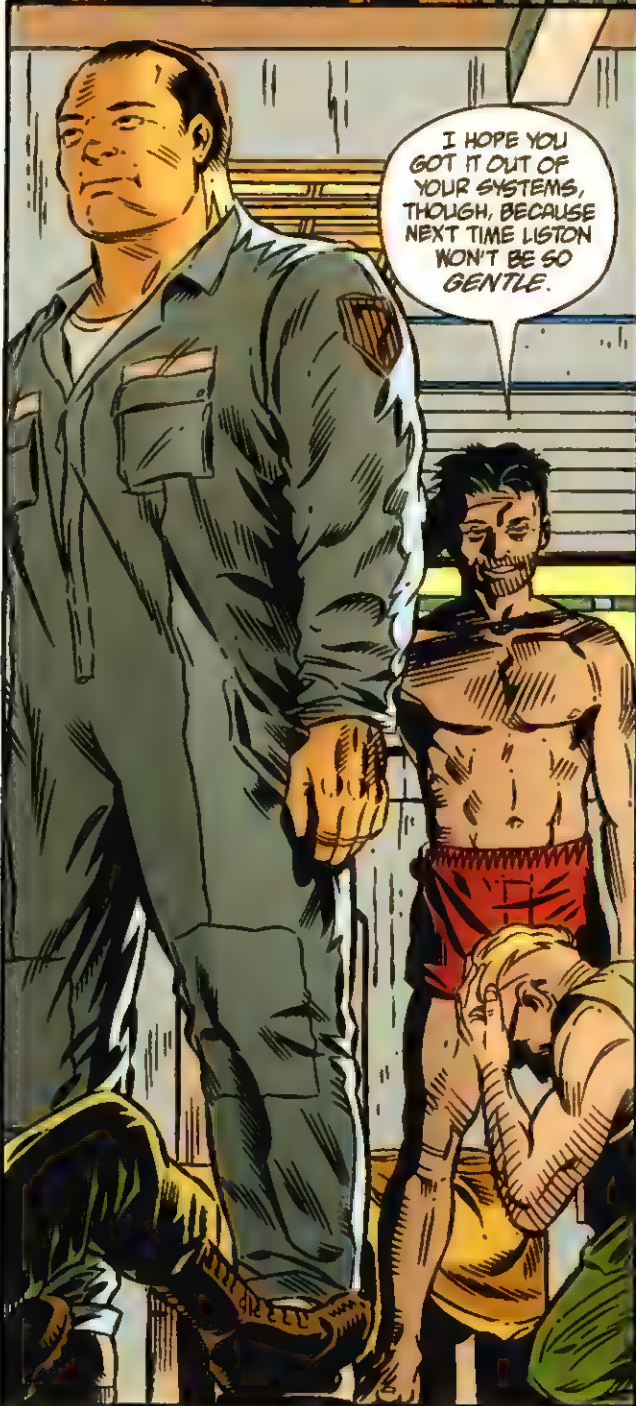
I.R.
GOBBLES
ON.



EVERY-
BODY'S
WORKING?
LET'S
DO
THIS.



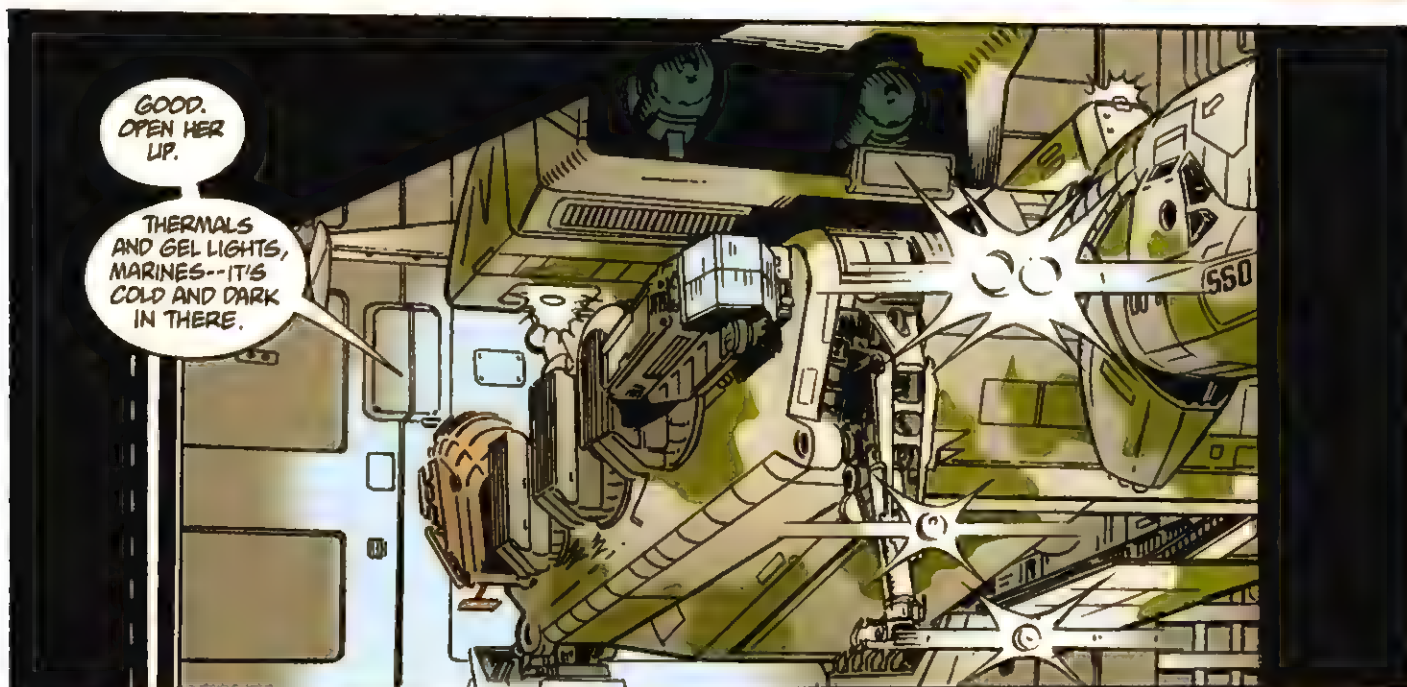
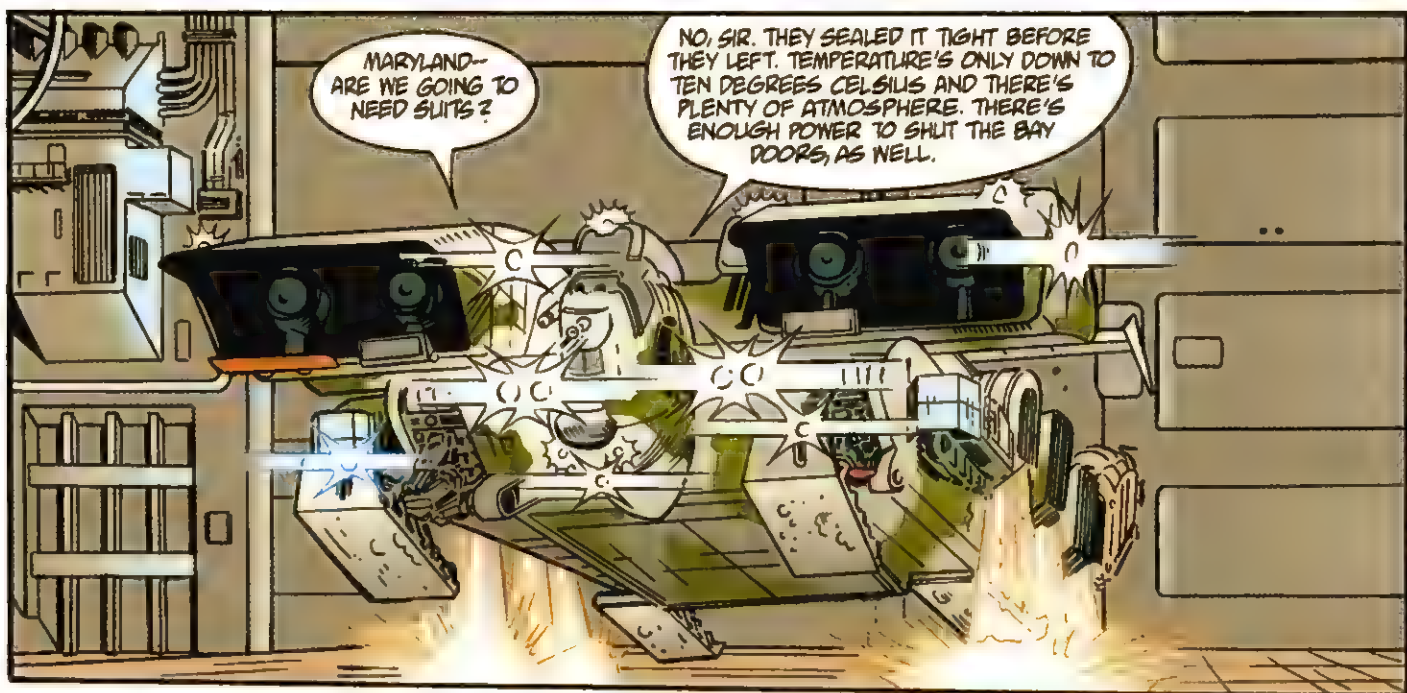




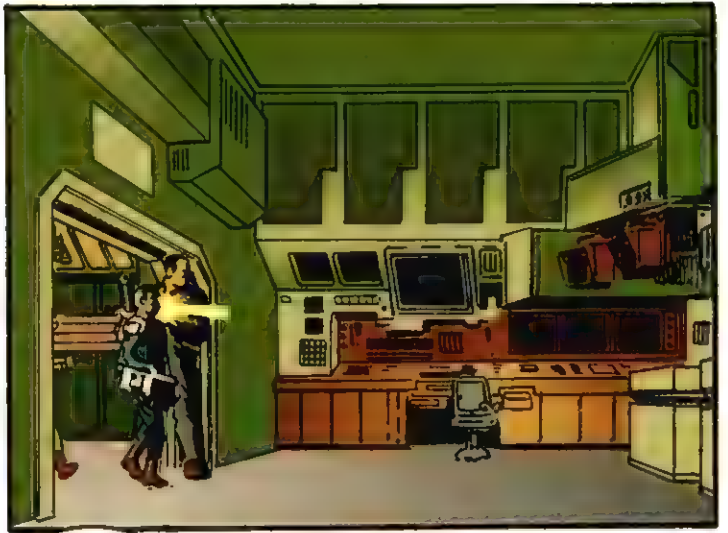
ALPHATECH
RESEARCH
STATION
#2378,
11:00 HOURS.

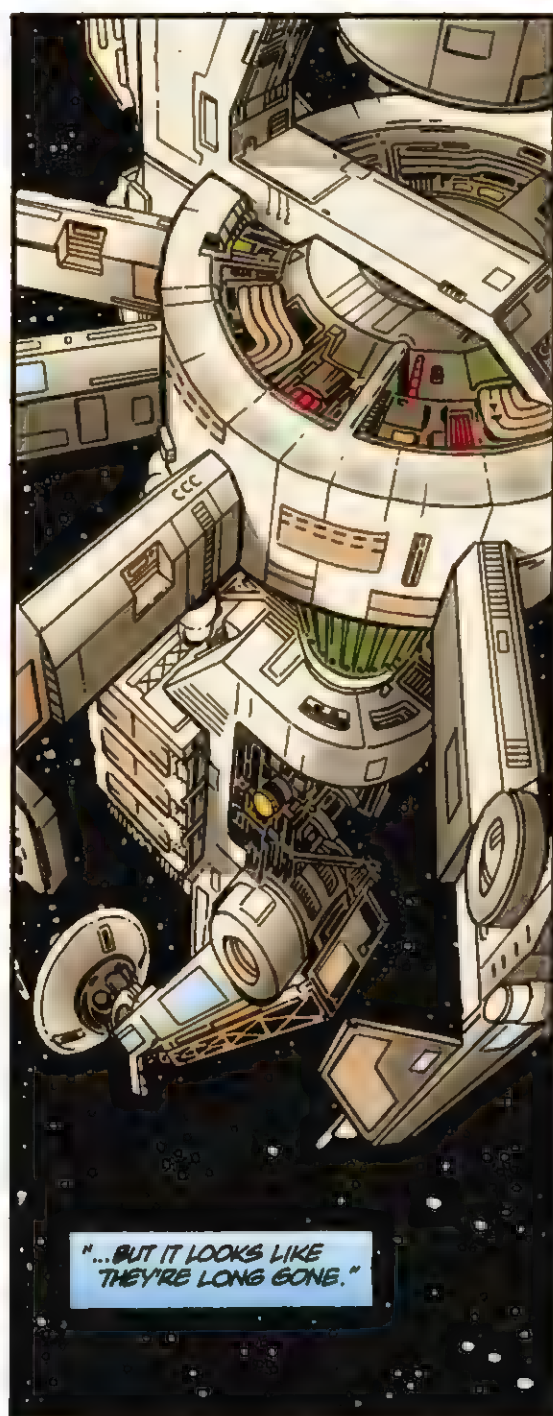
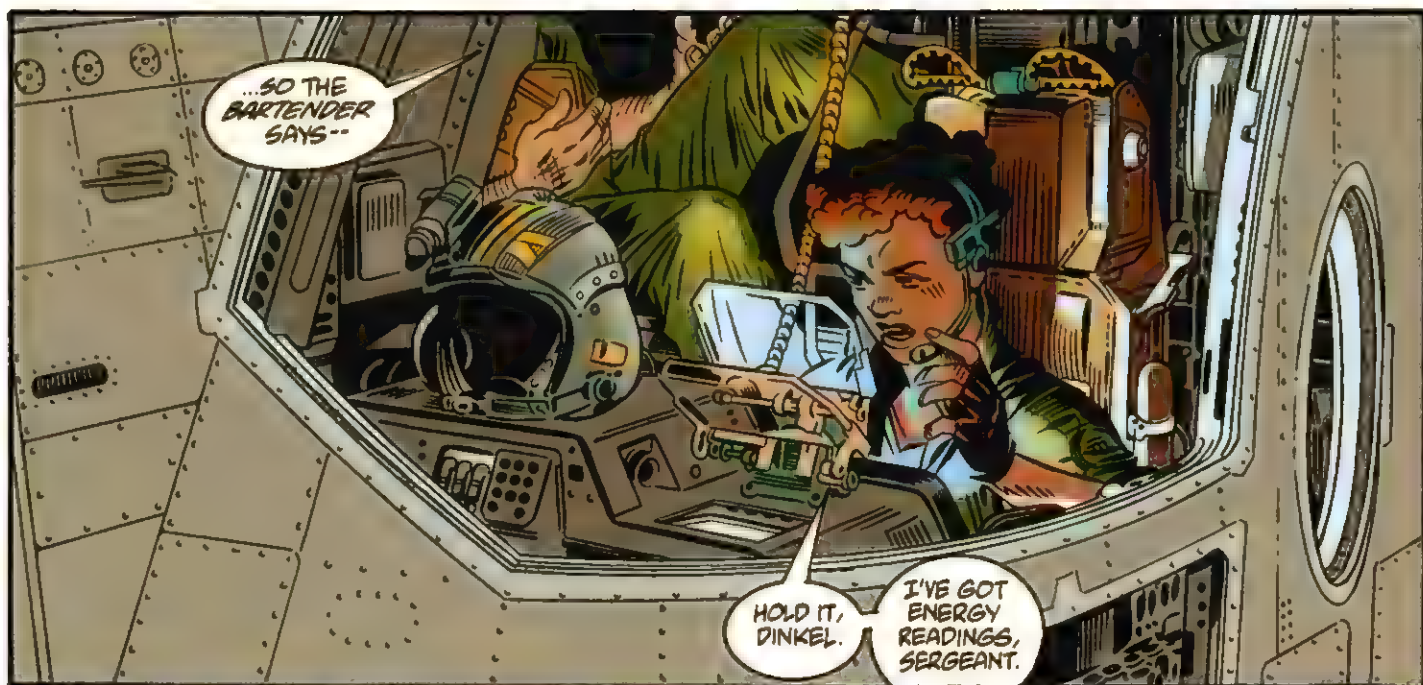
I'M GETTING
MINIMAL ENERGY
READINGS, LIEUTENANT.
NO LIFE SUPPORT. THIS
STATION IS DEAD.

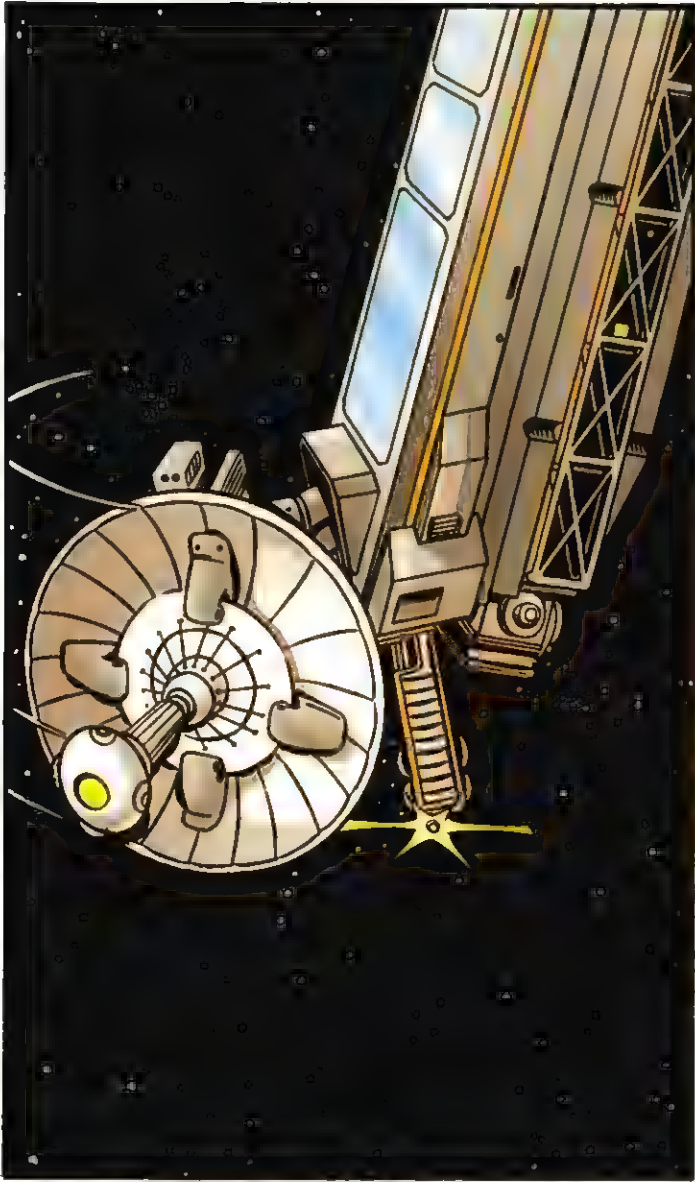
GOOD. SET US
DOWN IN THE MIDDLE
BAY AND KEEP SCANNING.
I DON'T WANT ANY
SURPRISES.

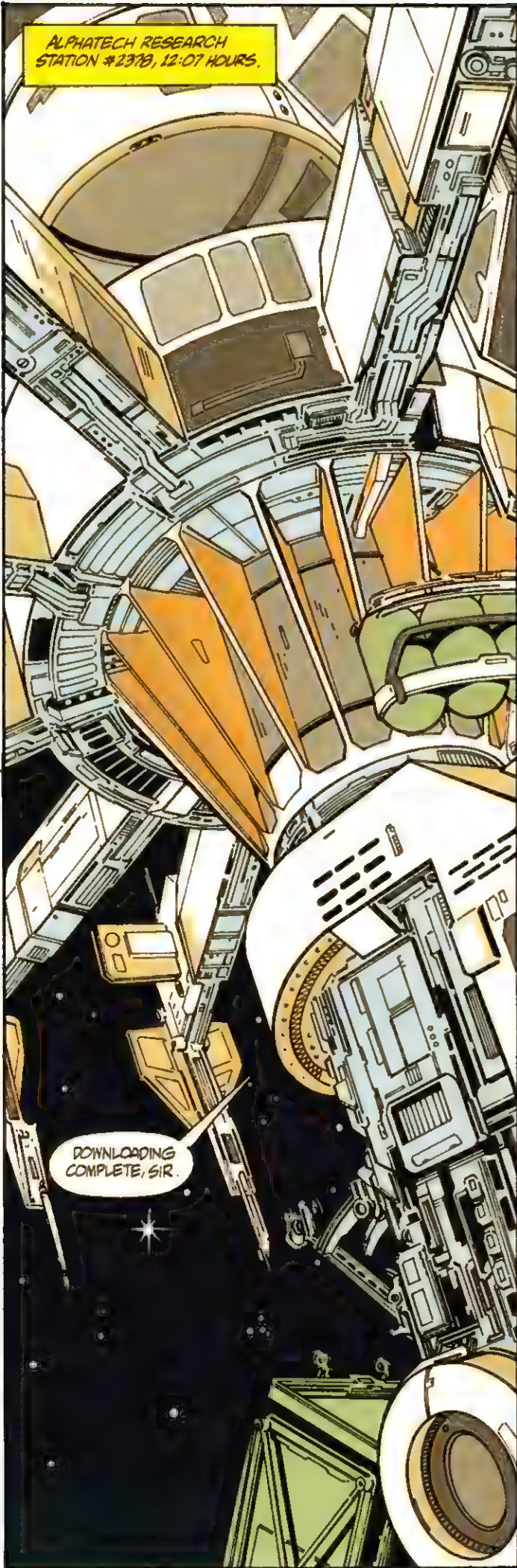




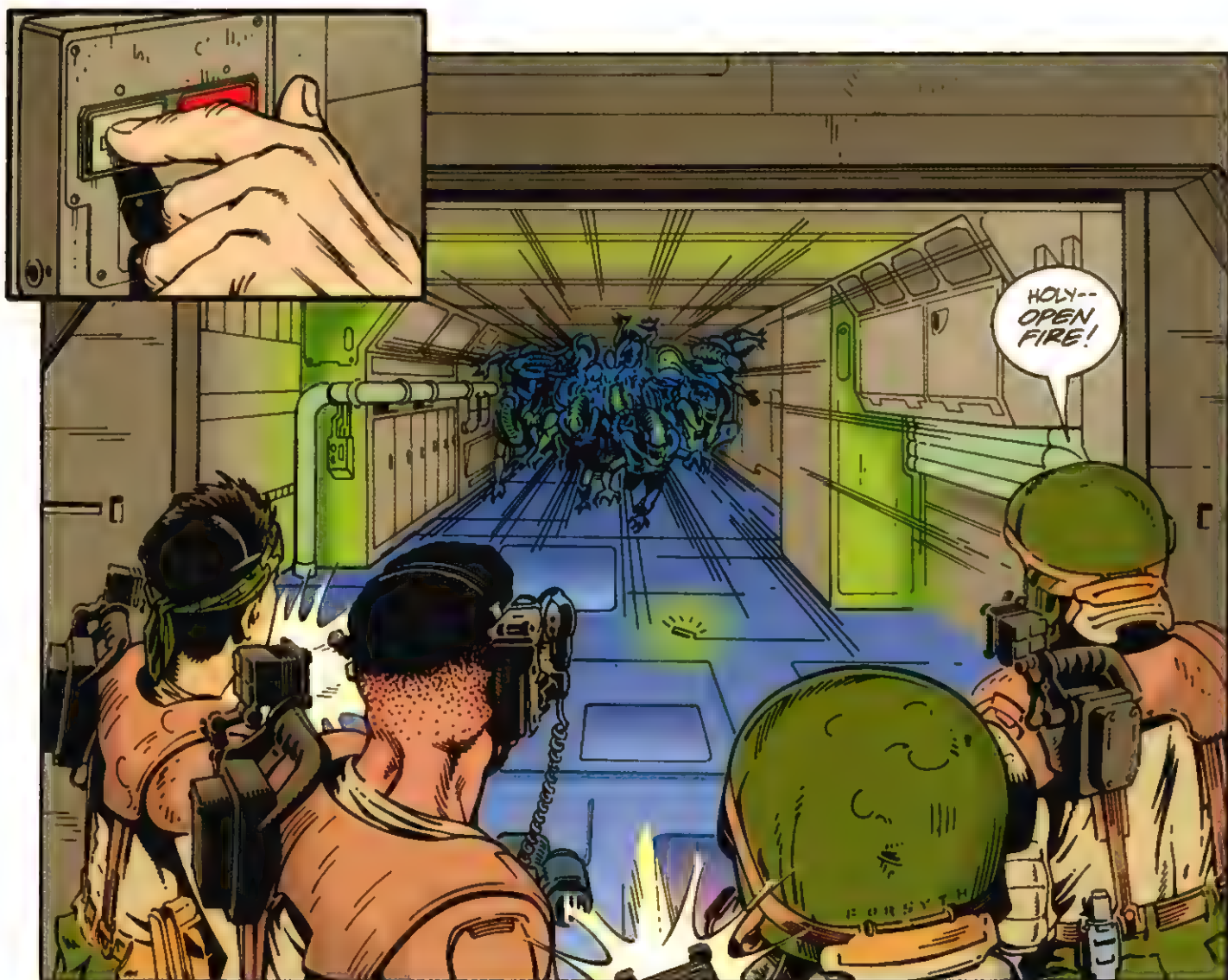
















ALL RIGHT, HE'S
CLEARING THE WAY
FOR US! LET'S
MOVE!



HE'S GOT
THE INTERSECTION
SECURED!



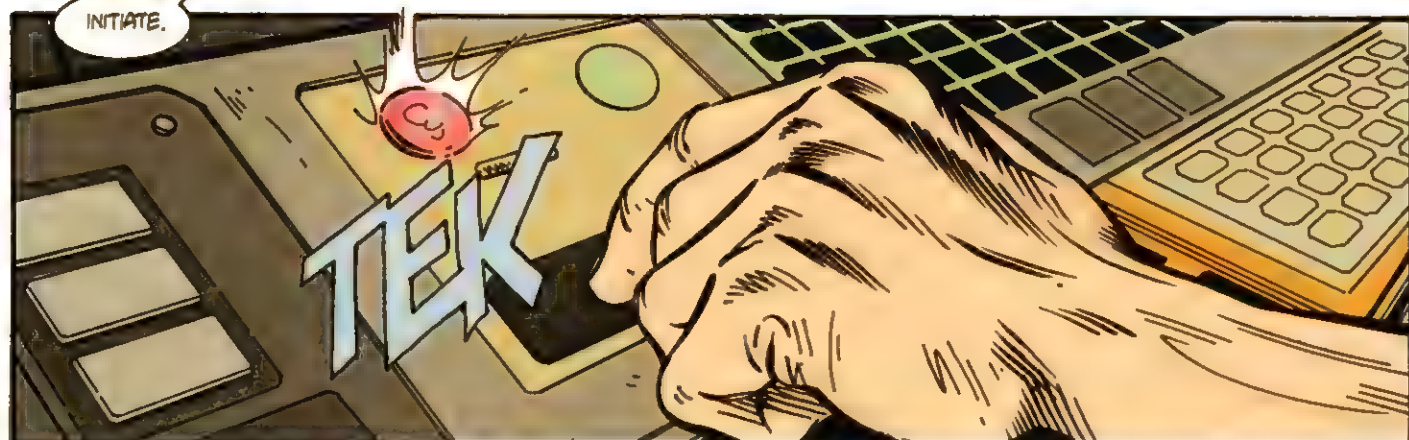
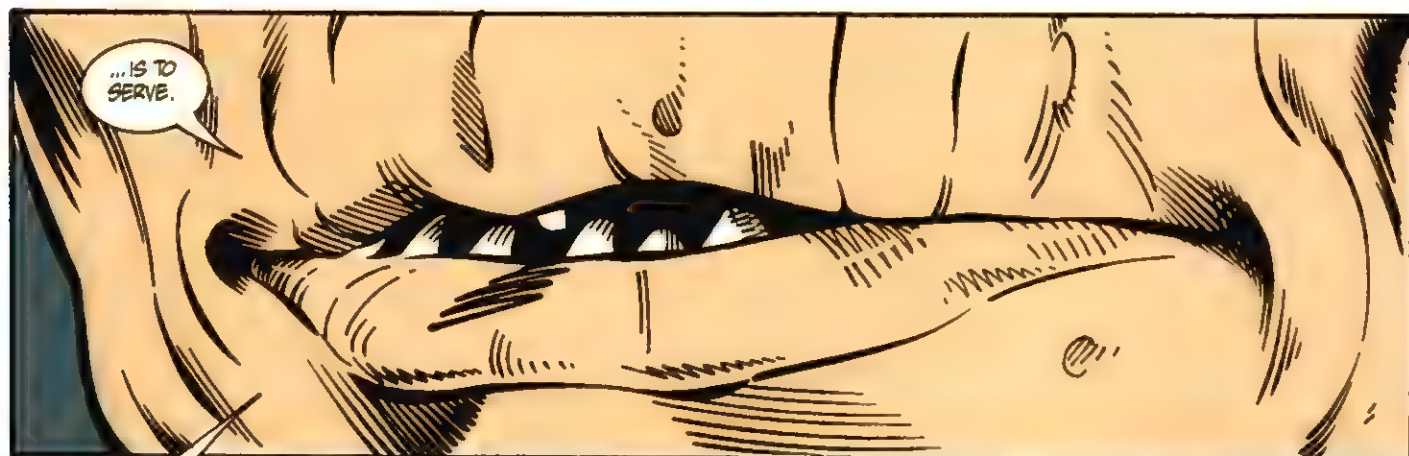
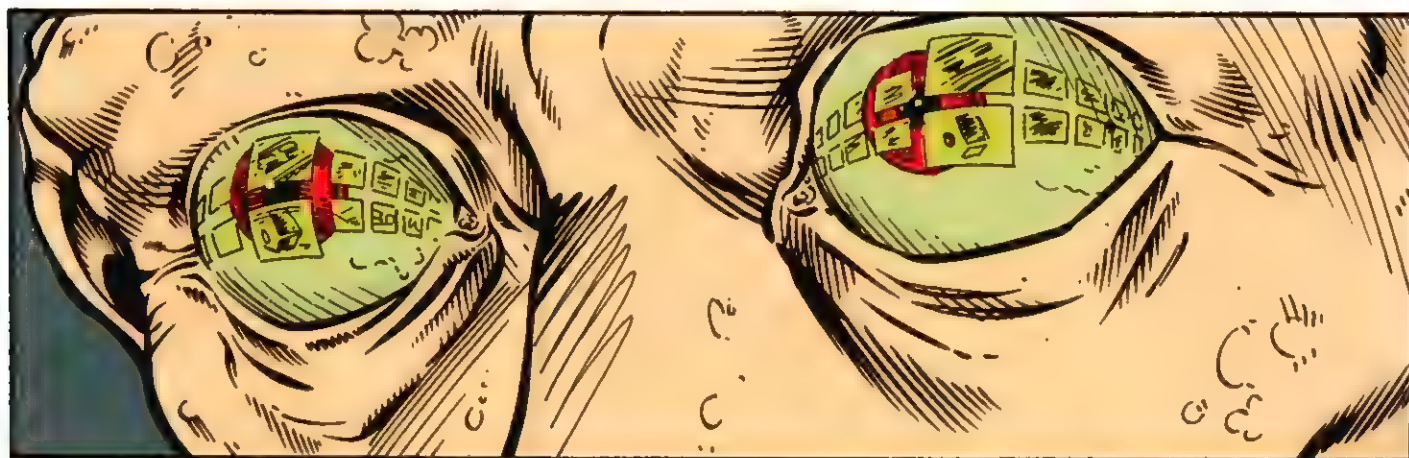
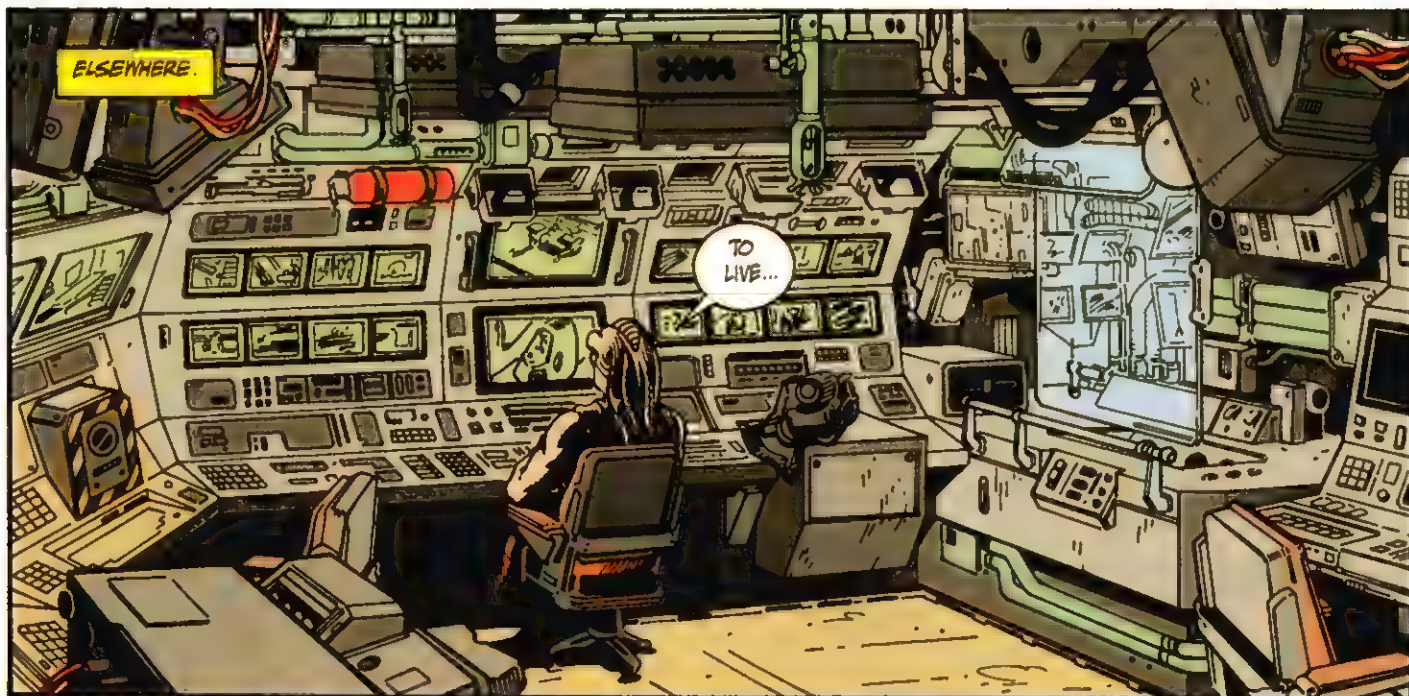
WHAT
THE HELL
IS THAT
STUFF?

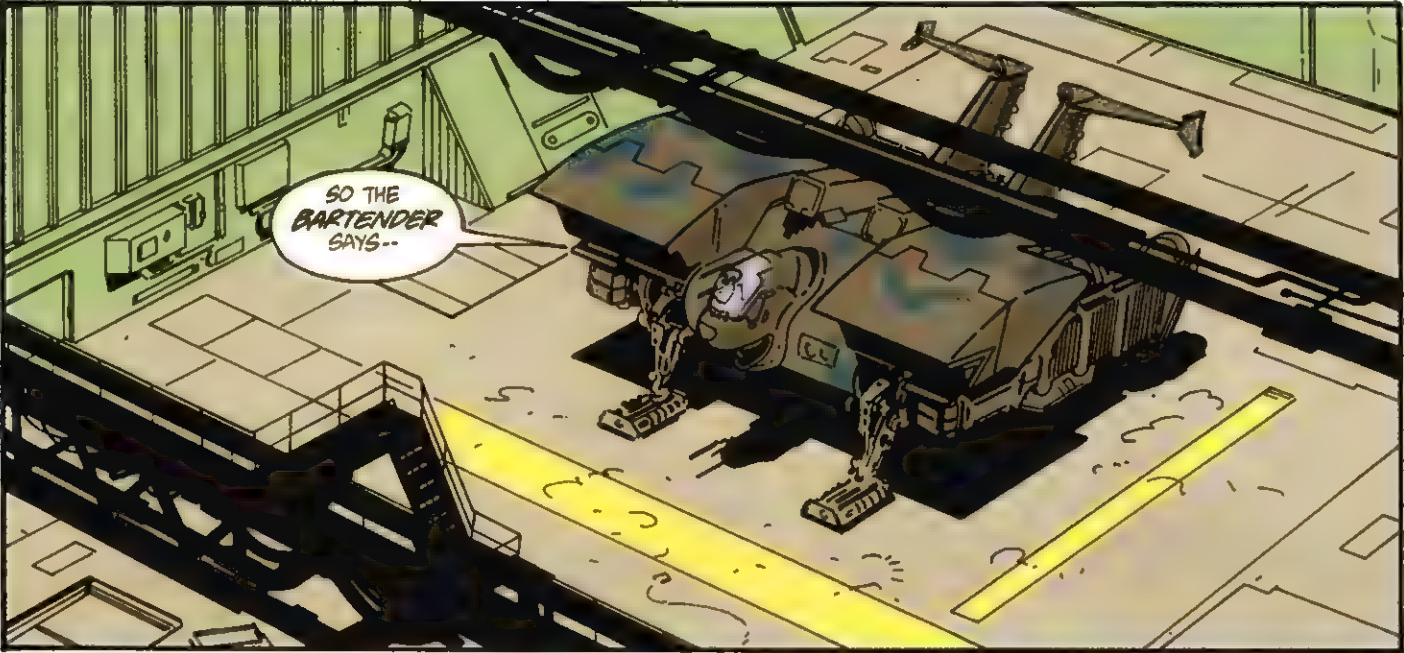
BASE COMPOUND.
COUNTERACTIVE TO
XENOMORPH ACID.
EXUDED FROM
MODIFIED
SWEAT GLANDS.

IT'S IN
MY DESIGN
SPECS.



AMONG
OTHER
THINGS.





SO THE
BARTENDER
SAYS--



--NO, MAN, MY
BUG'S AT
HOME!

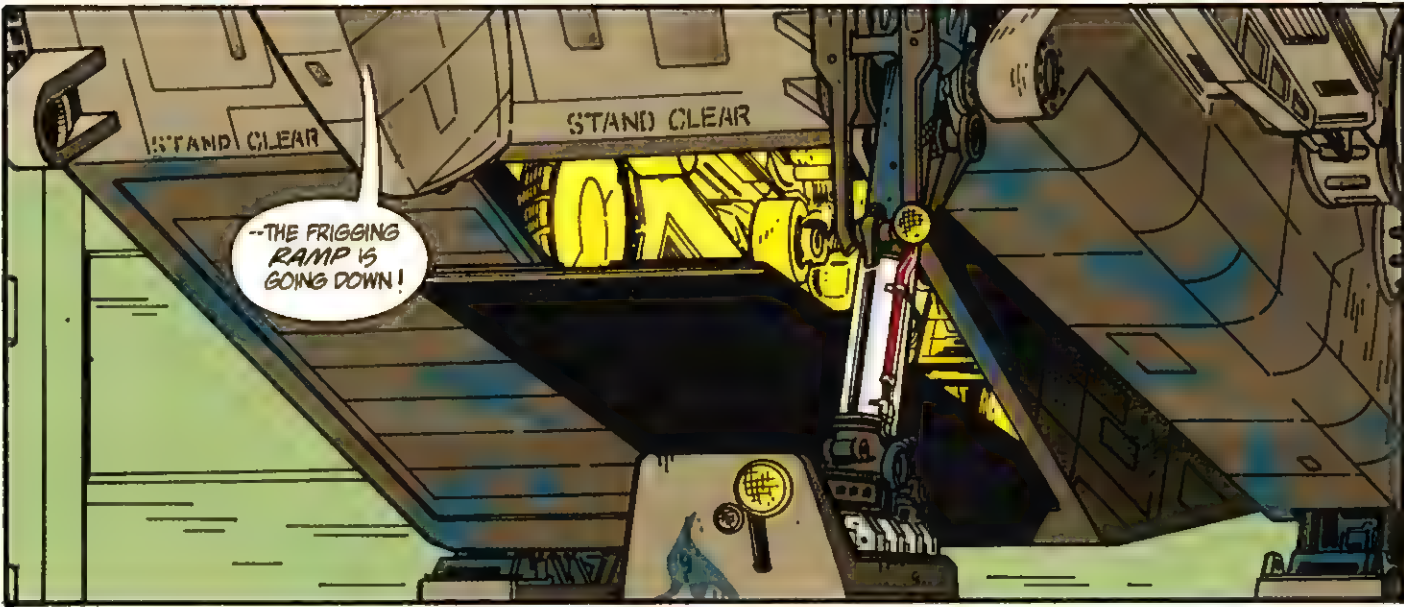
DINKEL, GIVEN THE
SITUATION, I HARDLY
THINK HUMOR IS
APPROPR--HEY!

**BREEP-
BREEP**



WE'RE
SHUTTING
DOWN!

POWER LOSS TO
PRIMARY
SYSTEMS, AND--

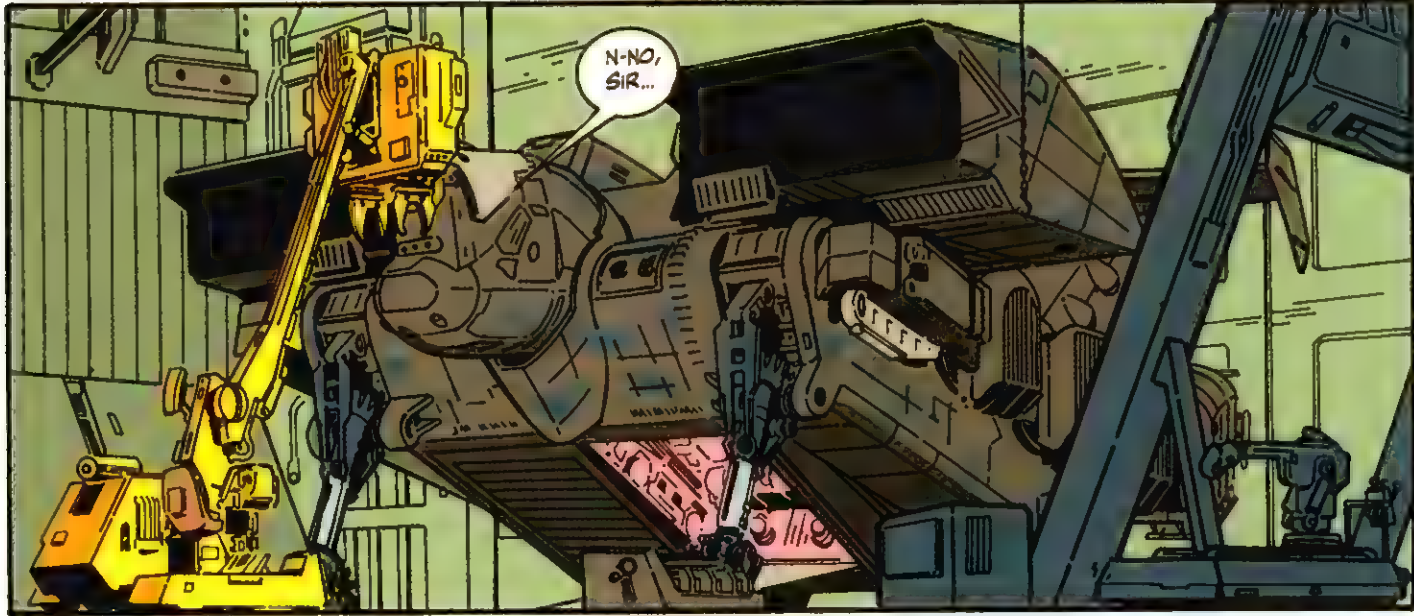


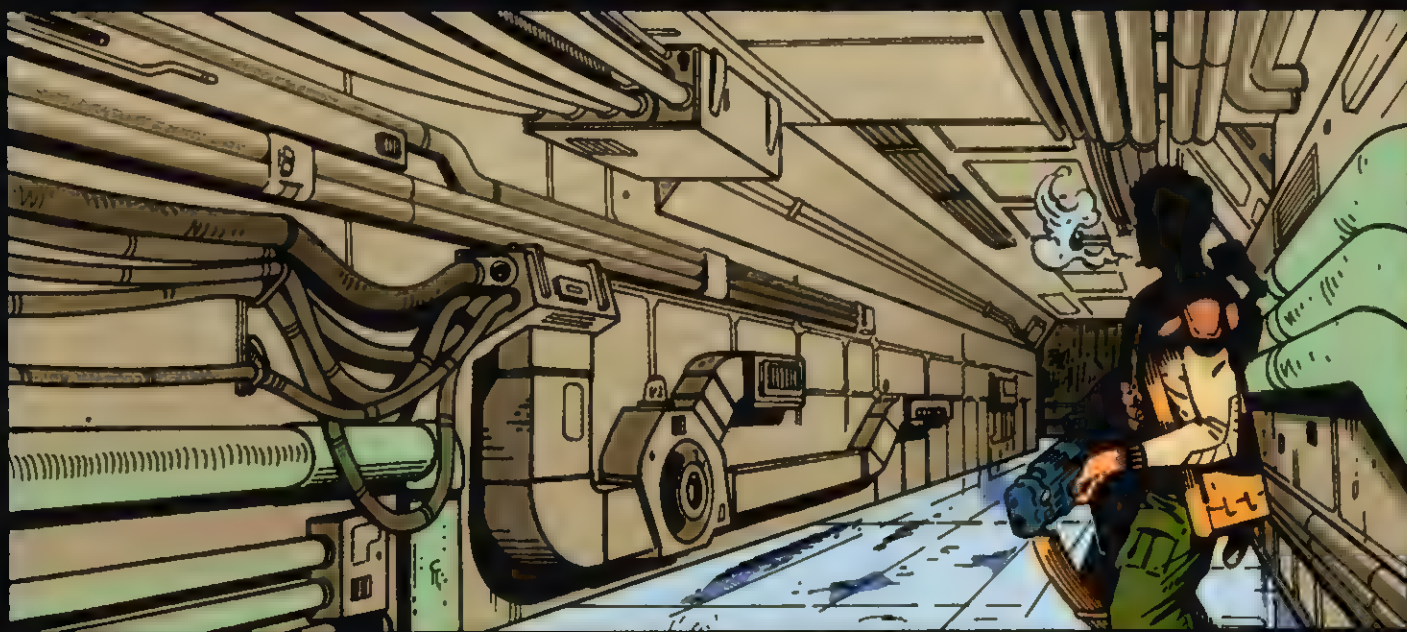
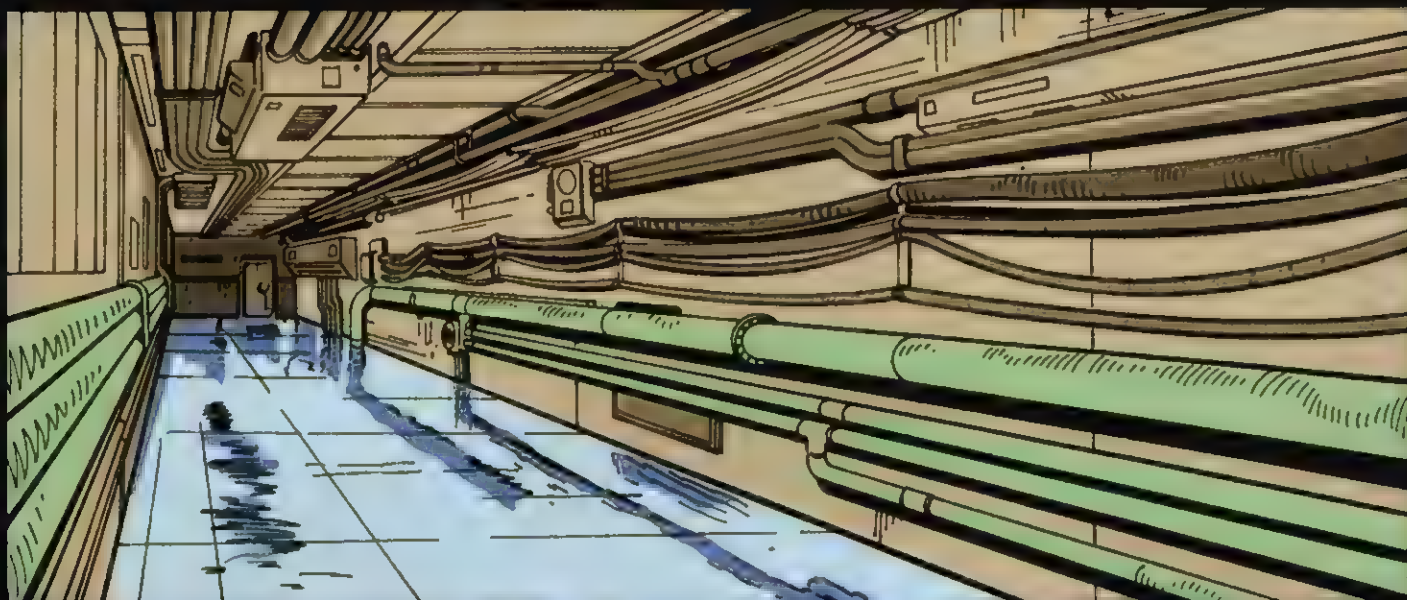
STAND CLEAR

STAND CLEAR

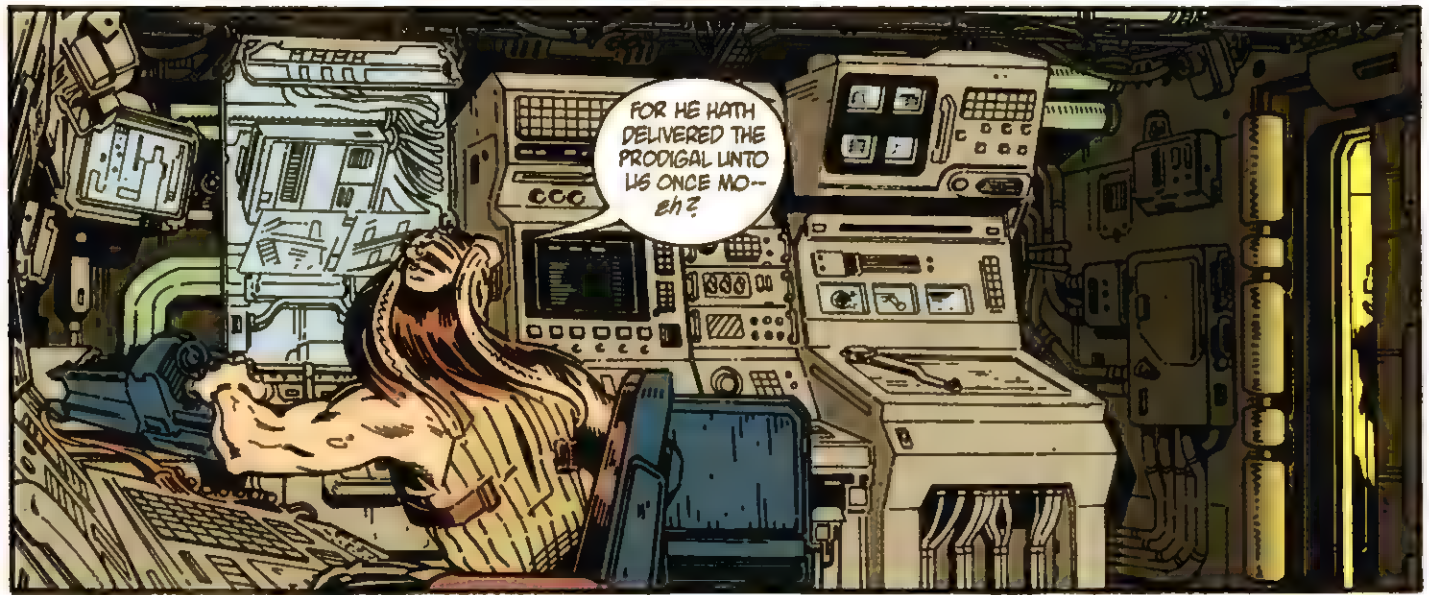
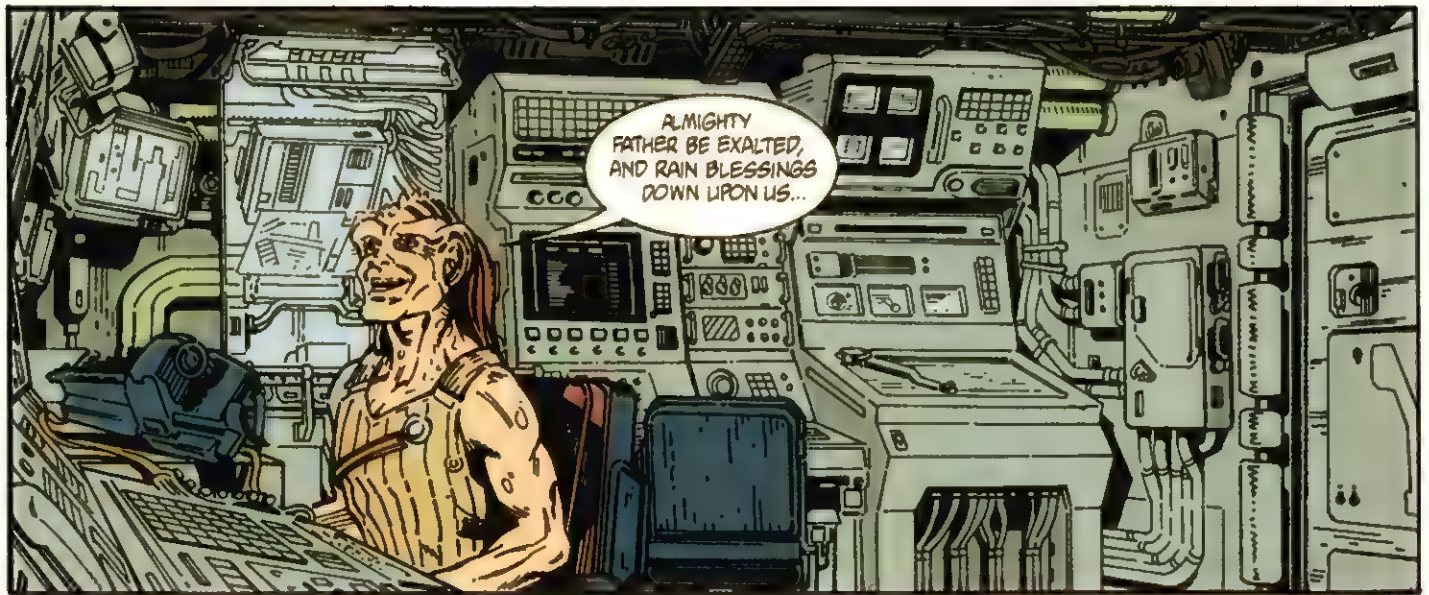
--THE FRIGGING
RAMP IS
GOING DOWN!

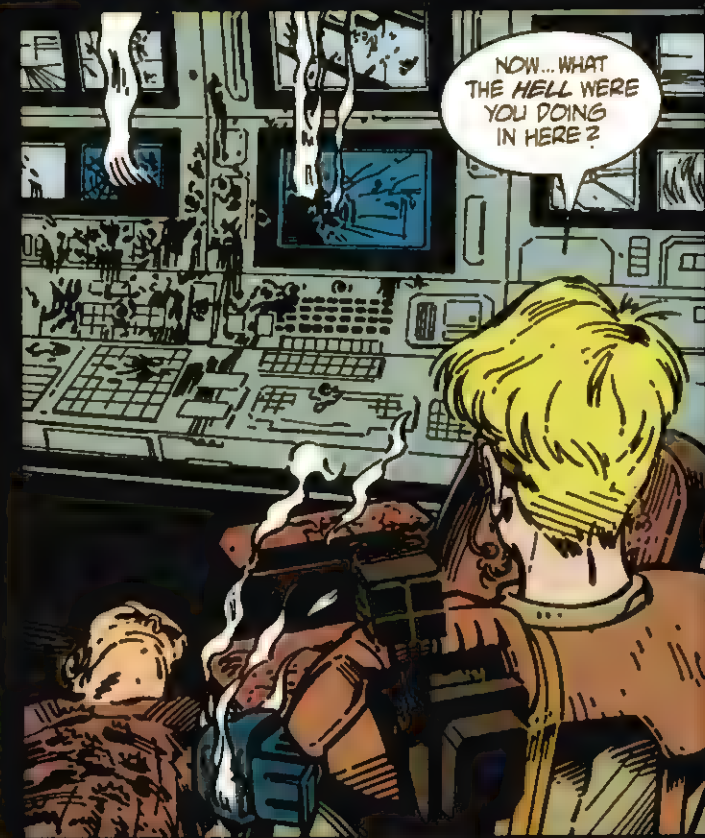


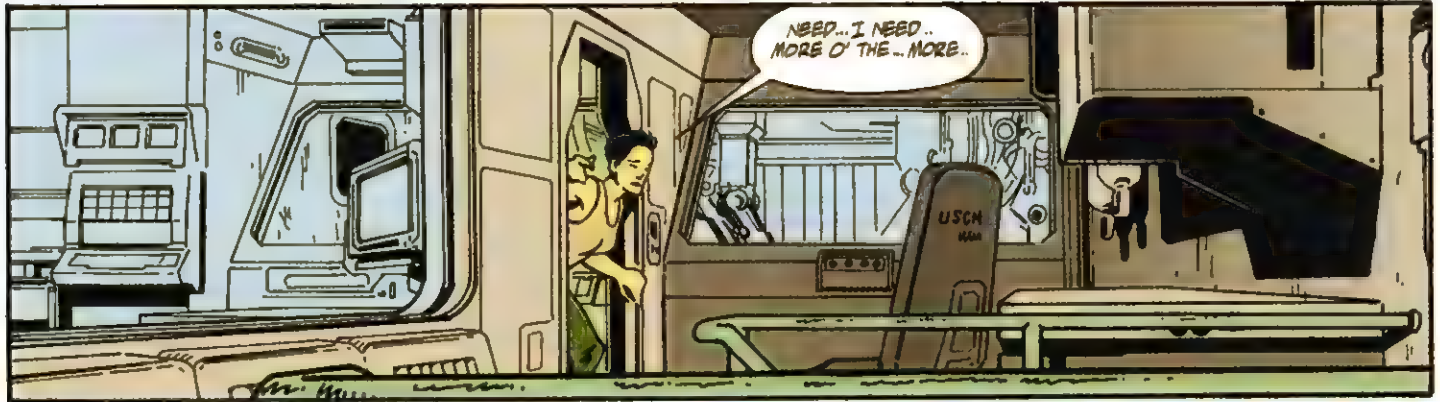
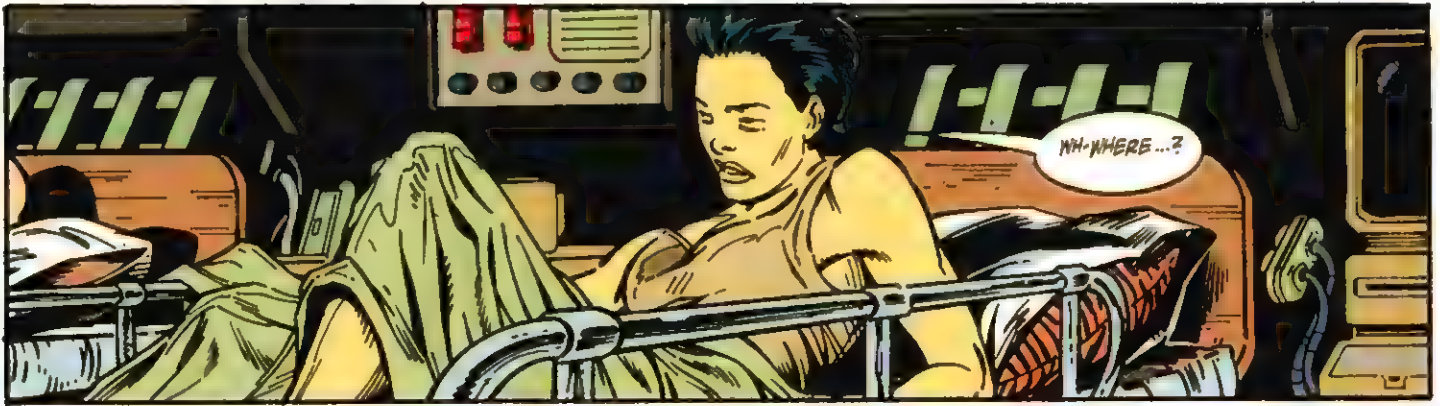


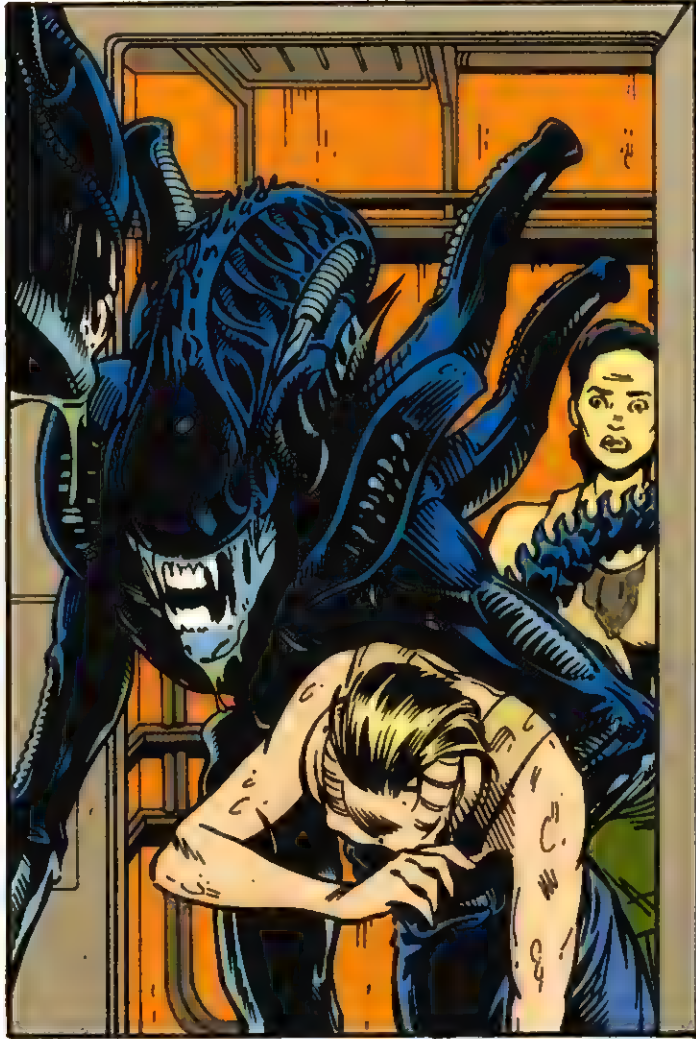


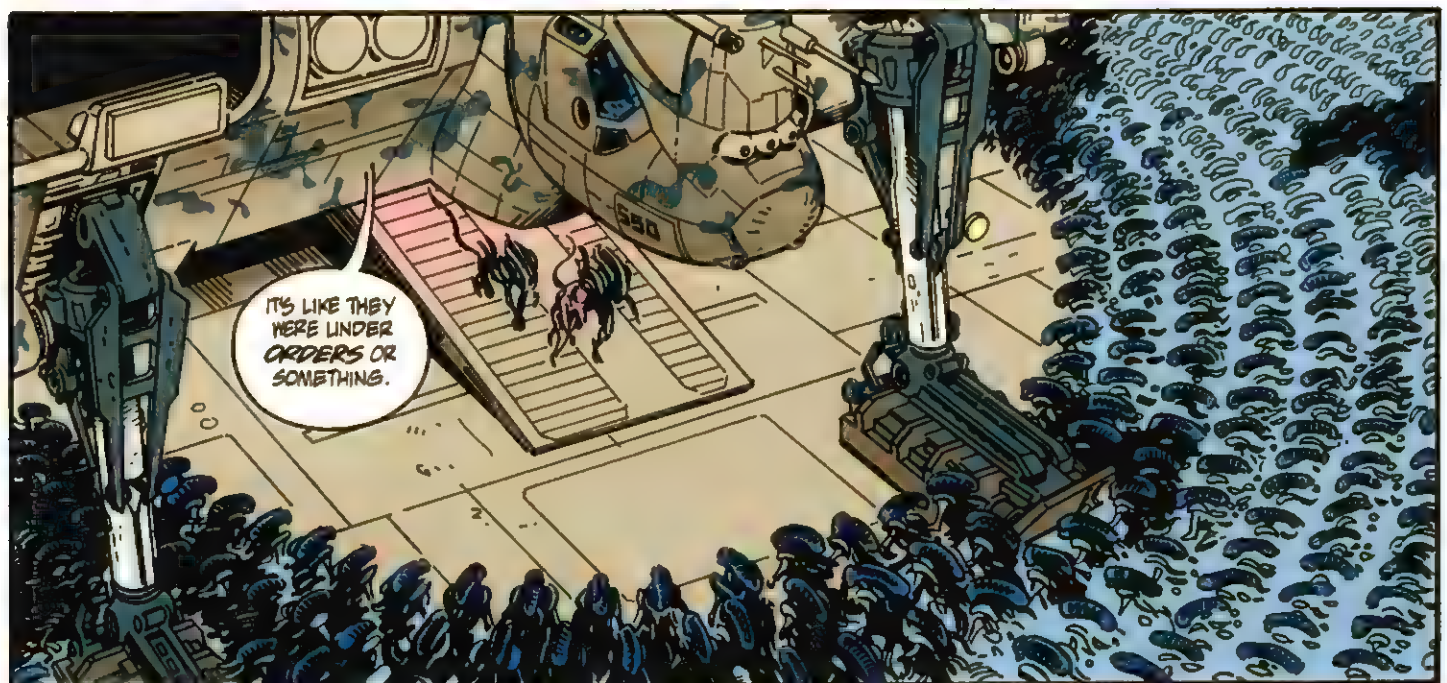
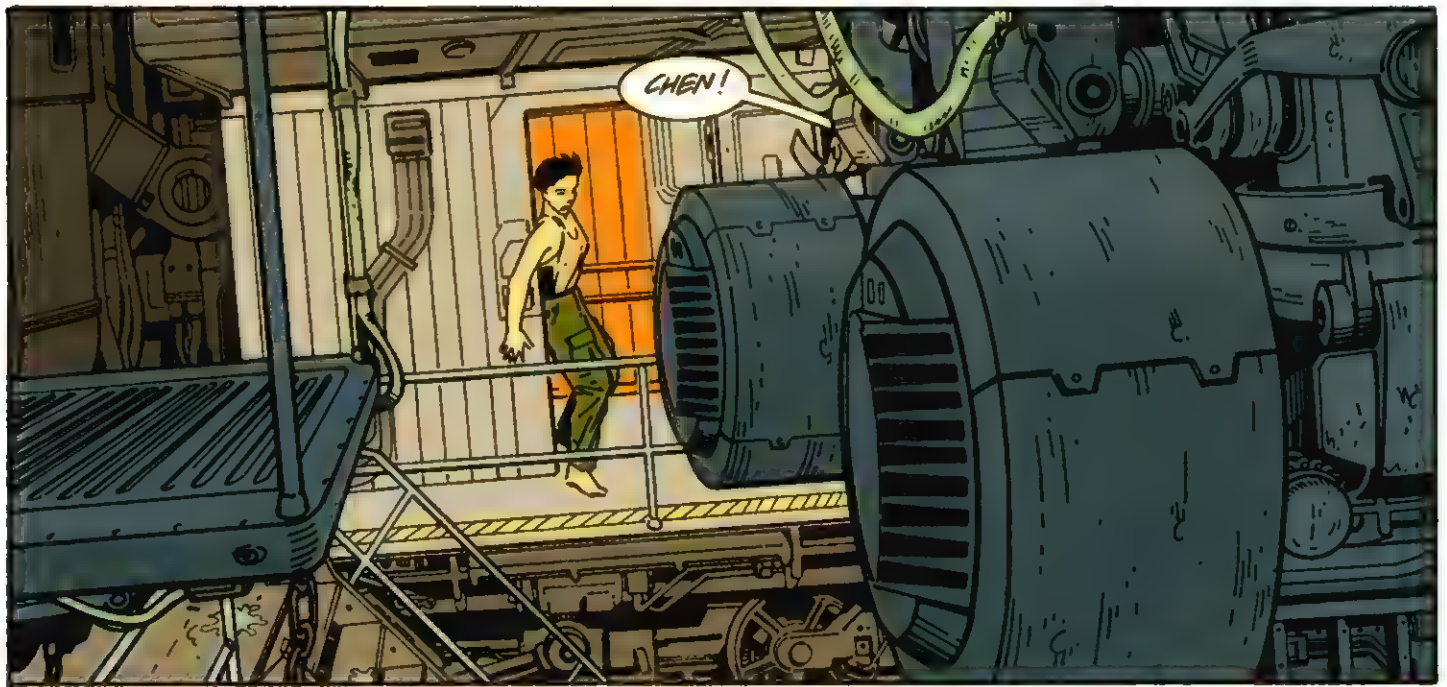


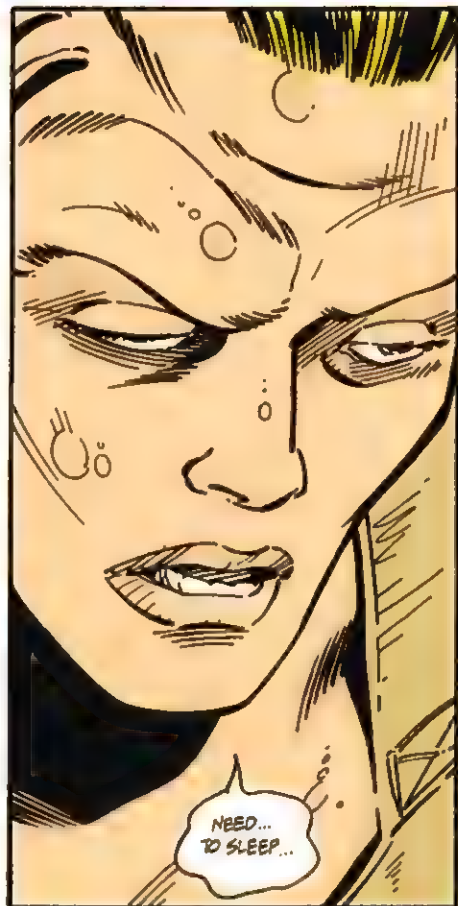
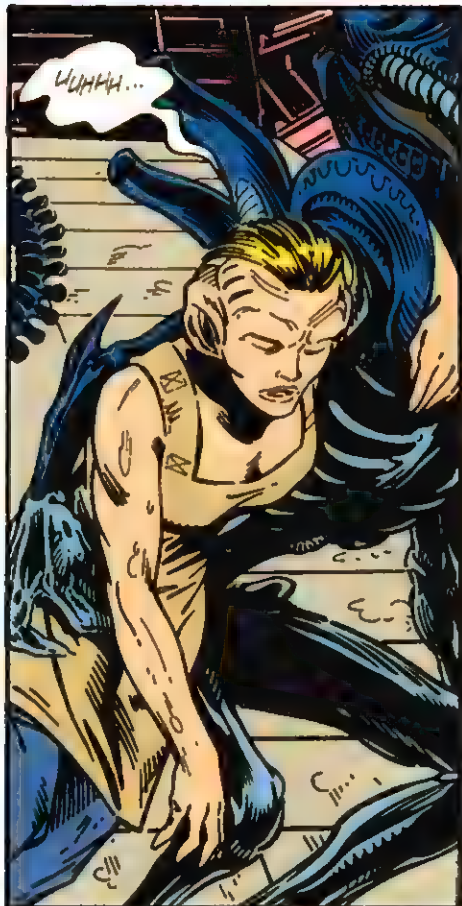


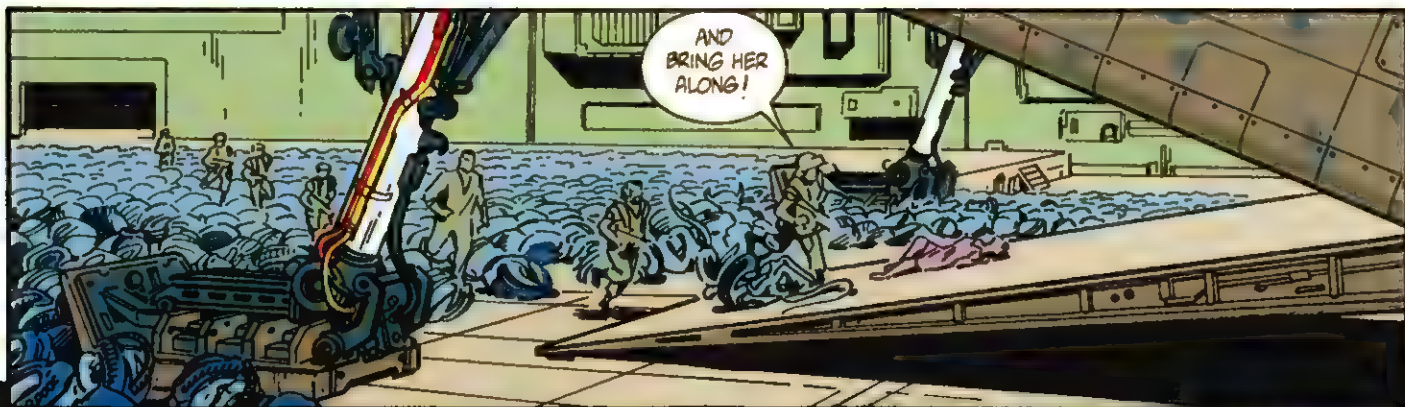










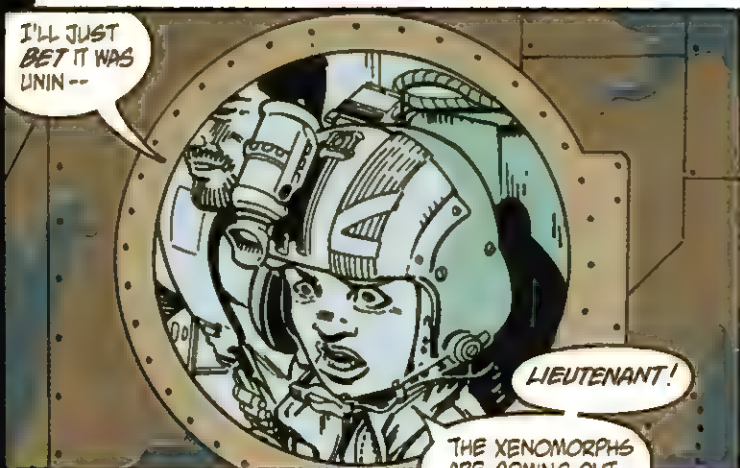




NYLAND! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?

WELL, SIR, AT THE MOMENT I'M RESTORING YOUR POWER, SO WE CAN GET OUR BUTTS OFF THIS PIECE OF JUNK.

SORRY I GOT SEPARATED, SIR. IT WAS UNINTENTIONAL.



I'LL JUST BET IT WAS UNIN--

LIEUTENANT!

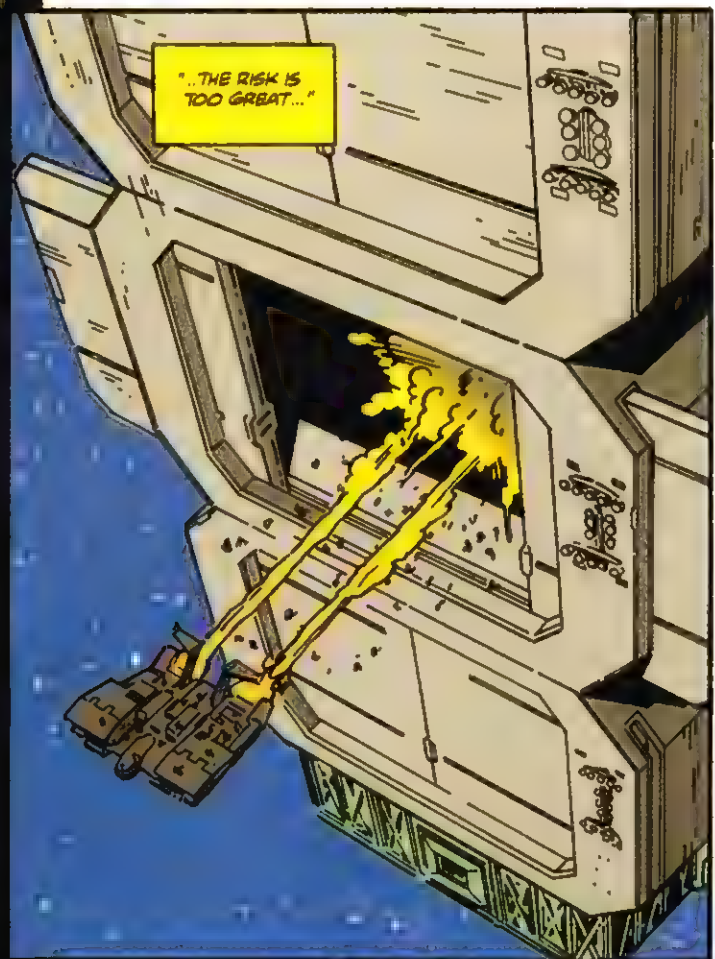
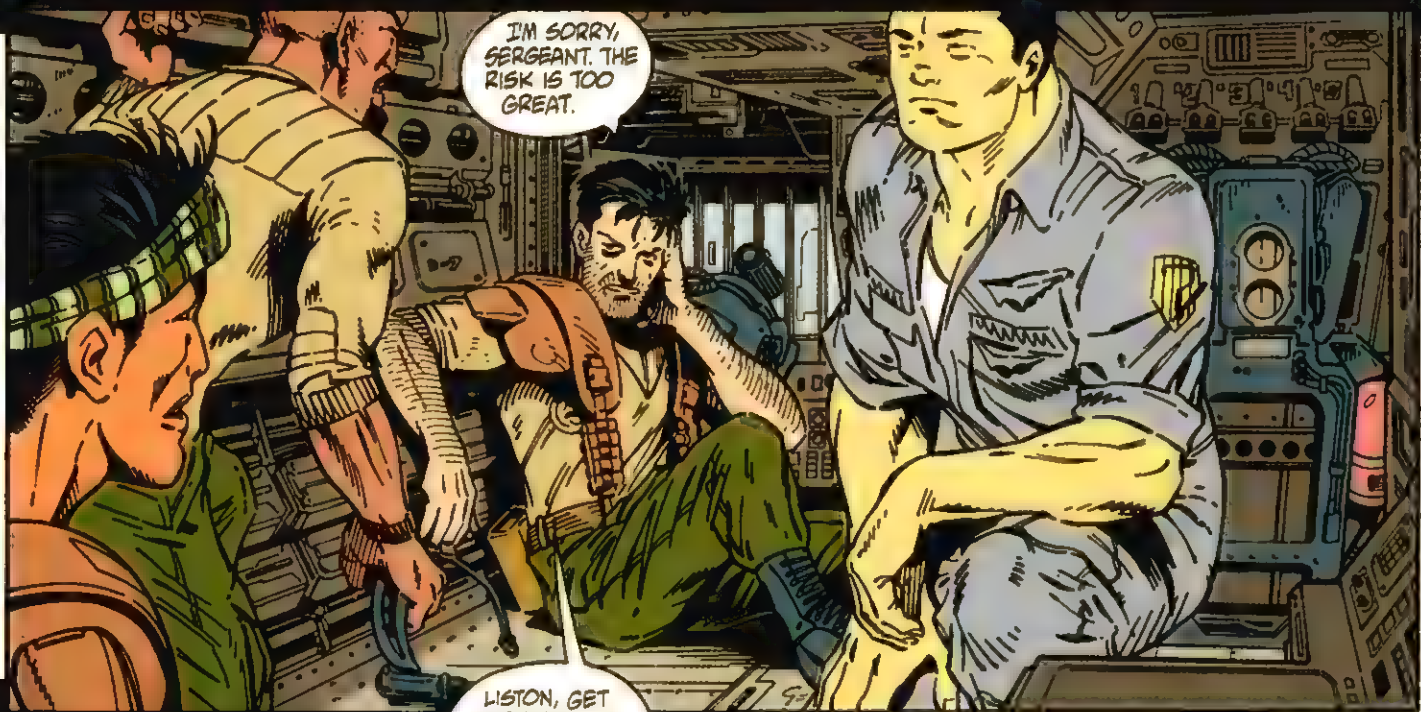
THE XENOMORPHS ARE COMING OUT OF IT!



MARYLAND--OPEN THE MAIN LOCK AND PREP THE ENGINES.



WE'RE LEAVING.





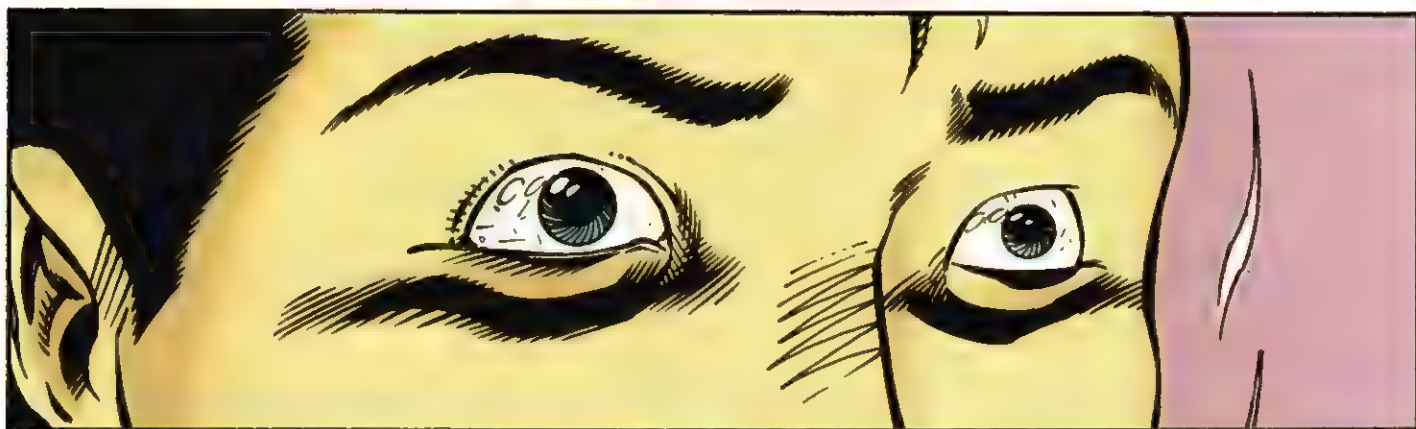
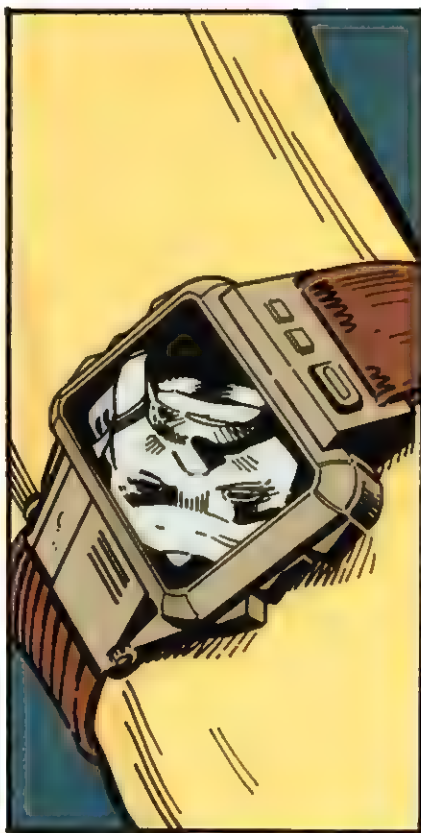
SAY GOODBYE
TO MY SON
FOR ME.

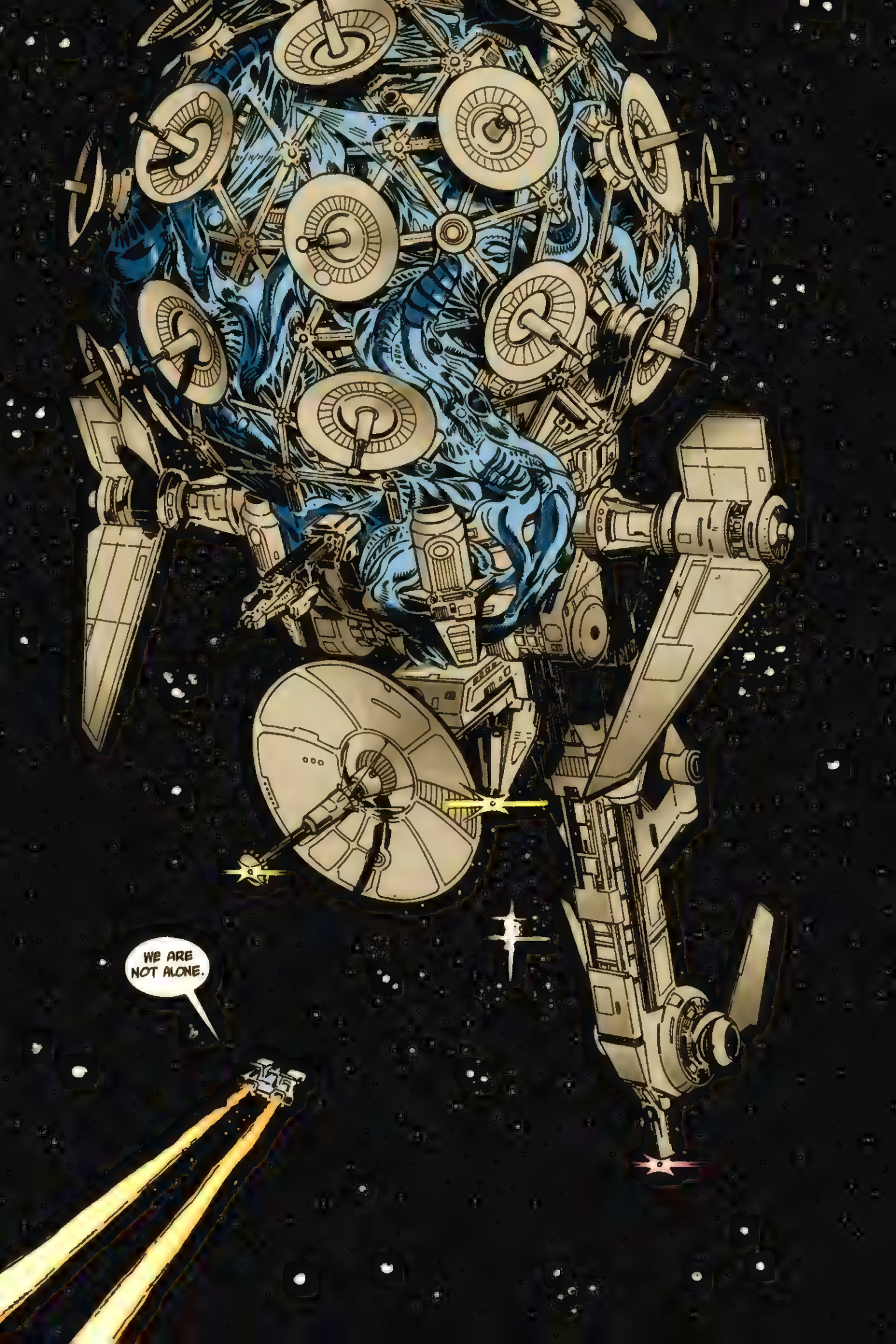


WE'RE FREE OF THE
STATION. POWER IS RESTORED,
BUT THERE WILL BE A FORTY-
SEVEN MINUTE DELAY WHILE
SENSOR SYSTEMS REBOOT.
UNTIL THEN WE'RE
FUNCTIONALLY BLIND.

SERGEANT
NYLAND'S LIFE
SIGNS HAVE
CEASED
TRANSMITTING.







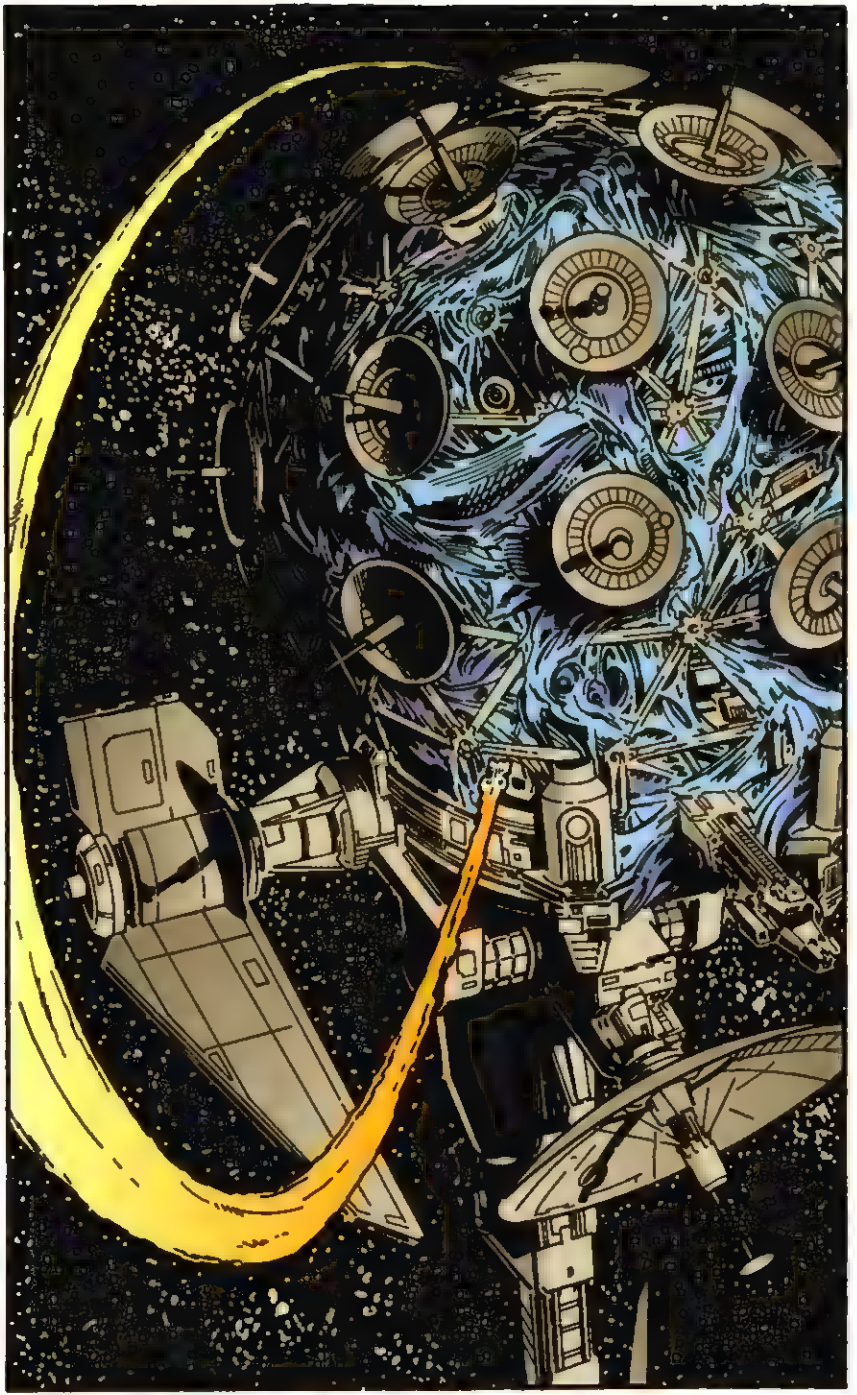
WE ARE
NOT ALONE.

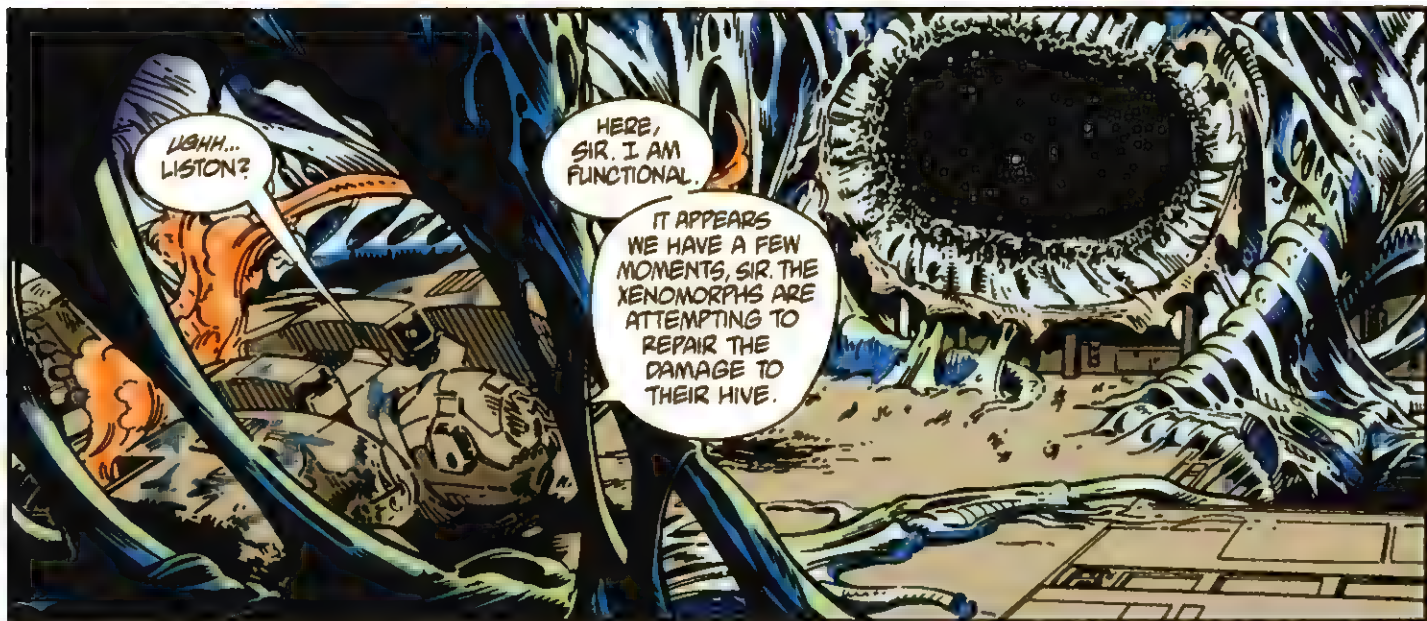
NEAR
ALPHATECH
RESEARCH
STATION #2376
01:27 HOURS.



WHAT
THE HECK IS
THAT?







USHH...
LISTON?

HERE,
SIR. I AM
FUNCTIONAL.

IT APPEARS
WE HAVE A FEW
MOMENTS, SIR. THE
XENOMORPHS ARE
ATTEMPTING TO
REPAIR THE
DAMAGE TO
THEIR HIVE.



NICE GOING,
MAN. WHY THE HELL
DID YOU DO THAT?

YOU DON'T ASK THE
QUESTIONS HERE, PRIVATE.
YOU JUST DO WHAT I DAMN
WELL TELL YOU.
UNDERSTOOD?

SYSTEMS
REBOOT
CONTINUING.

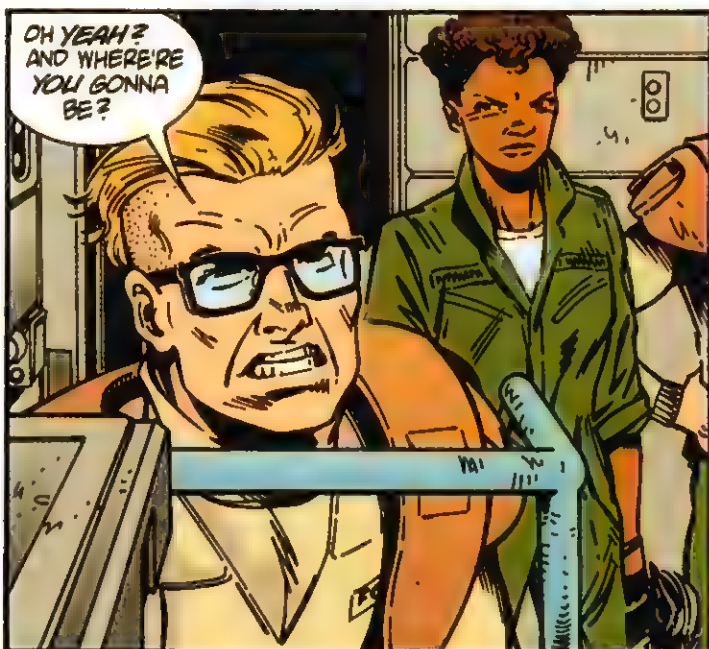


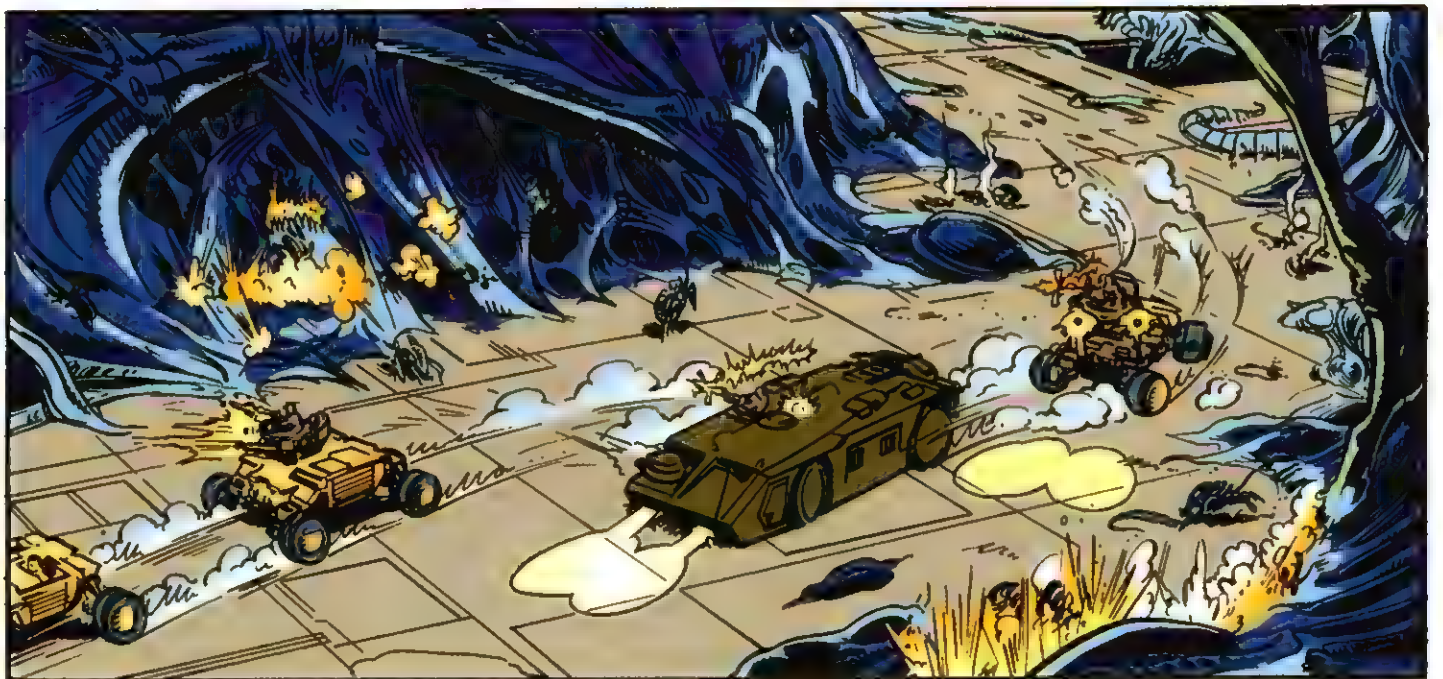
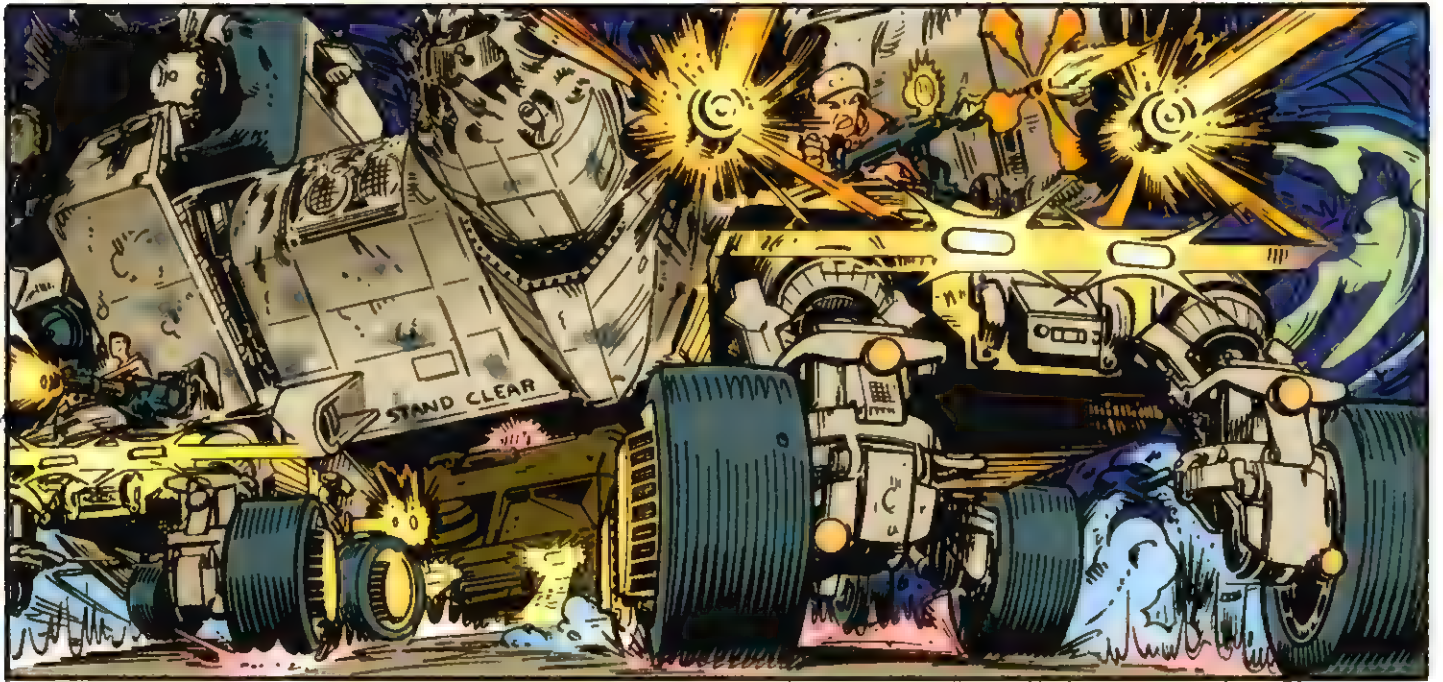
I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE
JUST GOTTEN US IN PRETTY
DEEP, SIR.

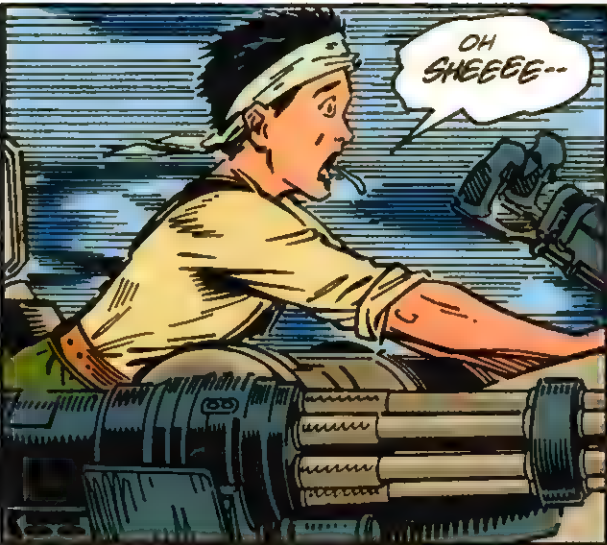
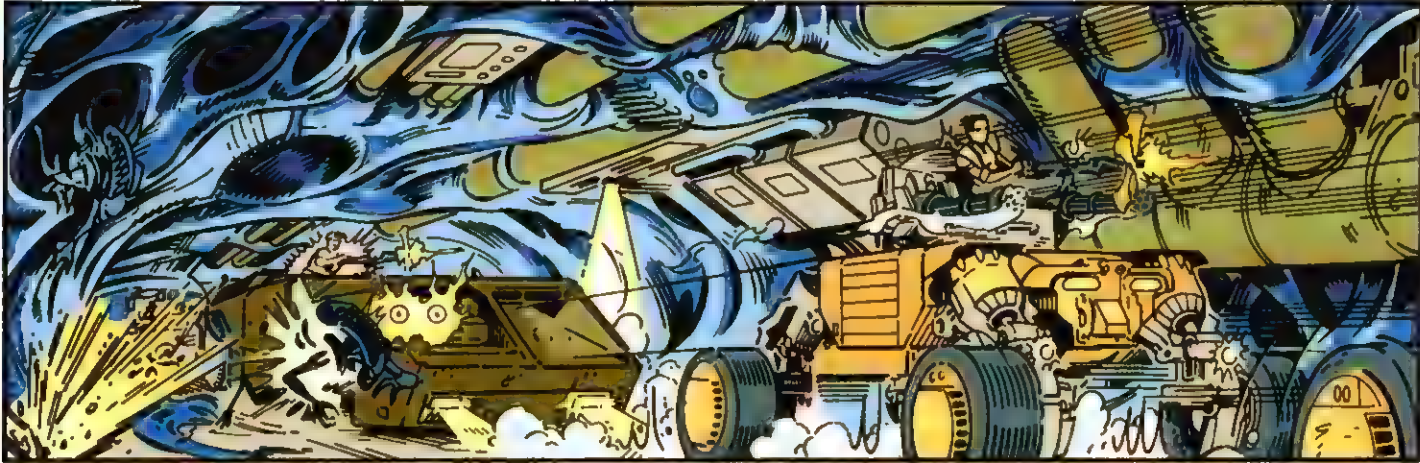
THAT'S RIGHT,
AND IF YOU WANT TO
GET OUT OF IT, YOU'LL
LISTEN CLOSE. OTHER-
WISE, ALL YOU LOSERS
WILL DIE RIGHT
HERE.

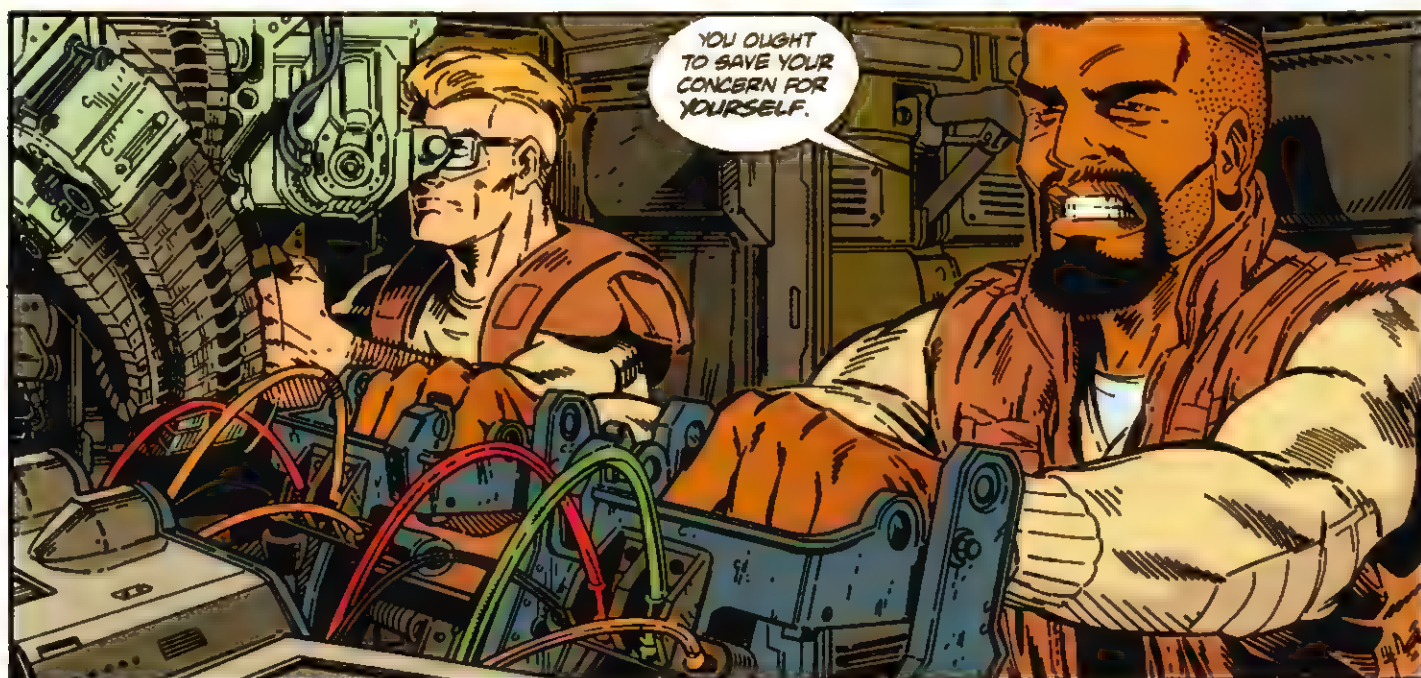
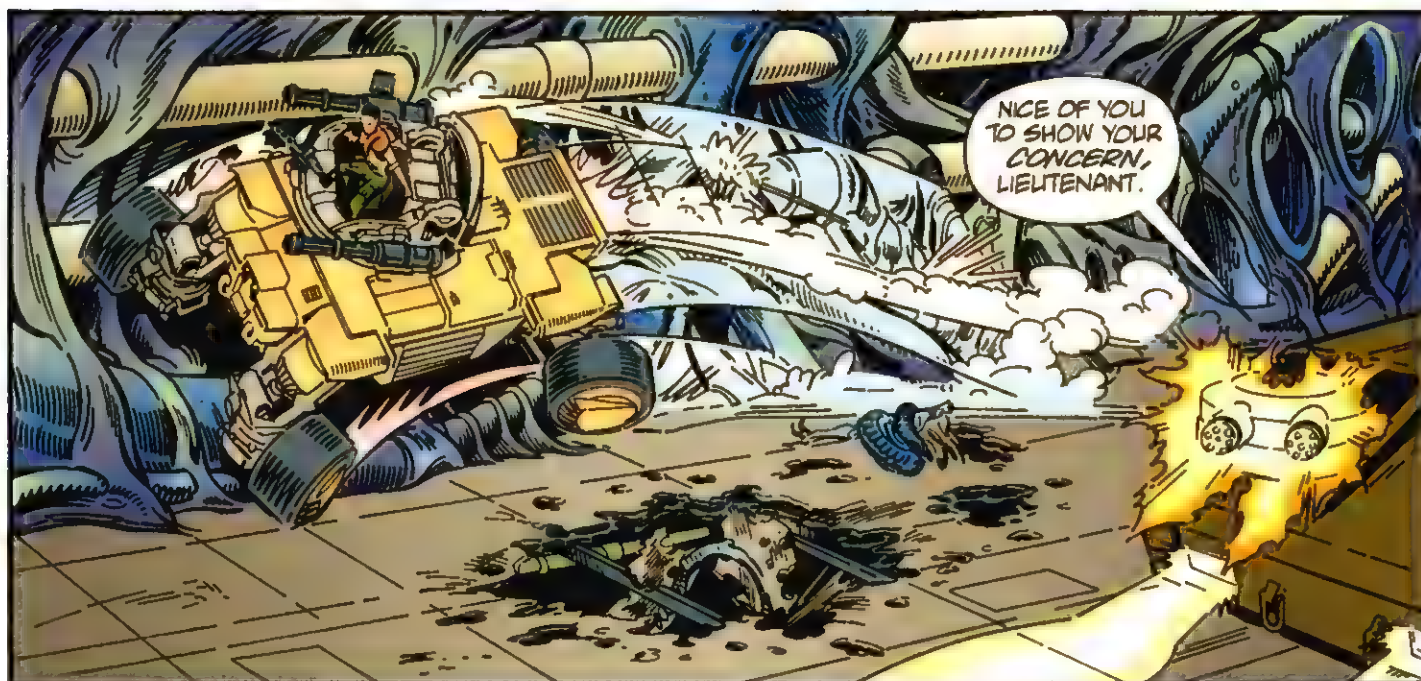
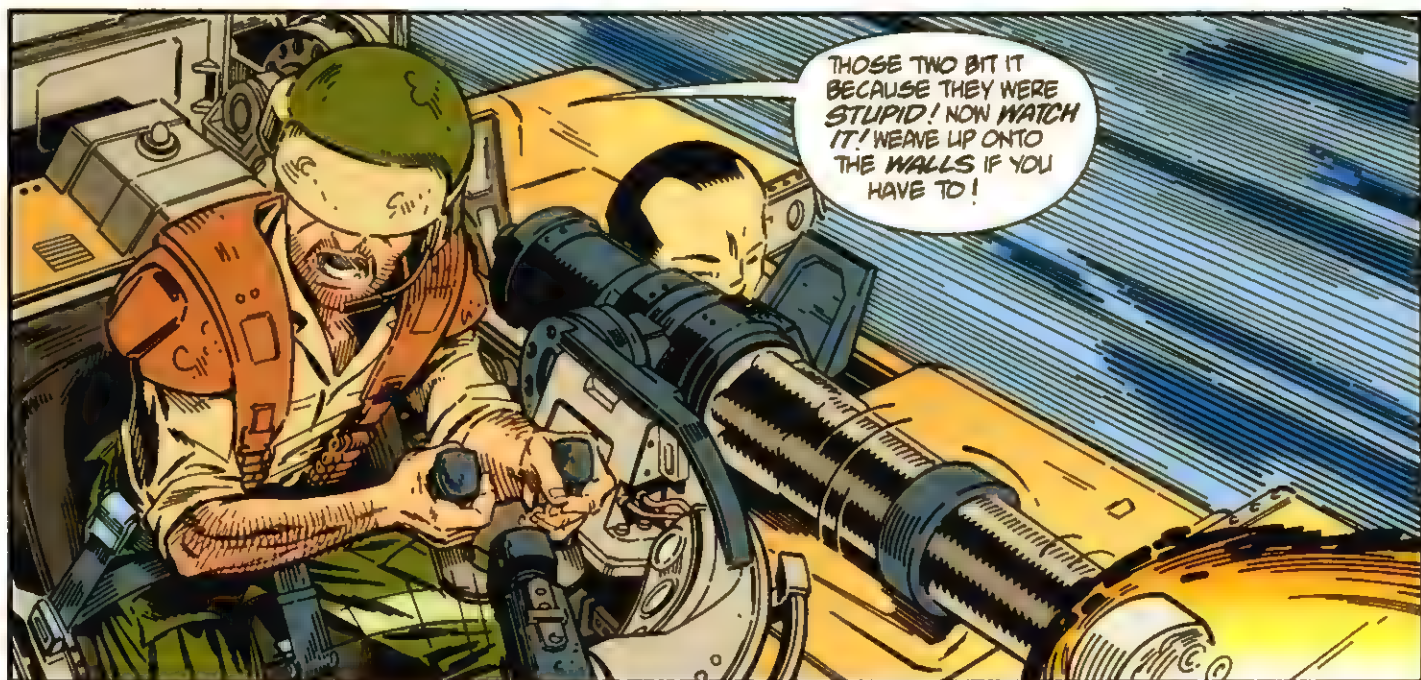


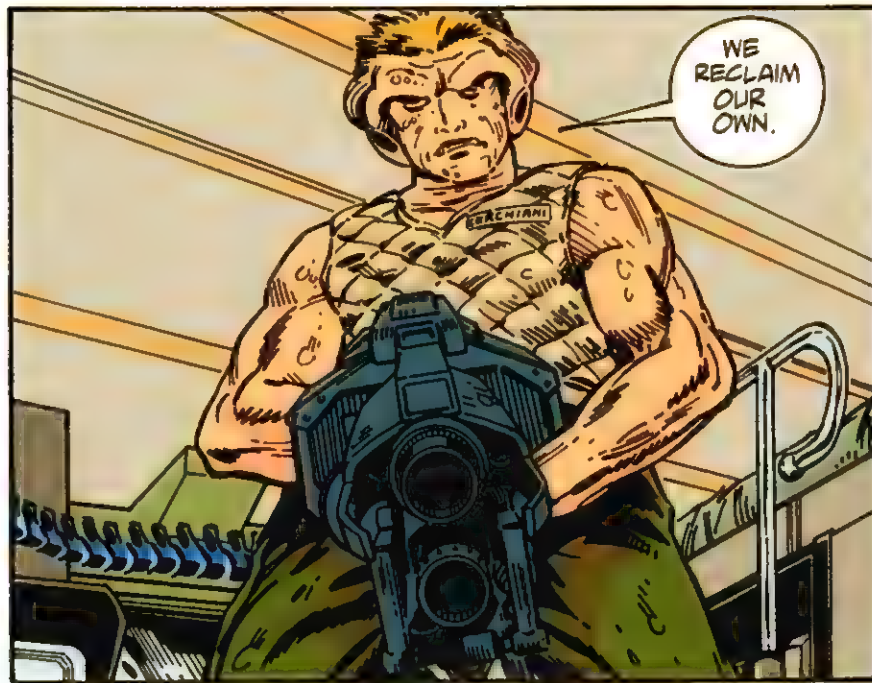
ESTIMATED
XENOMORPH ATTACK
IN ... 480
SECONDS, SIR.

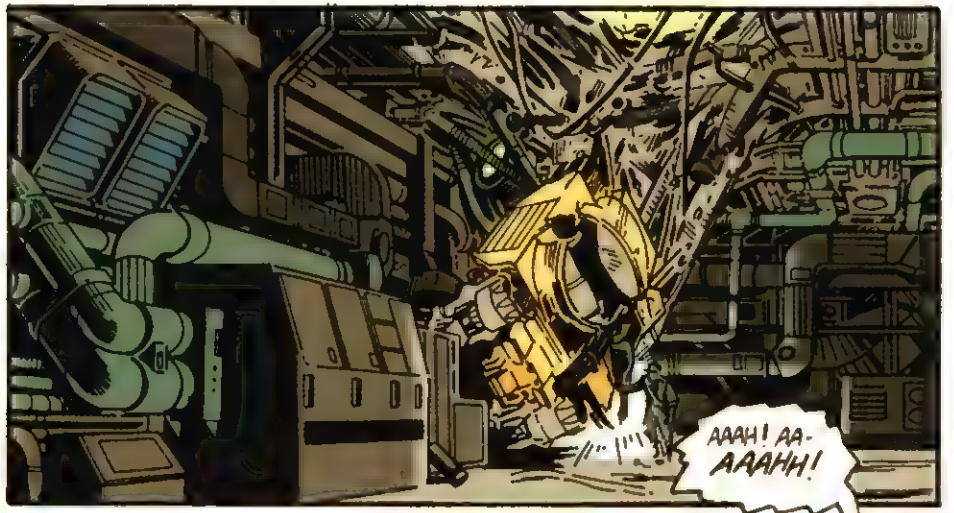






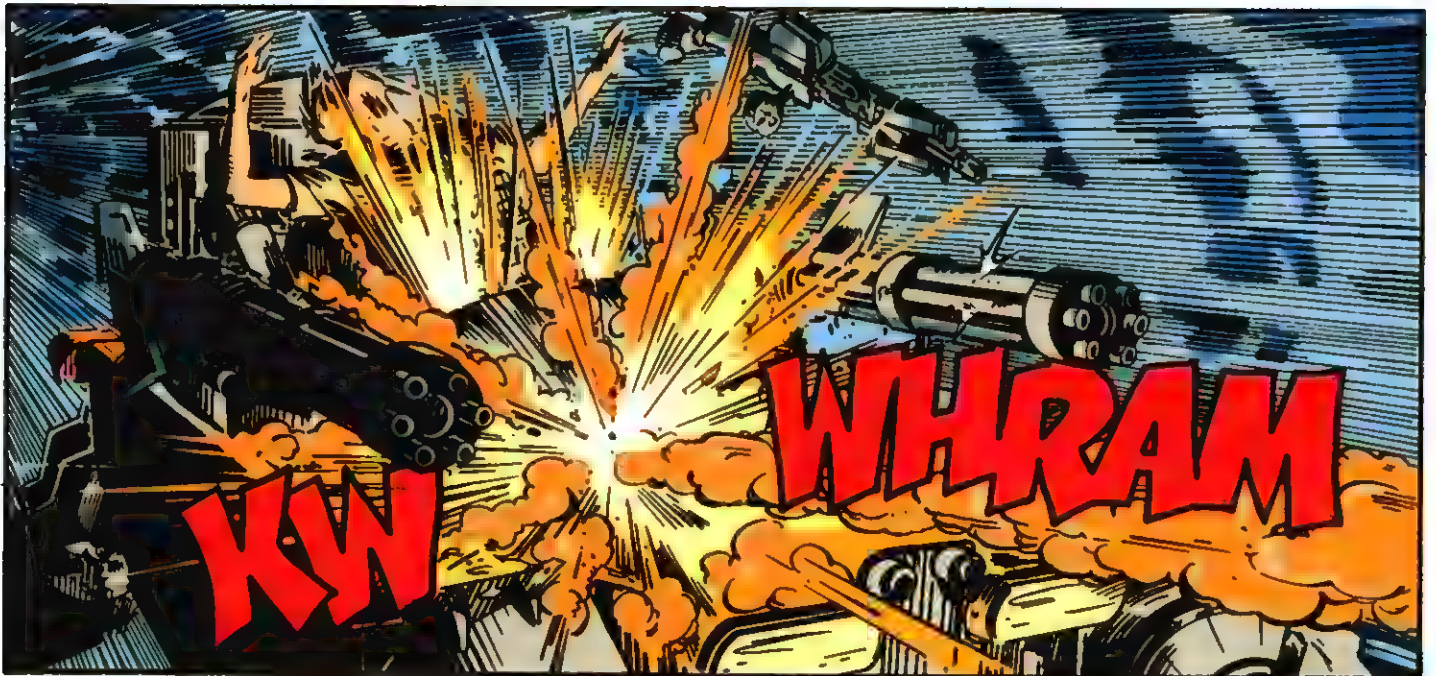
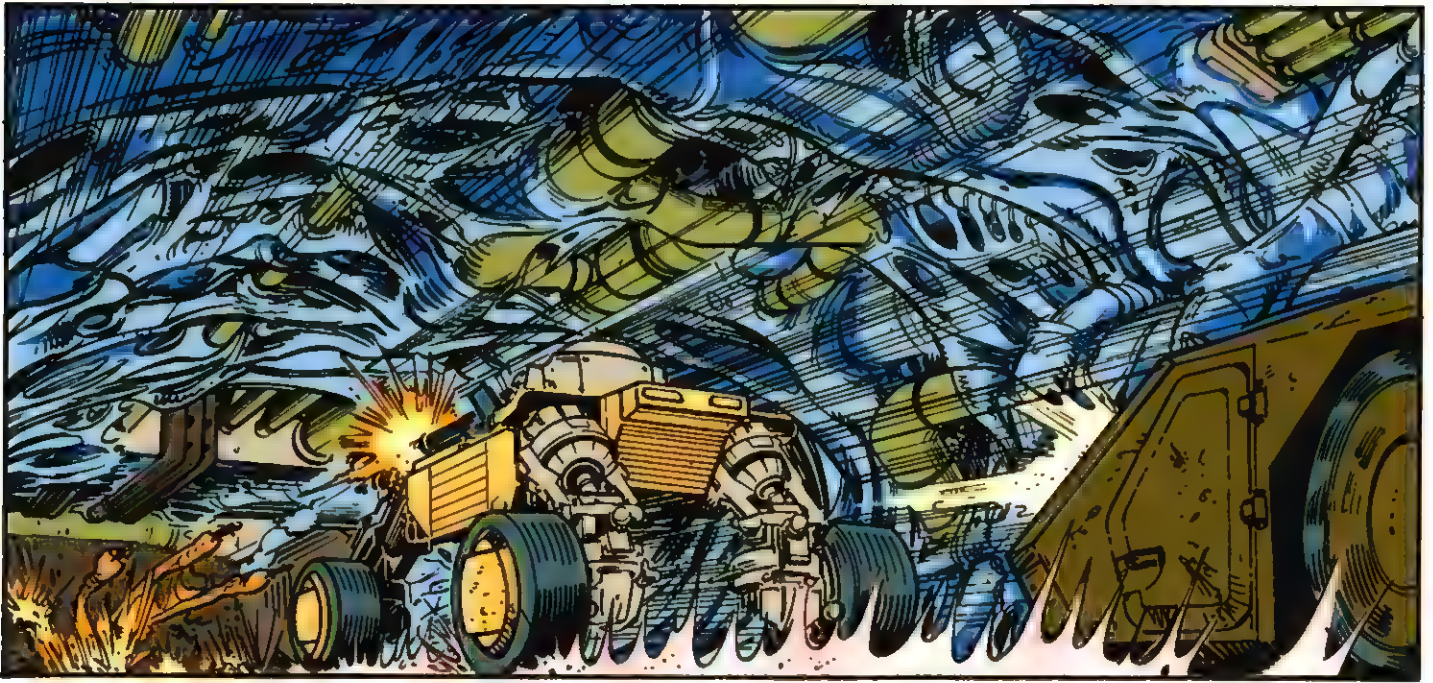


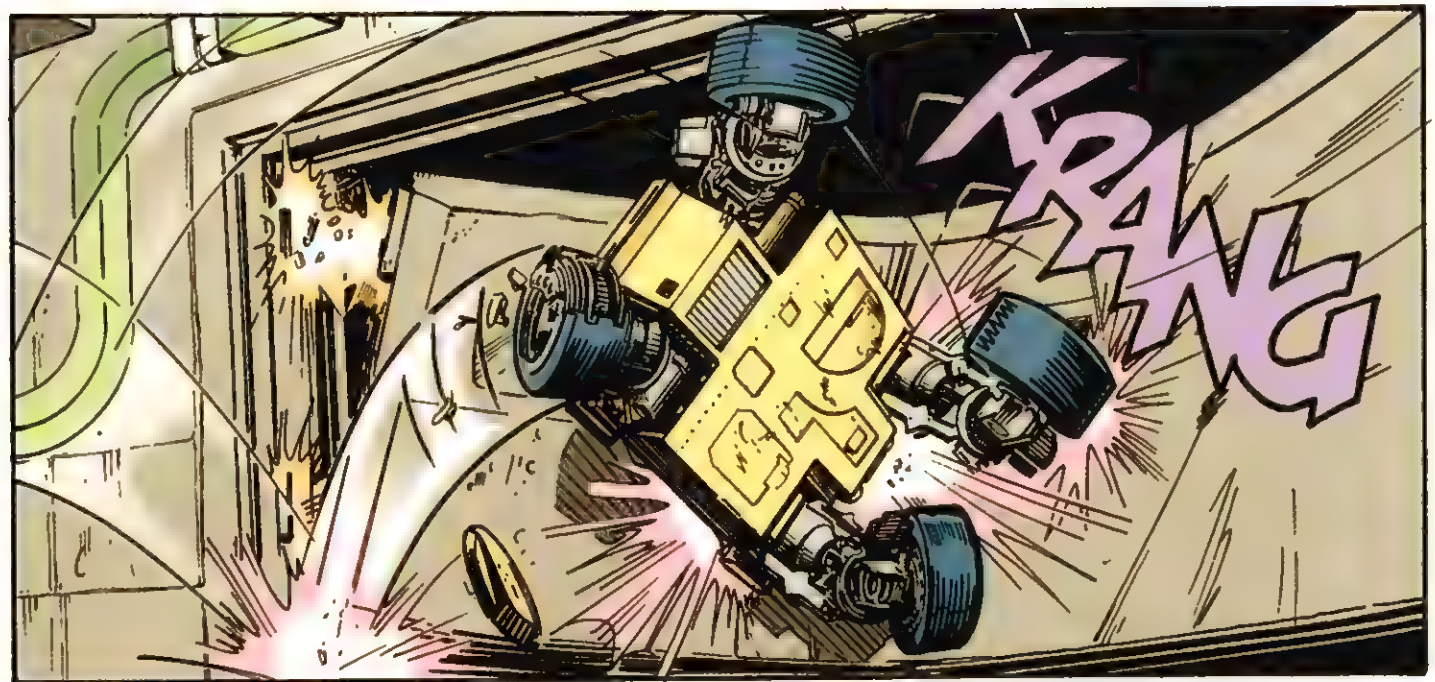
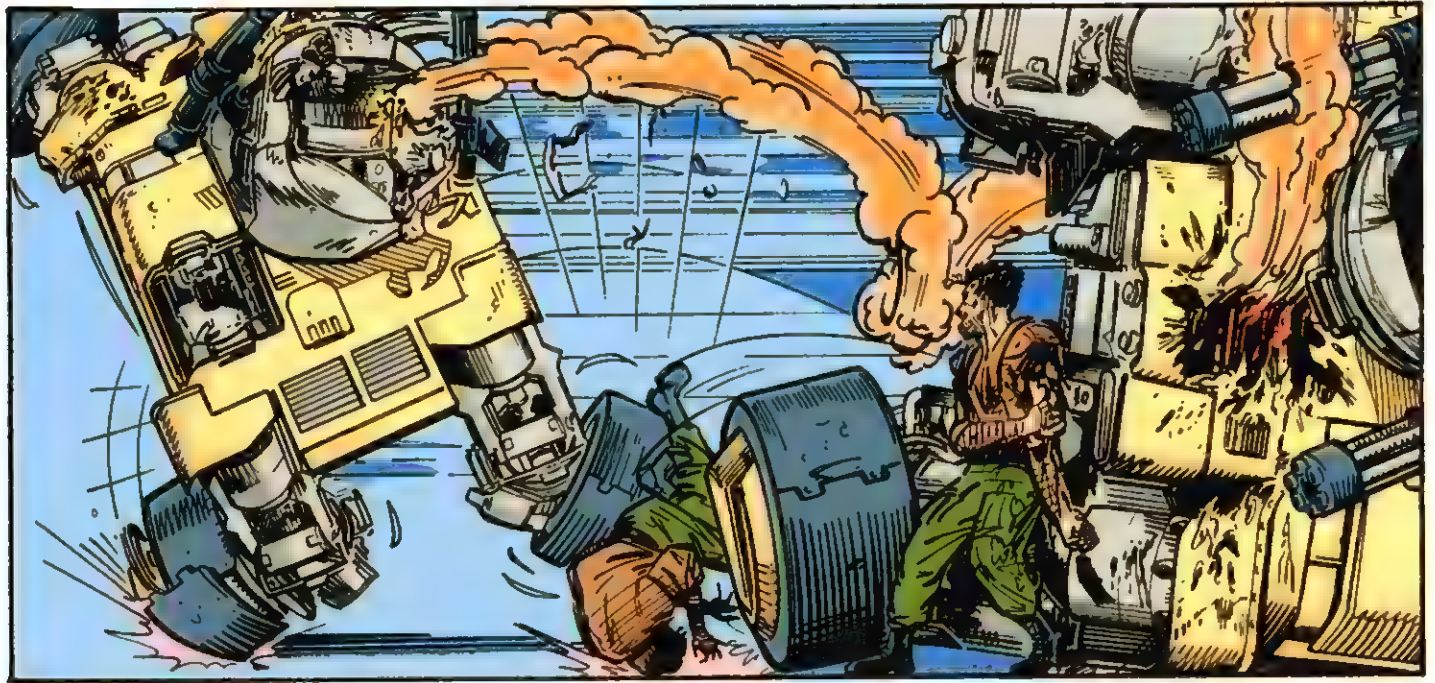
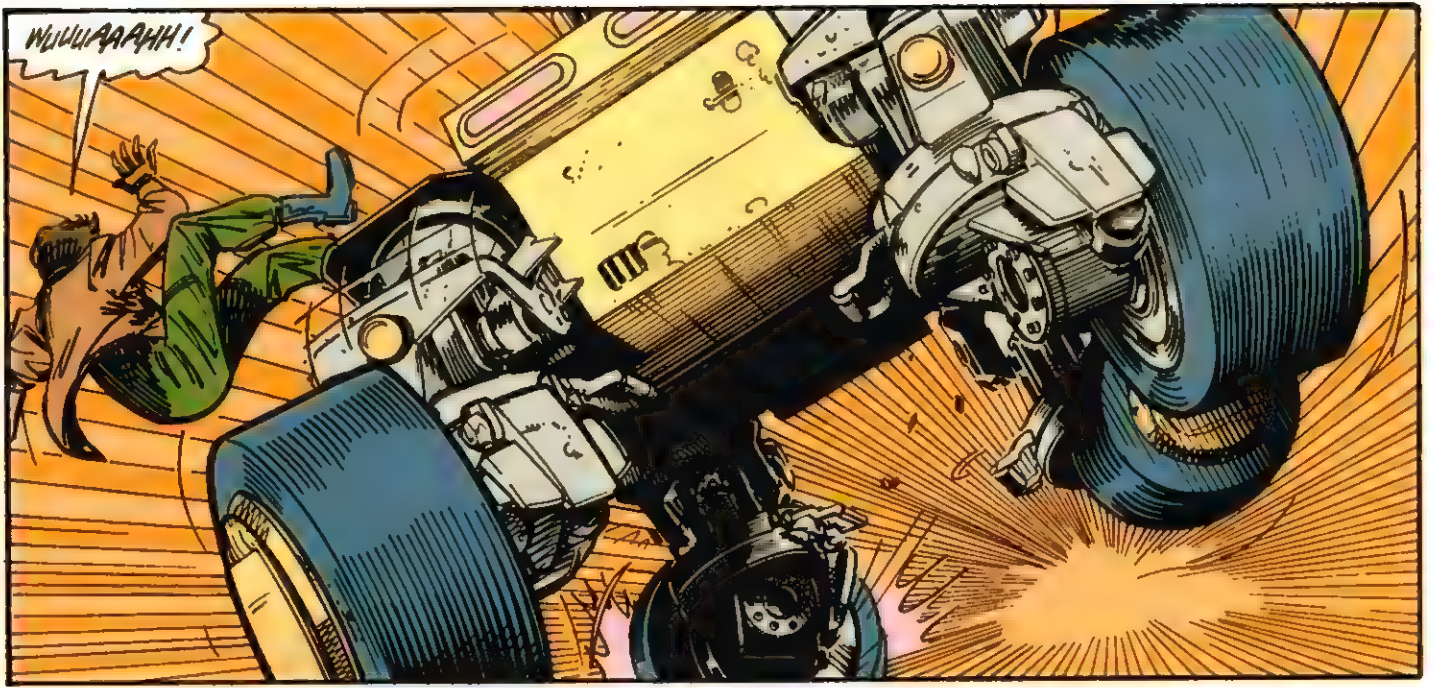
















OH MY, HOW FEAR-SOME. DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU WOULD HAVE GOTTEN THIS FAR IF I ACTUALLY **FEARED** YOU, YOU PSYCHOTIC WHELP?

WITH THIS COMMUNICATIONS ARRAY, I CONTROL **EVERY** TRANS-MISSION IN AND OUT OF THE ENTIRE SECTOR. I HAVE **MARRIED** THIS REGION OF THE UNIVERSE...

AND WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT, LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER.



SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP! JUST SHUT YOUR FRIGGIN' MOUTH!

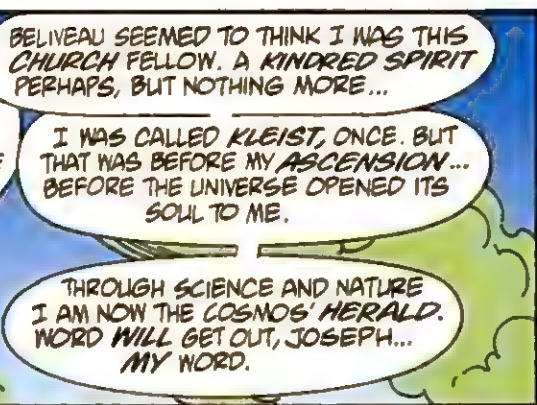
HOW DOES IT FEEL AS YOUR MIND SLIPS AWAY FROM YOU, LIEUTENANT?



I HAVE READ YOUR PSYCH FILES, JOSEPH HENRY. I CAN SEE YOUR MIND AT WORK AS THOUGH IT WERE GEARS AND COGS ON A WORKBENCH. YOU ARE SO OBSESSED WITH DESTROYING YOUR FATHER THAT YOUR REASON IS INCAPACITATED.



YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO I AM. YOUR MAJOR BRADSHAW HAS BEEN DEAD FOR MONTHS. HE WAS NEVER MORE THAN A SCAPEGOAT FOR ALPHATECH IN THE FIRST PLACE, SET UP TO TAKE THE **BLAME** WHEN WORD OF WHAT WE WERE DOING GOT OUT.



BELIVEAU SEEMED TO THINK I WAS THIS CHURCH FELLOW. A KINDRED SPIRIT PERHAPS, BUT NOTHING MORE...

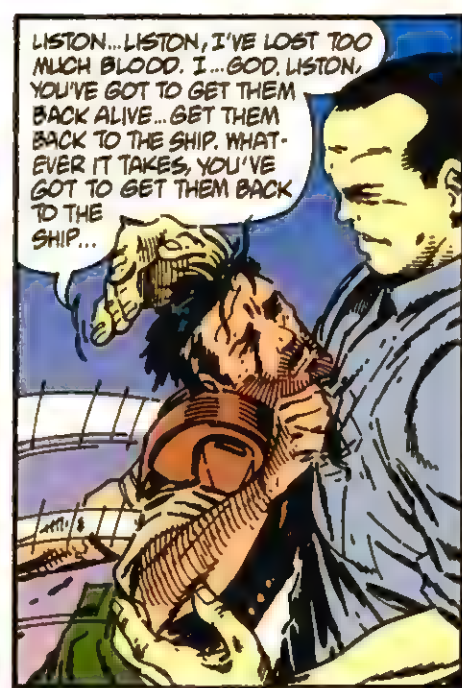
I WAS CALLED KLEIST, ONCE. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE MY **ASCENSION**... BEFORE THE UNIVERSE OPENED ITS SOUL TO ME.

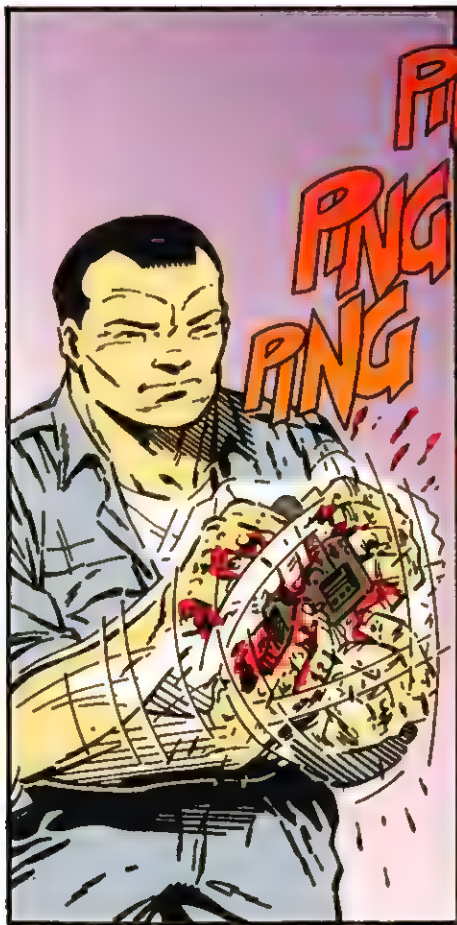
THROUGH SCIENCE AND NATURE I AM NOW THE **COSMOS' HERALD**. WORD WILL GET OUT, JOSEPH... MY WORD.



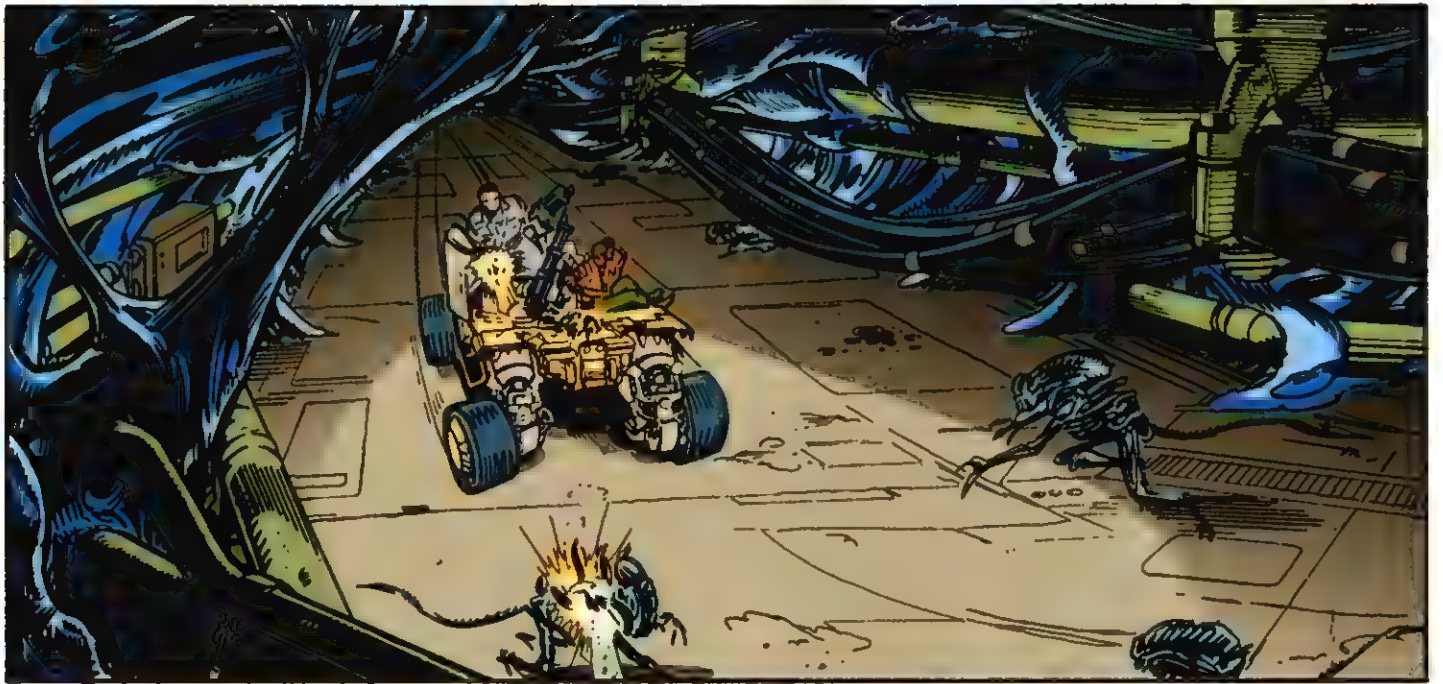
NOTHING YOU CAN DO WILL STOP ME, POOR CHILD. WHY BEAT YOUR TINY FISTS AGAINST THE INEVITABLE?

JOIN ME, MY SON. IT IS FUTILITY TO DO OTHERWISE.

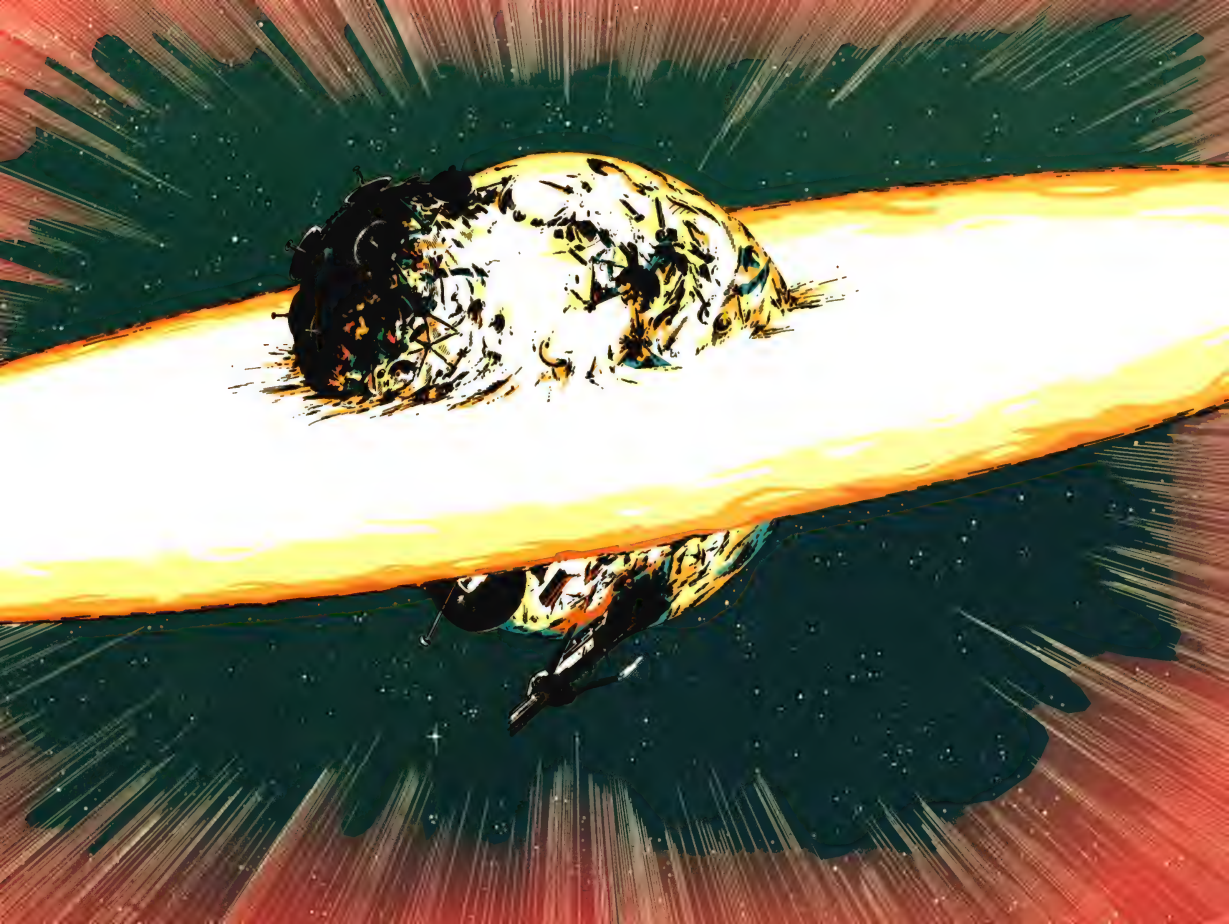












LISTON UNIT--
FINAL REPORT.

IDENTIFICATION
POSITIVE --
"FATHER" WAS ONE
PROFESSOR
ERNST KLEIST.

STRATEGIC POSITION KLEIST
HELD IS NOW NULLIFIED--LOSS
OF LIFE WITHIN ACCEPTABLE
PARAMETERS. FULL CHARGES
WILL BE LEVIED AGAINST ALPHA-
TECH UPON RETRIEVAL OF THIS
UNIT.

DETAILED REPORT
RECORDED AND FILED.

INITIATE
SHUT DOWN
PROCEDURES.

OBJECTIVE
ACCOMPLISHED.

END.

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